THE

Ceremony-Monger,

HIS

CHARACTER.

Advertiſement.

THere is lately Publiſhed by the Author hereof, A Book Entituled, *A Speech Without-Doors: Or ſome Modeſt Inquiries Humbly Propoſed to the Right Honourable the Convention of Eſtates, Aſſembled at Weſtminſter*, January 22*d.* 168$\frac{8}{9}$.

CONCERNING

I. *Bigotiſm, or Religious Madneſs.*
II. *Teſts, and the Preſent Teſt in Particular.*
III. *Penal Laws in Matters of Religion.*
IV. *The Neceſſity of Changing and Recanting our Opinions in Religion.*
V. *Reſtraint of the Preſs.*

Sold by *George Larkin*, at the *Two Swans* without *Biſhopſgate*, and *Richard Janeway* in *Queens-Head-Alley* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, Price Stitch'd 6*d.*

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THE Ceremony-Monger, HIS CHARACTER. In Five CHAPTERS.

CHAP. 1. Concerning *Bowing* to the Altar, To the East.
2. Of *Implicite* Faith.
3. Concerning the *Reading-Dons* of the Pulpit.
4. Concerning *Bowing* at the Name *Jesu*, and the Power of the Keys, *The Church-Keys.*
5. Concerning *Unlighted Candles* on the Altar; *Organs*, *Church-Musick*, and other Popish-like and Foppish-*Ceremonies.*

With some *Remarks* (in the *Introduction*) upon the *New-Star-Chamber*, or late Course of the Court of *King's-Bench*.

Of the Nature of a *Libel*, and *Scandalum Magnatum.*

And in the Conclusion, Hinting at some *Mathematical Untruths* and *Escapes* in the *Common-Prayer-Book*, both as to *Doctrine* and *Discipline*; And what Bishops, *were*, *are*, and *should* be; And Concerning Ordination.

Humbly Proposed to the Consideration of the PARLIAMENT.

Ye Men of Athens! *I perceive that in all things ye are too Superstitious.* Acts 17.23.
Behold, the Devil shall cast some of you into Prison. Rev. 2. 10.
But, those that Walk in Pride, God is able to Abase. Dan. 4. 37.

By *E. HICKERINGILL*, Rector of the Rectory of *All-Saints* in *Colchester.*

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The *ERRATA's*

(BY reaſon of the *Author's* Abſence from the Preſs) are *many*, *which*, Conſtrue favourably, and Correct. *ex. gr.* for 25. *p.* 79. *l.* 32. read 21. for *Horn'd p.* 107. *l.* 27. r. *Horrid*, *&c.*

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of *Shrewsbury* in *England*, of *Waterford* and *Weſhford* in *Ireland*, Lord *Furnival*, &c.

His Majeſty's Principal Secretary of State.

My Lord,

I *Come not* now *to praiſe you, 'tis needleſs; for,* who can be ignorant, *what a mighty Hand* (*both* Military *and* Civil) *you have, as ſucceſsfully as vigorouſly extended,* (*under the happy Influence of their Sacred Majeſties*) *as a Tutelar and Angelical* Guardian *of theſe Kingdoms,* (*amongſt other Worthies*) *in this auſpicious and late Revolution; And in the Hand of the Almighty, a ſignal Inſtrument of our Deliverance, from impending Ruin, venturing all that was near and dear unto you, as well as your Life, to help to ſave ours, by a Kindneſs as ſuperlative as your Courage and Conduct?*

Much leſs do I come with this little Manual, *to* avert *your more Important Studies*; *It will rather* (*I hope*) divert *your Cares in your* ſofter Minutes. *But however, if the Picture I draw do not pleaſe, yet being* in minoture, *ſo ſhort a view* cannot long *detain you.*

That Church-Ruffler (*in this following Character expos'd*) *has ſo* diſcompos'd and defac'd *to his uttermoſt* the Church, *that to pourtray his* Deformity *in its proper Features, requires more of the skill and dexterity* (*of a* Titian) *than* to limn *a perfect* Beauty; *and the* Divertiſement *is as pleaſant to a* judicious Eye, *that examines* even the Shades *of every Line and Lineament*; *but my Ink is* not Black enough *to draw him in his* proper Colours, *and ſutable to that Havock he has made* in *the Church* in our Age. *For, like the* Moor of Venice, *he has been as* bloody *as* black; *and to decipher* his Face to the Life, *my blunter Pen ſhould have been* ſharpned, *and* (*imitating the keen Fury againſt the* leſs Haggard Face *of Witches*) ſcratch't it, *'till the trickling* Blood *had ſupply'd my Pen with* Colours proper *for his Character.*

Some perhaps will wonder where this Eccleſiaſtical Scarramuchio *has* lurk't *all this while, that he ſhould not be* viſible *enough 'till his Picture be drawn: But, I bring no News, nor tell any falſe Tales, for he has long been deſcry'd*; *but* now *is the Time, to let him*

ſee

see the Spots *in his dirty* Face, *if he will but impartially view himself in this* Mirrour.

But, if he happen to be enraged at his own *Physyognomy*, (*like that* old Lady *that broke all the Looking-glasses she could come at, because not one of them would show her a* handsome Face,) *and he offer to break* this *Glass*, Where can it better seek for shelter *than under your Lordships* Patronage, *that is as generously* willing *as* able *to protect oppressed Innocence.*

For, as such, *I must and may recommend it to your* Honourable Protection, which *would be affronted, if it appear not to be so very Innocent, that it hurts no Man; describing and characterizing the* Vice, *not the guilty Person* (vitium *non* virum) *offending none but* that dull Fool (*if there be any* so dull) *as to hold up his hand and cry* Culprit.

Some Ceremonies are as *necessary* as *useful in our Addresses to Heaven*; as also *when we pay our due Respects to the* Thrones below; *but the Ceremonies* here expos'd, *are the* Bastard-brood *that Popery and Foppery* begot *in our Protestant Church*, *and which neither the Laws of* God, *nor* the King, *does* legitimate.

For when the Popish *Ceremony-monger was* at the Reformation *excluded and* shut out *of our Protestant Church, he had* (till now) *interest enough* (not-

withſtanding) *to make* my Ceremony-monger his *Surrogate*, *or* dull Tool: *And the* duller *Tool*, *the* fairer *Candidate for the Place*; *ſo he had but* wit enough to remember *his Creator*, *and know his Cue*: *And ſince Popery* (plain bare-fac't Popery) *was inconſiſtent with the Laws of our Holier Church*, *and being Adulterate*, *and conſequently Illegitimate*; *Therefore* a Popiſh Ceremony in Maſquerade, *an Eccleſiaſtical* Symnel *muſt be laid in its room.*

But none of their Spiritual Changlings *ſhall inherit here*; *nor is* any other *here condemned* but what *has made great waſte*, *and diſturbed the Peace of the Church*; *and muſt neceſſarily bring True Religion to* an irrecoverable *weakneſs and* Conſumption, *if much longer tolerated.*

That Redemption (*which* St. George, *the Champion of* England *gave* to the Virgin *ready to be* ravaged *by the* Dragon) *may be* fabulous; *but it is certain*, *That your Lordſhip* cannot better deſerve *the moſt Honourable* (George and) Garter, *nor more immortalize* your great Name, *than by improving your happy Talent*, *and* Intereſt in their Sacred Majeſties, *that* they *may* (*by* redeeming the Church from Popiſh-like Slavery, *in non-ſenſical and* illegal *Ceremonies*) grace with freſh *Luſtre that old* (*but ſometimes* ſullied) *Flower of the Crown*—Defender of the Faith: *That ſo*, *as our Renowned* King William the

Conque-

Conqueror (of Hearts, *and therefore* the Conqueror) of Kingdoms *may perfect a Redemption for us in the Church*, without Blood, *as well as our late* miraculous (*becauſe not ſanguinary*) Redemption *in the State*; *Whereby* Pride *has the faireſt Ground in the World, whereon to build her ſelf a handſome Seat, but muſt diſpair of the vain Attempt*; *their* Sacred Majeſties *being as* humble *as* high; *like the* State-houſe *at* Amſterdam, *whoſe* Foundation *is as* deep *in the* Ground, *as their* Pinnacles high, *and mating the* Skies.

And what Rebel to Heaven, *as well as* Traitors to their *Sacred* Majeſties, *can refuſe due* Homage and Fealty *to ſuch* Landlords, *to whom* God *himſelf has deign'd to give* Livery and Seizin, *and given, by his viſible Hand, Poſſeſſion of the Throne?*

And as the Countenance (only) *of former Kings* gave Life to *theſe Popiſh-like* Brats (*meerely* for their likeneſs to *Popery*) *ſo their* Sacred Majeſties can kill *the Changeling* (*only*) with a Frown; *ſo futile, ſo ſilly, ſo illegal and* Spiritleſs a thing *is this ſame* Eccleſiaſtical Bugg (*here characteriz'd*); *And yet* as little and *as weak* as he is, *he has been a* moſt miſchievous Scandal *and Stumbling-block to keep* his Betters out *of the Church, as well as* the better half *of the Kingdom, and conſequently has made the* Church ſo little, *ſo ſchiſmatical*, ſo divided; and *therefore* weak,

weak, *dull and* dark; *as being ſo* mainly dedicated *to the ſpurious and* irrational Whimſies *of his* Eccleſiaſtical Noddle *and Invention.*

But how Nonſenſical ſoever *his Whimſies are, he has made* true ſteps *thereon* (*ſometimes*) *to mount to the* Pinnacles *of the* Temple, *and* there ſecure *as well as engroſs the Honours and Priviledges of the Church* (as a Monopoly) *to himſelf* (if poſſible) *and to the Men* of his ſcantling *and little way.*

Have we not the like Convulſions *in* 1689, *as in* 1639, *both in* Church *and* State, *and from a like Cauſe too?*

The then Star-chamber *was reviv'd in the late* King's Bench, *and the* High-Commiſſion Court *ſat again in the* Council-Chamber, *the* Popiſh-like Ceremony-monger *has again debauch't the* Virgin Purity *of* Primitive Religion, *and* raviſh't her *moſt impudently* in the very Church; where *we that have ſeen both the Years,* —39, *and* —89, may well be affrighted *to ſee the Ghoſt of* little Doctor Laud (*that occaſion'd the Commotions of* Civil War (*firſt*) *in* Scotland, *afterwards in* England) *now* again, (*to our great aſtoniſhment*) to walk in the Church.

I have done my endeavour to lay the Ghoſt, *and charm it down; let it go to* Rome, *its birth-place, what does it do here in a* Proteſtant Church? *where, if my Ceremony-monger* Sin before all, Rebuke before all;

all; nay, rebuke them ſharply, ſaith St. Paul, ἀποτόμως, cuttingly.

The Corruptions are great, and deeply impoſthumated, a Gangreen may well be feared; and if I have, with ſharp and cutting Words (ſometimes) gone to the very bottom of the Sore, (why ſhould they roar ſo?) 'tis but to let out the Filth, my Ceremony-monger will thank me, if he overlive his Ulcer; was it ever (before now) dreſt to the bottom?

They'l ſay, my Style bites; Yes truly, I have made a File of it for the very nonce, to file off the Ruſt of an Iron Age; I have lent a hand to polliſh it: Let them call it an Inciſion Knife, a File, (or what they will) a Beſom (if they pleaſe) I care not, ſo it do but help to ſweep down the Futile, and frail Church-Cobwebs, though they hang aloft.

And tho I have anointed my Inciſion Knife with Weapon-Salve, to cure as it cuts, yet I foreſee a Storm, coming thundring upon me; it is but wiſe foreſight to ſeek ſome noble Shelter, and where better, than under Your Lord-ſhip's Patronage and Protection?

To which I might make ſome remote and modeſt Title, by Conſanguinity, (for no Man was ever counted Vain or Arrogant in making claim to his Birth-right) one half of the Blood in my Veins, (my Mother being a Troutbeck) is lineally deſcended and derived from the Noble Blood of the Troutbecks, the Ancient Earls of Shrewsbury,

Shrewsbury, *whence you derive half of your Noble Blood, and all your Noble Title.*

But, as Bellarmine, *in a far greater Caſe, having writ ſeveral Treatiſes of the* Merit of Good Works, *concludes, that in reference to the Soul's Salvation, The* beſt Title *is* Free-Grace; *ſo, in this far Inferiour Caſe, to protect and ſave this little Treatiſe, from the deſperate Aſſaults of deviliſh and wicked Men, by your Noble Patronage, The beſt Title I can make to it, is your own* Free-Grace, *and* Generous Goodneſs, *which* (*be pleaſed to*) *vouchſafe to*

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted Servant,

and Admirer,

E. Hickeringill.

The Introduction.

AS *Black* as my Ceremony-monger is, (here *deſcrib'd*) he is neither *Moor*, nor Tawny-Moor, *Infidel* nor Jew; but a *Proteſtant-profeſs'd*; he may be a *Papiſt*, or worſe (an Atheiſt) in *Maſquerade*, but *his Face* is Proteſtant.

I grant, that I have Cenſur'd, Condemn'd, and Hang'd him up in *Effigie*; yet I have drawn no Blood, done hurt to none; for my Man is a *Man of Clouts*, a Man in the *Clouds*, a meer *Individuum Vagum*; ſo that no man alive can be offended, becauſe let his Guilt be never ſo great, in being like my Whiffler-Eccleſiaſtical, though it nip him to the very Heart, and fly in his Face 'till the *Blood* come thither and make him *Bluſh*, yet he is as *ſafe as a Thief* in a Mill, except he come into Court, and *Confeſs* himſelf to be the *Man* which is here (for his guilt) *Expos'd* and Sentenc'd.

If the Fool *Confeſs*, he muſt *Suffer*; like that ſilly Wit-all, (who ſhall be nameleſs) and not *being content* to be a Cuckold, he muſt needs *Wind his Horn*, and Proclaim his own Shame in open Court, by good Evidence; and ſo he remains a *Cuckold upon Record*; like the ſilly Snail who had never been taken for a *Cornudo*, or *Horn'd-Brute*, if he himſelf had *not thruſt* out his own Horns: If ſuch Diſaſters behappen a Wiſe Man, his *Wiſeſt way* is to make no Words on't, but to cover the ſhame as *decently* as may be, and put his *Horns in his Pocket*.

This *Brute* with his *Irrational* Ceremonies, ſhould belong to a Proteſtant Church and Conſtitution; but (like an *Outlying Deer*, which are uſually the luſtieſt and fatteſt of all

the *Britiſh Herd*) has through Wantonneſs, or greedy Ravage, *broke out of the Pale* of the Church; where if he would be content to *keep*, it would be *ſafer* for him; and my deſign is (in pure Love and Kindneſs to his Welfare) thus gently to *Hunt him* Home; and ſo he will acknowledge it ſurely: But what Gratitude can a Man in Reaſon expect from a Brute, who hears no Reaſon, but is guided by furious Paſſion and Appetite?

And I deny not, but that he may owe much of the Fleſh on his Back to his *Rambling after Popiſh-like* Ceremonies, (when *Popery* did ſo much influence the Throne, in the happy days of the two *Caſtle-mains*, and Father *Peter*) who not being able to bring in Popery *Bare-fac'd*, therefore the *Quid pro Quo*, the ſomething *like it*, and near it, muſt be countenanc'd and preferr'd: And my Ceremony-monger is now as *loth to depart* with them, (his Dear-dear, Silly, and Illegal Ceremonies) for old Acquaintance-ſake, as *with his Old Dog*, or old Horſe, that though *paſt Service*, yet he retains them for old Kindneſſes, and *Old-done-Deeds*.

And yet they are ſuch, as neither the Laws of *God* nor *Man* ever made, and therefore muſt be Condemn'd and Executed if brought *to the Bar of Holy Writ* and right Reaſon.

At which *Barr*, no man has a *better Comiſſion* of *Oyer* and *Terminer*, to Arraign and Judge him, than my ſelf, as being lawfully (into the Sacred Order of Prieſthood) Ordain'd, and the Holy Bible then put into my Hands, by the Learned *Saunderſon* (then Biſhop of *Lincoln*, and now (I doubt not) a Saint in Heaven, though he was Nick-nam'd the *Preſbyterian Biſhop*, and of a Captain (both perſwaded me, and) made me a Prieſt, ſaying, *Take thou Authority to Preach the Goſpel*.

There's my Commiſſion; and let any Man, Pope or Biſhop, ſhew a Patent more Authentick to *Teach all Nations*, and I will never Preach nor Write Divinity hereafter; but there are but very few Clergy-Men or Biſhops in *England*, (either in

in or out of the Universities) that can shew an Authority of so ancient Standing, or of so old a Style and *Date* as mine. Nay, we had had no Scripture, if Writing be not Preaching: Besides, if I should not thus teach my Ceremony-Monger by the Press, I could not Admonish him at all; for my Pulpit is a narrow place, though it stand aloft; and few Ceremony-Mongers desire to be cured: For like men that have filthy old Ulcers on their Legs, they hate to be dresst before folks; they had rather it should Fester, than be known. There is not one word in the Ordination of Bishops, in our Common Prayer-Book, or in Holy Writ, that gives a Bishop more Authentick Orders to Preach, than a Presbyter or Priest; only the King's Mandate makes him the King's Commissioner: but in reference to God or the People, A Bishop has no better or fresher Character to Teach, or Administer the Holy Sacraments, then any Presbyter, or than himself, whilst he was but Presbyter; Nor has any King or Parliament, Bishop or Synod, any Power, any lawful Power to silence me for teaching Truth: The Character is indelible; when they answer what I have writ, concerning *Imprimatur's* or *Restraint* of the Press (in my late *Speech without Doors*) they shall hear further from me.

For no flesh alive has more Authority than our Lord *Jesus* and the *Apostles* had, which was for *Edification* not *Destruction*; to do good, not harm; to *Advance*, not to *Depress* Truth; to save Men's Lives, Liberties and Properties, not to destroy.

But some may object to me, that the *late King did silence me*, shut me out of my own Pulpit, and banish't me from my House and Home, my self and my Family, for three or four years last; not only *against* Law, Equity and Conscience; but *without* Law or any *Colour*, Process or *Form* of Law; and yet I submitted in quietness and silence, and made no noise *in* the World, nor *to* the World; not so much as groaning or complaining, but sat down silently.

To which I anſwer, by confeſſing that it is (all of it) a great Truth, and I was by Arbitrary Power and Oppreſſion, to my Damage ſome hundreds of Pounds, thus ſilenc'd (as aforeſaid) by Will and Pleaſure: a word from the Court ejected me from my Pulpit and my Houſe: but alſo a word from the Court recall'd me, about a month before the *Dutch* Landed.

But to whom could I complain? To the Throne? I did, without Remedy, for that oppreſt me. To the Righteous God I made my humble Appeal, and he heard in Heaven his dwelling Place, *and laugh'd my Adverſaries to Scorn*, yea, *the Lord has had them in Deriſion*; and thoſe that baniſh'd me from my Houſe without Law, and without a Cauſe, are by God's Righteous Hand and Judgment, turn'd out of their Houſes and Homes; and before they went, recanted their Oppreſſion towards me; but going away in haſte, ſtay'd not to make me Reſtitution for the injuſtice.

There is a time for all things; our Bleſſed Saviour had many things to ſay, but even his Apoſtles could not hear them ſometimes; I writ againſt theſe illegal Ceremonies in *The Black-Nonconformiſt* ſeven years ago: The times would not bear it, the Criminals would not hear; Popery and Popiſh-like Ceremonies were rampant, *My Soul did weep in ſecret* for their Pride, they would not hear; the Judgments of God are beginning *at the Houſe of God*, I'll now try again, perhaps they will *now* hear.

But, may ſome ſay, Have a care of *Scandalum Magnatum*; have a care that your Book be not a *Libel*, and a Reflexion apparent (viſibly apparent) againſt great Men, you might have whiſpered theſe things in private to them.

And have got a box o'th' Ear for my pains, (*you mean*) by that Particular Application; whereas now none can be offended juſtly, except his guilty Conſcience makes him confeſs that I have hit him home, and that he is the Man.

But

But clear Scriptures (may ſome ſtill urge) ſhall not ſtand for Law in the King's-Bench; there you muſt follow the *Courſe of the Court:* Ay, ay, I know it has been ſo, but I hope, the *New Star-Chamber-Court* (at *that end* of the Hall) will now follow the Fate of *that other Old Star-Chamber-Court*, condemned (by 17 *Car.* 1. 10.) at the other end of *Weſtminſter-Hall*; For introducing *An Arbitrary Power and Government* (the very words of the ſaid Statute) *as an intolerable Burthen.*

I well remember (indeed) that *Lord-Keeper North*, in his Speech, when he introduc'd the *new Lord-Chief-Juſtice* (what ſhall I call?) *Scroggs*, (I think it was) *told him* how eaſily he might (notwithſtanding *the ſaid Statute of Condemnation*) reſuſcitate and revive *that old Star-Chamber, by a Reſurrection* more glorious, more *extenſive*, in the King's-Bench, *in its Cognizance*, and Juriſdiction; then that *old dead* (*and by Statute damn'd*) *Star-Chamber.*

He was too true a Prophet, witneſs their unconſcionable, unchriſtian, unſcriptural and illegal (*nec Salvo tenemento*) Fines, without Bowels of Compaſſion, making a Man *an Offender for a word*; and then ruine and undo *a Man and his Houſe*, a Man and his Heritage, his Liberty, his *Eſtate*, his Honour and *ſometimes his Life*: In ſuch *an Arbitrary*, various and diſagreeing Way *to themſelves* as well as *to Law*, that in the late famous Tryal *of the Seven Biſhops*, The Bench it ſelf could not agree, *what was the Law* of the Court.

They all agreed that the *Courſe* of the Court, and the *Law* of the Court were *Synonimous*, one and the ſame Phraſe or Paraphraſe; but what was the *Law* or *Courſe* of the Court, could *not be decided*: Judge againſt Judge, the Bench againſt the Bar; Attorney that *was*, againſt Attorney that *is*, Solicitor General that *was*, againſt him that *is*; and the moſt killing Arguments, were *Argumenta ad Hominem*, making the *ſame Tongue* in this Trial, Condemn, and *Eat its*

own

own Words in former Trials, (viz. *before they chang'd Places.*)

The Shot *flew* deſperately from the *Bar* to the *Bench*, dreadful doings there were; however they kept a Pother, *Richard* againſt *Baxter*, and *L' Eſtrange* againſt *Roger*, never made ſuch a ſplutter.

At length, to end the Conteſt, the Wiſe Chief Juſtice *went to Council*, and gravely *ask'd the Advice* of the Attorney, (Sir *Sam*——) but he was puzzled too, and was *Non-plus'd* for the *Courſe or Law* of the Court) except for twelve Years, *good Gentleman*! only by hear-ſay for ſixty years more, as he was told, (by an *Old Stager*, that had been *twice a Child*, and no man alive could remember, that *ever he was a Man*, (in the right Senſe) the *Vacation* betwixt the two Terms, (of *Childhood* and *Dotage*) was *So* very a *ſhort Vacation*, if any at all.

I *Preſume*, ſays one, I *preſume*, ſays another, I preſume violently ſays a third; nay, (if *Preſume* be the *Word*) then I *preſume alſo*, that in ſo *preſuming* againſt Men's Lives and Liberties, they were too *Preſumptuous*. Therefore do not you tell me of the *Courſe of the Court* of *Kings-Bench*, if you know it, you know more than I know, or than the Judges knew, when the courſe of the Court was Arbitrary, and out of Courſe.

But if it keep its due courſe, and pretend to no *Diſpenſing Power*, in Abrogating the Laws of God, and Chriſt, and right Reaſon, I fear them not, for I hope in God, that I ſhall never by *Preaching Truth*, Tranſgreſs; but a Truth may be a Libel, as one of the Lawyers urg'd in the ſaid Trial.

Yet the Learned Gentleman (notwithſtanding his *De-Libel' famos*) talk'd without Book, and againſt Truth and Law, like an *Oxford-Apothecary*. For Truth being an *Attribute* and properly *Divine*, (as light is of the *Sun*, and whence radiently and virtually, all light proceeds) can never be any part of the Conſtitution of a *Libel-Defamatory*.

And

And therefore all the Statutes to which *Scandalum Magnatum* has any Reference, whether that of 3 *Edw.* 1. 4. or thoſe two of *Richard* 2*d.* Queen *Mary*, or Queen *Elizabeth*, are only againſt ſuch as tell *falſe Tales*, or falſe News, whereby *Diſcord may ariſe*, &c.

So that in the *firſt* place, nothing can be a Libel but what is falſe, and then it may be falſe, and yet no *Libel*, if it do not tend to *Diſcord*; and conſequently, be malicious or *Seditious*; as to ſay a Noble Man is wet to the Skin, came to his Country Houſe, wore black Clothes, *&c.* all which may be *falſe*, and yet no *Libel*.

To ſay a Judge, or Juſtice gives falſe Judgment, though it be *true*, may be ſo circumſtantiated, that it may be *juſtly Puniſhable*, as a Miſ-behaviour, but he ſhall not ſuffer by Law as a *Libeller*, if it be apparently true.

To ſay, a Lord is ignorant of *Latine*, or as one ſaid in the ſaid Trial, *We are ignorant of Law-Latine*; whether he ſaid falſe or true, it is no *Libel*, (though I had ſaid it;) it may be falſe indeed, but no *Libel*, becauſe it tends not to *Diſcord*; but though it ſhould tend to *Diſcord*, it is impoſſible to be a *Libel*, if it be *true*, though it may be ſawcy and unmannerly, becauſe we muſt not imagine that a *Lord is ignorant* of any thing; he muſt be an infallible Man in *England*, though the *Italian Pope* be not ſo acknowledged: (Wiſe doings the while!)

But the Learned Judge Sir *J. Powel*, then in the ſaid Caſe, very honeſtly and judiciouſly affirm'd it for Law, that a *Libel muſt be falſe*, falſe Tales; *it is not elſe* within the Statutes on which *Scandalum Magnatum* is founded; and ſtill the *Courſe* of the Court varied from Law; never was the Puniſhment of a *Libeller*, or Honour-wounder, a Pecuniary Mulct, but ('till *K. James* I) always the Body by Impriſonment, *&c.* repaid, and repair'd Wounded-Honour; nay, by 1 & 2 *Phil.* & *Mar.* 3. the *greateſt* Scandalous Words againſt the *King* or *Queen*, were only Puniſhed by *bodily Puniſhment*, which

a man might have bought off, (whether the King would or no) with a 100*l.* (not ready Money neither, (the Bill was not drawn upon him, upon *ſight hereof,*) but any time within a Month) ſo tender were our Anceſtors of undoing Men for ill Words, even againſt the King; much more tender not to undo a Man and his Houſe for a frail Word againſt a frail Subject, though a Lord. Honour if it be baſe, and Dreggs, is not Honour, and conſequently, not wounded or hurt; but if it be true Honour, it is like the beſt *Spirits*, Airy and *Spiritual*, it can neither be *Bought* nor *Sold*; nor ever was it known in *England*, that ſo much as a Knighthood could be of ſo baſe an *Alloy*, as that an Uſurer (or Scrivener of 10 *l. per Cent.*) could purchaſe it, 'till the Poverty of *Scotland*, coupled with an empty Exchequer, and a King liberal to Prodigality to his Countrey-Men, was glad to make poor *Shifts* to earn a Penny; this for one, of making Honour ſo *Mercenary*, that ſome Gentlemen ſcorn'd to be Knights, whilſt another rich Dame would give a 1000 *l.* to the Lady Baronet, that ſo ſhe might take the Wall of her Grand-*Dame*. But enough concerning *Libels*, you'll find none here, nor any thing ſtruck at but *Sin* and *Folly*; and neither of them are *Ingredients* in the Conſtitution of true Honour; except Honour can be *Midas'd*, as the Eccleſiaſtical Fellows do Sins, turn all they can touch to *Gold*, calling it by a *Word* they borrowed from Father *Peter* and *Rome*, *Commuting*, or Commutation of Penance; a *Word* that buys Perriwiggs at *Doctors-Commons*, as ſilly as it is.

And if any Expreſſion of mine (in this Diſcourſe) ſeem too *Ayery* ſometimes, for ſo *grave* and ſolemn a Subject, it is neither *forc'd* nor *affected*, Nature will have its Courſe.

But as it is eaſier to *pick a Quarrel* than to end it, ſo it is eaſier to find *Fault* than to *mend it*; and cannot a Man be *ſober* except he be *ſad?* Nor *Grave*, except he be *dull?*

Nor have I permitted one *Word* to paſs with more *Briskneſs* of Air or Style, then juſt what was neceſſary to keep my Reader

Reader *Awake*; and is not it as *Pardonable* (at leaſt) as that dull *Parentheſis*, by ſome Preachers ſo often Inculcated.—— (*Do not ſleep there?*) Which is the more *Unconſcionable Start-and-Stare*, when he had rock'd them *aſleep before*, with his heavy and drowzy *Lullabee*.

None can expect that my Style ſhould be ſmooth in the *Sinewy* and Argumentative Part; it is not to be done.

But, be it as it may; if the Subject-matter be ſolid and weighty, let my Style ſhift for it ſelf; I am not fond on't, yet, blunt as it is, I will neither change it with thee, (*Drowzy Mr. Phlegmatick!*) Nor yet with thee, (*that ſitteſt Frowning and Cenſuring* there, I ſee thee,) *Formal Mr. Hypochondriack!*

THE CHARACTER OF A Ceremony-Monger.

CHAP. I.

Concerning Bowing *to the Altar, to the* East.

THE Cringes and Bowings of the *Papists* to the Altar, is in Adoration of their *Wafer-God* that sits there (they think) Enthron'd; and is (by the Homilies of Church of *England*) frequently styled *Idolatry*; and the Act of a *Fool.*

But the Cringes and Bowings of my *Ceremony-Monger* to the *Altar*, to the East, where there is nothing, (he must confess whatever he has *secretly* put there,) neither more nor better than what is in the *West*, in the *Belfrey*, or the *Body* of the Church; therefore some call him a Fool; but (like *Merry Andrew*) though he act like a Fool, he is *more Knave* than *Fool*; and though *my Noddy* pretends that he nods *to* nothing, yet the old *Dotard* does not play the Fool *for* nothing; but he is as well paid for playing the *Coxcomb* in his

ſilly Superſtition, as the *beſt Merry Andrew* of them all. For it is well known what an Influence *Papiſts* had in the three laſt Reigns of B. *Laud*, the two *Caſtle-mains*, and Father *Peter*; who not being able to *bring in Popery*, or a Biſhop *Ellis* into a Proteſtant Church, and Proteſtant Preferment; (the Laws Excluding ſuch) therefore they encouraged any ſilly Superſtition that was a *Quid pro Quo*; and *as like* Popiſh Idolatry, as *Twins* of the ſame Womb.

Thus *putting the Change* upon us, and Engroſſing a great many of the Proteſtant Preferments, Honours, and Priviledges to *Fellows* that were as like *Papiſts*, & our Churches, & Worſhip, Adorations and Ceremonies, as like *Popiſh Ceremonies*; and our *Paul's*, as like St. *Peter's*, as one Egg is like *another*, to ſee to; though the Yolks within may perhaps ſhow ſome little Diſtinction; and a Ceremonious *Arminian* is no right-down *Papiſt*, for if he ſhould, he could not be capable of his high Seat in a Proteſtant Church; and therefore he will rather confeſs himſelf a Fool, in Cringing like an Aſs to nothing, then be turn'd out of Church and the Revenues thereof, by confeſſing that he bows to things Divine, Tranſubſtantiated from a ſilly Wafer; and rather than loſe *his ſoft Place* in Church or *Senate*, he chooſes rather to confeſs *the ſoft Place in his Head.*

But if you take him really for a *Fool*, you miſtake him vilely; (as I ſaid before) this Eccleſiaſtical *Mountebank* is more Knave than Fool, and bows for ſomething; even when he bows to nothing, he gets Money by't, he gets Money by the Bargain, and though he ſhake his Reverend Noddle, as if it was empty, (by making Reverences to an empty place) yet he knows why, and wherefore.

For though he ſeems to adore a Non-Entity, you are miſtaken in my Man, for he thereby adores his chiefeſt God, (*Mammon*) And his making fooliſh Legs to the Altar, like an Aſs, was the *ready Road* to make Legs at Court, and be an Eccleſiaſtical *Apuleian* Golden Aſs.

For

For as a *Coſterd-Monger* gets his Living and Eſtate (often a great one) by *vending Trifles* and Trinkets of *his own* Purchaſe (as Pears, Plums or Apples) to that Improvement many times, that he *makes Money* (even) of his *Rotten* Ware.

So a *Ceremony-Monger* gets his Living and Eſtate (a great one oftentimes) by *Trifling Trinkets*, and illegal (as well as) nonſenſical Ceremonies in Religion, (or rather *his own Superſtition*) *of his own* Purchaſe, or the *Invention* of his private Noddle; to that Improvement many times, that he grows great in the World, and in the Church; and *makes Money* (even) of his *Rotten* Ware, eſpecially *in bad times.*

For this *Eccleſiaſtical Quack* (like *other ſtaging* Empyricks) always gets *moſt Money and Eſteem*; and both of them make the *beſt* Markets for their Impoſtures and Rotten Druggs in the *ſickline ſt and worſt of times.*

'Tis *beſt*, with theſe *Stagers*, when 'tis *worſt* with all the reſt of *Mankind*: For if men be *well* in Health, and well in their Wits; both theſe *Merry-Andrews* (that for Money *make fools of themſelves*) may go whiſtle; they may ſhut up their Shops, and pull down their Stage.

Riſum teneatis? Amici! Come hold your ſides, and look demurely if you can (for your very guts, and ſpleen) to ſee a grave Dignitory of the Church, with Tippet and Sattin Cap, a gaudy Cope and Hood (before and behind) Nodding his Reverend Head, andmaking *Reverences* ſo humble, that his briſly Chin even kiſſes the ground (no Antick French Man, or Father *Peter*, can out-vie the Complement) in an humble Addreſs to the Eaſt, to the Altar, and where there is either ſomething or nothing more than in the Belfry, and in the Weſt, Catechize my Don, (for he has been twice a Child; Come! Ask him (I ſay) does his Eccleſiaſtical Don-ſhip bow and cringe ſo ſupplely (notwithſtanding his Age) to ſomething, or to nothing?

If

If he anſwers —*To ſomething*; Then take him Father *Dada*, for he is thine, liſt him in the Service and Devotion of thy Wafer-God.

But if he reneages, (becauſe Papiſts are not capable of a Dignity in Church of *England*) and is forc'd to anſwer, that he bows *to nothing*; then beg him for a Fool, and his richer Dignities; take him *Merry-Andrew*, for he is thine; He is that ridiculous Stager that makes a Fool of himſelf, to pick up the Pence; and no little neither: For when Popery will not, *cannot*, get up to the top of the Steeple or Pinacle of the Temple, (where the Devil ſtood tempting our bleſſed Saviour with the World and the glory of it) my Ceremony-Monger being poſſeſs'd, runs mad to be there: which ſince all the Avenues are ſtopt againſt *Lord Biſhop Goddard* and *bareface'd Popery*, my crafty Ceremony-Monger claps a Vizard over the ugly *bare face*, and paſſes moſtreligiouſly for one of the Order, and Reverendly with a Maſque, does his Buſineſs, and perhaps gets a Mandate, —In a *Mock-Election* of the *Chapter*, which in their Prayers for divine Aſſiſtance in the Election not only *mock themſelves*, but which is infinitely worſe, they *mock* the Almighty *God* too, when they pray him to direct them in the choyce of a Fit Man: when he is choſen before to their hands, and they neither can *will nor chuſe*.

If you do not yet know my Ceremony-Monger, I'll tell you his Name.

His Name is *Legion*, for never was the Herd more numerous, or more poſſeſs'd, ſince the *Devil* enter'd into the Herd of Swine; and made them run (like mad) violently down hill, though they are like to periſh in the Waters.

For this *Eccleſiaſtical Hotſpur* (though he) has but a minute (*Sober*) ſhare of Knowledge, yet he has Zeal *like mad*; And therefore never admits any heartily into his ſpiritual *Muſter-Roll* or *Liſt*, but blind Conformiſts; that are preſently *Tall-Fellows*, and preferr'd if they can, but readily obey

obey this one word of Command; *Streighten* your Files, *Follow your File-leader.*

Thus, *like Horses in a Team*, they all Uniformly *Plod* on together, most gravely and soberly (with Nose in his Leaders Hind parts) and *Showel-Halters* through thick and thin, at all Adventures, minding nothing (*they, poor Hearts!*) but following the Fore-Horse, though he go out of the way, as irregularly and illegally, as irrationally, falling into a Slough, but desperately bent, though not one of them know why, nor wherefore; nor dare say, whether they cringe and bow to something, or nothing. For they are forc'd to whisper when they say, that they cringe to nothing, least the Papists (that preferr them) should hear, and then they're sure to get *nothing*, therefore are forc'd to say nothing, yet nod to nothing.

If I were a *Papist* or *Anthropo-Morphite*, who believes that God sits Enthron'd in the *East*, like a grave *Old King*, I profess I would bow and cringe as well as any *Ecclesiastical Limber-ham* of them all; and pay my Adoration to that *one Point* of the Compass, the *East*; but if Men believe that the Holy one that Inhabits Eternity, is also *Omnipresent*, and in every *Place*, why do they not make *Correspondent* Ceremonies of Adoration to *every Point* of the Compass?

But I recant my Folly for asking a Ceremony-Monger an honest reason of his Cringes, who never (hitherto) could vouch his Supple-ham-Worship to the Altar, to the East, *&c.* except (as aforesaid) in Adoration of *Mammon* his God.

But I'll be Positive, and Dogmatical in nothing of this Nature; I'll forswear nothing but building of Churches, after I have first pull'd them down; as one did (a certain Chappel) in the memory of Man, because the Chancel stood *East and by Nore* a little sideling, whereas it should have stood better, due *East*; that (with one Cringe) he might bow to the Altar, and the East also; he was the wiser, for so he kills two Birds *with one Stone*; and one single bow (by this laborious

laborious Regulation) will ſerve to the Altar, and the Eaſt alſo; ſo to eaſe his unweildy body, he puniſhes his Purſe by Eccleſiaſtical Policy, (called) Commutation; O the Wit of an Eccleſiaſtical Polititian! But *Fortuna favet fat*—Fortune favours *Fat-folks*; a poor man might have been beggar'd by ſuch a Venture; but the old Dotard (Mr. *Superſtitious Noddy* was his Name,) made Stairs of the Chappel-Stones, and ſo got up to the Top of *Pauls*. But let the Ceremony-monger by his Foppery grow never ſo great, he is *Paid in his own Coin*, for in requital, his only *Adorers* are Women and Fops; or ſuch as love any thing that is great, only *becauſe it is great*: May they not by the ſame reaſon adore an Aſſes Head, with *Flapping Luggs*, for they alſo are *great*, very great.

Thus the *Hogen-Dutchman* got Money, being carried about from *Fair to Fair*, amongſt the Fops that admir'd his Brawny-Bulk, the reſult of *Bacon* and the *Butter-Box*.

The greateſt Ingenuity of my Ceremony-monger, is, *that* of an Ape, *(viz.)* Imitation or *Mimickry*) for the Monky has indeed ſomething of the Viſage and Reſemblance of a Man, (and ſo has the Ceremony-monger's worſhip the *Face* of Religion and *Devotion*) but both of them wants *Reaſon*, and therefore the *more abominable*, and *of all Brutes*, moſt odious to rational Men:

Simia quam ſimilis (turpiſſima Beſtia) nobis?

Of Brutes, none are *ſo loathſome* as the Ape,
Wanting Man's Soul, he only has Man's *Shape*.

But ſuch is the force of Mimickry amongſt Fops, that it is far more eaſie to make a cringing dancing Aſs, then a dancing Horſe in our Academy; but the Miſchief is, there is ſo many of them, they are not a *Raree-Show*; they are ſo *common*, that it will not quit coſt to carry them about, and ſhow them at *Sturbridge-Fair*, or *Bartholomew-Fair*.

Come,

Come, Friends! You ſhall ſee one of the Youngſters (the *Foal* of a cringing Aſs,) for nothing.

Come to your Poſtures, *Lad!* Hold up thy Head, and in thy Chin, thy Breaſt out, and thy Belly in: Now, *your Reverences*;— well done; face about again, *down*, I ſay, *cloſe* down—to the *Eaſt*, to the *Altar*, &c. well done; *there's hopes in thee*, thou may'ſt come to be a tall Man in the Church, in time, if this Trade do but hold.

For my Ceremony-monger is an Eccleſiaſtical *Thomas Anello* (or corruptly and vulgarly) *Maſanello*, a deſpicable Tool to look on, take him out of his Robes, as *ſilly* a Fiſher *as Heart can wiſh*; and yet he may grow great by as trivial Occaſions, the ſcrambling for a little rotten Ware (Nuts and Apples) in *Midſummer-Moons*, when the People run mad and are oppreſs'd.

But the worſt is, This Beaſt of the People is ſoon abus'd, and ſoon diſabus'd, and is ſeldom long and quietly (in *England*) beſtrid (I will not ſay Prieſt ridden) by Fops; they are apt as ſuddenly to play a *Jade*'s Trick; and after they have Huzza'd *loud Hoſanna*'s one day, ſoon after ready enough upon a contrary Provocation, to cry *Crucifigite*, *Crucifigite*.

Yet the *Fool Maſanello* truſted to the unſteady Populace (which made him inſolent and inſufferable, *Proud and moroſe*) till the *ſame Mouths* that cry'd him *up*, ſoon after were ready *to eat him*; dragging him at a Horſes Tail, whom ten days before, they cry'd up to the Skies; they would have done *the ſame* to a Broom-ſtaff, if it could but have ſtood them in ſtead, or could help to withſtand the *Gabells* and Oppreſſion; but the Fool thought that the people ador'd his (own) worth, which made the Fool *inſufferably petulant*, and was his Ruine.

Yet (after all) *now* that I better bethink my ſelf, and that ſeven years ago (in my *Black Nonconformiſt*) I did (in vain) waſh this Æthiope, I'll even *Compound* the buſineſs with my Ceremony-monger.

And becauſe he has been many times a *topping Eccleſiaſtical Fellow*, Proud and Stomachfull, Uncontrouleable and *Wilful*; right or wrong, he will have his *Will*, his Swing, and his *Way*, (let who will *ſtand in his Way*;) therefore ſince he ſays, *He will ſtill bow like a Fop to nothing* (for he dare not ſay the Wafer is *there hid* (ſlyly) *under the Carpet*, nor yet that God is *more there* than *every where*; yet) I'll *grant him a Licenſe* upon two Conditions.

Firſt, That he never ſhake his empty Noddle at the Altar, but when it is *cover'd with a Cap*, (a Sattin Cap to chuſe) the more decently *to hide the ſoft Place* in his Head.

Secondly, That alſo then he hide the *Popiſh Face* of Adoration, by putting on a *Proteſtant Vizor-Maſque*, not only that his bluſhes be not viſible, (*a Brazen Face may do that*) but to *cover* the Popiſh Phyſiognomy, leſt the undiſcerning and ſuperficial Judgments of the rude Vulgar, *ſpy it and nothing elſe*; (for they ſearch not the inſide) and conſequently handle him, *as if he really were* a Popiſh Prieſt; his *Cope*, his *Hood*, his *Surplice*, his *Cringing Worſhip*, his *Altar* with *Candles* on it, (moſt Nonſenſically *unlighted* too) his *Bag-Pipes* or *Organs*, and in ſome places Viols and *Violins*, ſinging Men, and *ſinging Boys*, &c. are all *ſo very like* Popery, (and all but the *Veſtments* illegal) that I proteſt when I came in 1660. firſt from beyond Sea to *Pauls*, and *White-Hall*, I could ſcarce think my ſelf to be in *England*, but in *Spain* or *Portugal* again, I ſaw ſo little Difference, but that their *Service* was in *Latine*, and ours in *Engliſh*; but leſs intelligeable and leſs *Edifying*, (for one half thereof) then *Latine*, by reaſon of the *Inarticulate Boatus and Braying*, whilſt all the People read *half the Pſalms*, with a Noiſe as confuſed, as the *Rumbling Thunder* (as I will prove more particularly by and by) that any man in the World that had ſeen *High-Maſs* beyond Sea, muſt ſay, That the contrivance of both was to keep people in *Ignorance*, the *Mother of Devotion*. *Faith comes by Hearing*, (ſaith the Scripture) but the *Papiſt*

and

and Ceremony-monger, make as though it comes by *Seeing*, they are *all for a Show*, a vain Show. And ſhall not thoſe that *ſin before all*, be *rebuk'd before all?* That all may learn, and all may be comforted?

But may ſome ſay to me perhaps, That I talk *very boldly*; why, do I? And do you think *in your Conſcience*, that they do not *ſin more boldly*?

There is a *ſinful Baſhfulneſs* (in being loth to reprove) as well as *an Impudent Sinner*, and a Whores forehead: And ſhall a Brazen Ceremony-monger *dare* to tranſgreſs the Laws of God and Man, and Right and Reaſon; And is there *not a Man* (amongſt us all) that has Courage enough to attaque him?

Let him Huff like a blaſphemous *Goliah*, I fear him not; (if I were young and in my Prime) much leſs *now*, when there are *ſo few Sands* in the Hour-glaſs of my Life *yet to run out*, by the Courſe of Nature; the greateſt Wrath can precipitate *but a few minutes*; dye we muſt, and can *any man* dye or *ſuffer in a better* Quarrel, than in vindicating the Laws of God and the King, in ſpight of the Pope in *Italy*, or any other *in his likeneſs*.

CHAP. II.

Of Implicite Faith.

THat man has neither Worth nor Honour in him, that does not truly love and honour a *Perſon of Honour*, and true Vertue and Worth; and ſo much the more, for the *Grandeur*; but to idolize and adore a meer Image, becauſe a great and golden Image, and becauſe (*Nebuchadnezar*) the King ſet it up, what is it but Popery, Idolatry,

or Flattery or Foppery? I know not how to abſolve the Princes, *in Dan.* 3. 3 the Governours, *the Judges*, the Treaſurers, the Counſellours, (*wiſe Fellows!*) and the Sheriffs, When they ador'd the Golden Image, which *Nebuchadnezzar* the King had ſet up, though I confeſs being ſixty Cubits high, as high as the top of the Steeple, it made a *great Figure* in the World.

And what can my Ceremony-Monger ſay more for himſelf, than that great and golden Image? Both of them have a great Face and Bulk, but want Reaſon for their ſtanding, and are dumb and blind.

For my Ceremony-Monger in the Church (I am *in good earneſt* and in ſober ſadneſs, telling a woful Truth, which has almoſt ruin'd our Church) does almoſt *all his great Acts* in the Church (like the Papiſts) by *blind Devotion and implicite Faith.*

Is there any to be admitted into the Sacred Function of Prieſthood? (who ought to be *apt and fit* for ſo Great, ſo Holy, and ſo Divine an Office; otherwiſe, *The contempt of the Clergy*, and a Contemptible Clergy, is the *neceſſary* and ſad *Conſequence*) yet this is *bridled up* by Implicite Faith in *Mr. Arcdeacon*, or ſome *eaſie* Deputy or *Surrogate*; The Biſhop that Ordains is not obliged to know any thing of the matter; but goes *upon Truſt* for all, in that *great* Work of *Ordination*, as you may ſee in the words of Ordination in *the Common-Prayer-Book*; all is *done* (I ſaid before) *by Implicite Faith*, as the Papiſts call it; but this more ſilly than Popery; for it is more rational to believe as Church believes, than to believe as a ſilly Surrogate believes.

Is there a man to be *thrown out* of the Church? This is done by Implicite Faith too, in an eaſie Surrogate and *Sell-Soul Regiſter*, that perhaps has not paid the laſt payment for his place, and Money muſt be had; whereas the Biſhop that *Signifies it*, knows nothing of the Matter, nor of the Proceedings or Proofs; *but by Implicite Faith* in the Regiſters.

Cer-

Certificavit, as aforesaid; and then the Judges grant a *Capias* by implicite Faith too in his hand, that knows nothing of the Matter, (neither) of his own Knowledge.

Is not here fine doings the while, in the greatest of Church-Works? The *out and in*, The in and out, is all *by an Implicite Faith*, more irrational than that of Papists.

Nay, the *poor Parson* of the Parish must neither *will nor choose* but must, *in pain of the Law*, *Excommunicate*, and deliver to Satan any body, that the Registers Hand and Seal marks out with an *Anathema*, by meer *Implicite Faith* in *Pope-Sell-Soul* (the Register.) So when the Devil and the Jaylor has worried him and tortured him (as they do suspected Witches) ('till they confess) and he be willing to *say or do* any thing to get out of the Tormentor's Clutches, and the Excommunicated Person *humble enough* to open his Purse to *Mr. Register*; poor Parson must absolve him *again*, *by the old and Implicite Faith* in the Register.

In *Confirmation* too, all's done by *Implicite Faith* in the Parish-Priest; nay, usually not so well, but *hand over head* to all that kneels for it, though some of them *to my knowledge*, were never Baptized, nor can *yet* say the Creed so well as it is possible to teach a *Parrot*; nor understanding one Article thereof much better than a Parrot: *Here's fine doings*! And a rare Constitution to fight for, Tooth and Nail, Swear and Forswear, *by a blind Devotion* and implicite Faith, and scarce a man knows *wherefore*; But no Kettles make so great a Sound and Noise, as those that are empty.

But when men *go out* of God's Way, the *further and faster* they go, the further and faster they *go astray*.

The very Disciples of Christ (as well as *Popish-Priests* and Cardinals) fell to *Justling one another* (even in the presence) for the place, the chief *and uppermost*; but our Lord told them, they behaved themselves more like worldly Princes.

ces than his Diſciples; ſaying, *It ſhall not be ſo amongſt you.*

Pride ſays, *It ſhall be ſo*; but will my Ceremony-monger *on his death-bed* and at the tremendous *Judgment-Seat, ſay ſo*, as he does *now*; in ſpight of *Chriſt and his Word*? I am *your humble Servant*, ſays the Pope; nay, your Servants Servant, *Servus Servorum*, yet *Lucifer* himſelf is not prouder.

Dear Brother, ſays a Popiſh Biſhop, in his Style to the reſt of the Presbyters, when at the ſame time he makes *no more of them* than a meer *Pavement*, in State to walk upon and *trample*; money *too*, the pooreſt Prieſt muſt give his *Highneſs*, though the Family at home want Bread: Nay, the poor Sheep muſt not bleat neither, but though clipt *twice a year*, like Sheep before Sheerers, *they muſt be dumb*; ſo open they not the Mouth; yet I told the Outlandiſh Biſhops ſeven years ago, of this unconſcionable Avarice to as little purpoſe, *in my Naked Truth*, ſaying, I have read that *Pharaoh's Lean Kine* eat up the *Fat* ones, but for the *Fat* to eat up *the Lean*, 'tis moſt unconſcioanable; have a care of *Bare-bones*, leſt they ſtick in your Throat, or in *your*—(what ſhall I call thee?) *Eccleſſaſtical Greedy-gut*! you'll never leave your Gormandizing, *'till you ſurfeit*, I fear.

This is the true Reaſon of *Implicite Faith* in *Italy*, and *England*; Biſhops gape at more than they can ſwallow; in ſpight of that terrible Thunder—*Their Blood will I require at the Watchman's hand*—They take a *Charge* upon them, that no fleſh alive can *diſcharge*; Biſhops and Curates (ſays the Common-Prayer) implying that we of the ſmall Fry, are *only Journey-men* or Curates to the Biſhop; well, *with all my heart*, the greater Charge lies heavy on his Soul.

No, (he may ſay) though I cannot be *here and there too*, yet I have Journey-men *every where*; I muſt *by Implicite Faith* believe my Journey-man, my Proctor, my Surrogate and my Regiſter; but in requital, they alſo *by Implicite Faith* believe me.

Is

Is not here rare doings? And all this Inconvenience came at first only by Avarice and Ambition, which a whole Dioceſs, and ſometimes a Deanery, and a rich *Commendum* added thereunto, could not glut; well, that's as to the Wages, if they were twice as big, one Man can make a ſhift to ſwallow, yea, but as for the Work, it is impoſſible to ſuperintend, or Epiſcopize, with one pair of Eyes; then came (firſt) into the Church, *Implicite Faith* in their Journey-Men, and of all Journey-Men, chiefly, the *Arch-Deacon*'s called *Oculi Epiſcoporum*; there are but five Pair of ſuch great Implicite Eyes in our Dioceſs; and if they could ſee without Spectacles, they would be the better Eyes, I think: But the Proſpect is too far, all over the *Dioceſs* for one Biſhop to ſee or ſuperintend; but who made that Proſpect ſo large? *Paræcia*, a Pariſh, by our antient Canons, ſignifies a *Dioceſs*, and a Dioceſs was no larger than a Pariſh, 'till Popiſh Avarice, and boundleſs Ambition taught Pluralities.

A good Biſhop (if he keep in his Bounds) as the *King's Commiſſioner* (not fancying that he *has or can have any New* Spiritual Character, or greater Spiritual Character than of a Presbyter, as appears by the Words of Ordination (of both of them) *the ſame*, the very ſame, in all *Eſſential* Points; only the King's *Mandate* or Commiſſion, gives him an *Eccleſiaſtical Character* more than he had, and a *Temporal Character* by making him a *Baron* of the Realm, with Lands and Honours annext; and not *one jot too much*, if he make good uſe thereof, in Hoſpitality, Charity, and ſomewhat too *as an Umbrage againſt Contempt*; the Wages are well enough beſtow'd if he be fit for the place, pious, prudent and learned; and he has as lawful a Claim and *Title* to them, from his Predeceſſors, as other Lords or Corporations; and cannot without great Injuſtice (as well as *dangerous Preſident*) be bereaved of them; who but a Fool will go about to remove Groundſells and Fundamental Conſtitutions?

But

But *his Work* is ſo great, and the neceſſary Qualifications ſo Eminent and Extraordinary, that *no one man is fit* for ſo great a Charge; and thoſe that are fitteſt, will ſcarcely accept it, the Temporal Honours and Rewards are no Temptation to them.

For a Biſhop ought not to Ordain any, 'till he has firſt *by his own Examination and Knowledge*, found their fitneſs for ſo great and Holy a Work: *Not* truſting by *Implicite Faith* to Mr. Arch Deacon, nor Mr. *Deacon's Deputy*.

And how can he *with a ſafe Conſcience*, deliver a Soul to the Devil by an Anathema, when he *knows nothing* of the Nature of the *Crime* nor *Proof*? except by *blind Devotion* or Implicite Faith in the Regiſter and Surrogate, Mr. *Neceſſity*? (ſo Men call him) *Becauſe he has no Law*.

So that the grand Diſtempers of our Church, do all proceed from *this Original Sin*, radical in our Conſtitution; and no Art of Man can cure it, or ſave us from a *Contemptible* Clergy, and *more deſpicable* (as well as prophane) *Diſcipline*, but by applying Remedies *to the very Conſtitution*, which is neither incureable, nor hard to cure, if wiſe and willing Phyſitians do but uſe their skill.

When *Boy-Popes* and *Boy-Biſhops*, or ignorant and unlearned *Biſhops* by favour, Money or Friends, were advanc'd; they neither durſt *attempt* to Examine a Scholar's fitneſs for the holy function, *nor could do it*, without betraying their own unfitneſs and Ignorance; which begot Arch-Deacons, they *ſerv'd for Eyes* to the blind, and at general Councils, uſually for *Mouths* and *Tongues*, and *Brains* too: The Dotage of Biſhop *Alexander*, brought Arch-Deacon *Athanaſius* into the firſt Council of *Nice*, which brought him into *Requeſt*, and when the old Man died, into the *Biſhoprick* (alſo) of *Alexandria*.

But above all the Implicite *Faith-Men*, (I ever read) have my Commendations remembred to the Pope, in the words of Cardinal *Bellarmine*, lib. 4. *de Romano Pontifice*, cap. 5.

Si

Si autem papa erraret præcipiendo vitia, vel prohibendo virtutes, teneretur Eccleſia credere vitia eſſe bona, & virtutes malas, niſi vellet contrà Conſcientiam peccare: If the Pope err (*that's a Bull too,* good Cardinal, *as wiſe as you are*) by commanding Vice and prohibiting Virtue, yet the Church is bound to believe, That Vice is good, and Virtue evil; except the Church ſin wilfully and againſt Conſcience.

Even ſo; if a Biſhop *by implicit Faith and Error* Ordain a vitious, or ignorant Perſon a Prieſt, or Biſhop, and Madam *Portſmouth*, or Father *Peter*, help him to a *Preſentation* or *Mandate*, (every thing may be done that has been done) or ſhould *Silence* a vertuous Preacher, yet the Pariſh or Dioceſs *muſt*, (I ſay) *muſt* accept him for their ſpiritual *Shepherd*, *Guide* and Watchman; though he be never ſo *blind a Guide*, never ſo *wolviſh* or cruel a *Shepherd*, never ſo dull and *drowzy a Watchman* or Reading-Don; or *Copy-holding* Plagiary; except they will be wilful ſinners; though *he ſtarve their Souls*, they muſt feed *him* with the *Tythe-ſheaf and the Tythe-pig.*

He's not fit to be *call'd to the Bar*, that can but *juſt read* his Breviat, though he tell the Judge he has notable Books in his Study, that argue the Caſe and ſtate it notably, but he carries them not about, never in his head.

Nor is he fit to be *a Fellow in the Colledge* of Phyſitians, becauſe *Galen* and *Hypocrates* lies moulding in his Study, nor is he fit to be free of the Pulpit, that if his Sermon-Book *fall down* out of his hand, muſt *alſo come down as wiſe* (a man) *as when he went up*; let the Curtain fall down too, and the Play's at an end; good night, *Parſon.*

But all Preachers have not Memory nor Elocution and preſence of Mind: No, no: But then, *there's a good Thraſher*, or a good *Cobler ſpoyl'd*, to make a *bad Parſon*, a poor Tranſcriber, and *dull Tranſlator*, whoſe Character next follows.

CHAP. III.

Of the Reading-Dons of the Pulpit.

THis Eccleſiaſtical Sophiſter, is a *true Son* of the Church of *England*, (that ever was) and *Devoted to her Service*, (as in Duty bound) for ſhe gave him freely *all the Devotion he has*, namely, the *Common-Prayer-Book and the Homilies*; which are very *good* things to all, but to him *a God*, (a Creator) *by which* as a Church-man (though *as lean* and cadaverous *as a Church-Mouſe*,) *he lives, and moves, and has his being.*

But, as true a Son of the Church as he is, yet he is a *Baſtard-Divine*, but made a *Denizon* Eccleſiaſtick, and *free of the Church* by the King, and (notwithſtanding his *ſpurious* Original) *Legitimated* and made capable of *Succeſſion in Church-Lands*, Honours and Dignities, by *Act of Parliament*, viz. the Act of *Uniformity* in *England*; *In England*, (I ſay) for in the whole Proteſtant-World, *That Act* has no Paralel, nor this fellow (I characterize) *any Fellow* in the whole Chriſtian World, but *ſuch as* himſelf; he is a *None-ſuch* all the World over, in all Churches, *except* (what he calls, (and he may well ſpeak well of her) *the moſt Incomparable* Church of *England*; not only the *Proteſtants* all the world over, but the very *Papiſts*, nay, the very *Stage-Players* would kick him out, the very *Boys* and *Wenches* there, nay, School-Boys, *muſt ſay their Parts* better, or they are ſure to be whip'd for't.

Nay, the Stage-Players would have no Cuſtomers (except they could get *Penal Laws*, and a Conſtable, a Jaylor and Apparitor, to drive them by *Shoales* to the Play-Houſe) if they ſhould admit any ſuch *dull Tools* and *Actors*, that could *not ſay a Word* without Book; but muſt read every Word they ſay, or elſe they are *Dumb*: For, *take away* the Play-Book, or *Notes*, and they are mute as a Fiſh; the Play is

at

at an end, though you have paid your Money: (ſome ſmall note indeed) or prompter the beſt may need ſometimes, or ſome Breviate:) even ſo my *Reading-Don-Eccleſiaſtical* is a *Noteleſs Fellow* without his Notes, and worſe than an *Aſs* (for he can *Bray* without book) nay, worſe than a *Peacock* for he can yawl againſt Rain) but this *Gay-Fowl* has nothing that ſpeaks him *divine*, but his *gay out-ſide*.

The Prophet *Ezekiel* calls him *Dumb-dog* that cannot bark; meaning not that theſe Dumb-Prophets or Dumb dogs had no Tongue, and could make no barking Noiſe; but, when he ſeeth the Sword or a Thief coming, he giveth no warning; but being ſenceleſs and noteleſs, is therefore a dumb dog.

For he (*poor Heart!*) has his Leſſon before him, there is his ſtint, like a Horſe in a Mill; he *cannot go out of the Track*, if he does, he muſt leave work: if the Notes drop out of the Pulpit, or the Candles go out, or the Spectacles fall from his Noſe, or a dark day, or any ſuch woful Diſaſter befal him, his buſineſs is done, he needs no Biſhop to ſilence him; Come, *Sir*, you may (*even*) come down, out of the Pulpit, The Play is done.

Nay, his very Prayers to Almighty God in the *Pulpit*, he is glad *to read them too*, except perhaps he has (like a Parrot) got a few words *by rote*, which all the people of the Church can ſay as well as himſelf; for like a Turn-ſpit *Dog in a Wheel*, he keeps ado, but makes no Progreſs.

For (alas! for Shame and Sorrow!) how ſhould he ſpeak to God, who is a Spirit, from his Heart or Spirit; or to the People's Hearts, that never had any *Divinity* in his Head or Heart: It is ſufficient that he has it in the Book of *Homilies*, or in his Notes (*ſtylo novo*) of another Sermon-book that is *more in Vogue and Uſe*, becauſe more adopted to our preſent Language and Age.

Stole! ſaid *I*, he'll bring his Action againſt me, of *Scandalum magnatum*, perhaps; but I'll prevent him, for I *recant*.

He did not ſteal his Sermon, nor Sermon Notes, *for they were his own* upon a *double* account; Firſt, becauſe he lawfully bought and *paid for them*, ſix pence a piece; witneſs, the *Bookſeller:* Secondly, becauſe all the Sermons in Print are *dedicated to him*; To *the Reader* —— All—*To the Reader*, and ſometimes (to Coaks him out of ſix pence) To the *Courteous* Reader.

If Parents have a *Ricketty* Son, and crook'd-legg'd, and Baker-knee'd; he'll *ſerve to make a Parſon*, his Caſſock will hide his Legs: Is the poor Child Pur-blind alſo? He'll ſerve to make *a Parſon* (*ſay his Parents*) if he have but *Eye enough* to ſpy *Advent* Sunday, the day of the Month, and the firſt and ſecond Leſſons for the day. Is he *a half-witted Lad?* He'll ſerve (*poor Child*) ſay his Parents, *well enough* for the Pulpit, if he do but hold his Notes to his Pur-blind Eyes, it is but holding them *the cloſer*, and the buſineſs is done; eſpecially if his Parents or Friends *ſcrape Acquaintance with a Patron* (I know how) or buy an Advouſion or the next Avoydance.

And then make room *for the Parſon*, a true Son of the Church: *Why do you ſmile?* It is too ſerious, too great, and too diſmal a Truth and Miſchief, to *draw Tears* from your Eyes *by laughing*; *you have more cauſe* to be weeping *Jeremies, and make Lamentations* at ſo *miſchievous a Conſtitution* of a Church, in making *Watchmen* that are *blind*, and *lame*, and *dumb*; being Ordained into Holy Orders *by blind implicite Faith*; which we all condemn in the *Papiſts*, but in the Church of *England* draw a new Scene; and it is receiv-ed with Applauſe: Oh *poor Engliſh!* A fooliſh people and unwiſe, though *the moſt Courageable* and beſt Hearts, as well *as the moſt plain hearted* Nation under Heaven.

You think (now) that this is a *Romance*, and not *literally* true; well then, *ſo let it go*; 'Tis ſo much the fitter for this Character of a Ceremony-monger, which is *all a Romance*.

A Romance! What's that? It comes from *Roma*, *Rome*, the Ground and Platform of the trueſt and beſt Hiſtories of Truth; and the *Scene* of the greateſt Acts the Sun ever ſaw.

And a *Romance* is as like a true *Roman Hiſtory*, as my Ceremony-Monger *is like* a Papiſt; he is not a Papiſt, (*he ſays*) no, he is *not a bare-fac'd Papiſt*, I'll do him right; but *to ſee to*, he is as like a Papiſt as ever he can look, and his Devotion as like Popery as ever it can look: He does not ſay the Maſs indeed in *Latine*; but his *Hood*, his *Cope*, his *Surplice*, his *Rocket*, his *Altar Rail'd in*, his *Candles*, and *Cuſhions*, and Book *thereon*, his *Bowing to it*, his bowing or rather *Nodding* at the name *Jeſu*, his *Organs*, his *Violins*, his *Singing-Men*, his *Singing-Boys*, with their *Alternate Jabbering* and Mouthings, (as *Unintelligible* as Latine-Service) and ſo *very like Popery*, that I profeſs (when I came from beyond Sea, about the year 1660. to *Pauls* and *White-Hall*) I almoſt thought (at firſt bluſh) that I was (*ſtill*) in *Spain* or *Portugal*; only the Candles on our Altars (*moſt Nonſenſically*) ſtand *unlighted*, to ſignifie, what? The darkneſs of our Noddles, or to tempt the Chandlers to turn (downright) Papiſts, as the more *ſuitable* Religion *for their Trade*; for ours *mocks them*, feeds *them* with *Hopes* only, he gapes and ſtares to ſee the lucky Minute when the Candles ſhould be lighted, but he is cheated, for they do not burn out in an Age.

But the Foppery is *Homogeneal*, all of a piece, fooliſh and illegal Ceremonies *all over*, only my Ceremony-monger has got *Law of his ſide for his Surplice*, and his *Common-Prayers*; which are *both very good things*, and though perhaps he may be perſwaded to *part with the former*, if you take away the *latter*, viz. the *Common-Prayer-Book*, ye had as good *cut out his Tongue*; nay, even ſow up his Mouth alſo; for he has *no occaſion for it*, *nor for his Teeth neither*, for his Body muſt ſtarve, and be as lean and jejune as his Soul: Therefore, as you

you love his Life and Soul, *let him have his* Common-Prayer-Book, or elſe his Curate will have nothing *in the World to do*, but muſt be forc'd to turn *Sexton*; why ſhould not the *Dead* bury the *Dead*? The dead *in Sin*, bury the dead *for* Sin, to ſo lifeleſs and ſpiritleſs a thing is Religion reduc'd by my Ceremony-monger; nay, ſome of them in their pretended *Prayer before* Sermon, do mock both God and the People, Praying, or *pretending to Pray as the Mouth of the People* in the Pulpit, and yet (like good *Hannah's private Prayer*) their *Lips* only move, but *their Voice* is not heard.

Old *Eli* thought the good Woman was Drunk or a Fool, to talk to her ſelf; but ſhe deſigned only *private* Prayer.

But certainly this *Maſter of the Ceremonies*, is either a Fop or a Mad-man, or elſe takes *all the People for Fops* of his own making, to have only a handſome gaze at the Parſon, whilſt he Acts his *Mummery* in the Pulpit.

Why does the Pulpit ſtand aloft? But that the Preacher ſhould lift his Voice *like a Trumpet*, that all the Church may *Hear*, or elſe what does he do there? The Papiſts indeed do vindicate *Pictures in Churches*, as being the *Lay-man's Hiſtory*, though he know *not a Letter* in the Book, his *Eyes may read by ſeeing* a Picture; and thus my Ceremony-monger brings up his *Fops in Ignorance*, and *ignorant Devotion*; they know nothing of the matter, and cannot ſay *Amen*, to they do not know what; it is no matter for that, for (juſt like Popiſh Maſs, called *Secreta*, which the Prieſt mumbles to himſelf, ſo) our Foppiſh Ceremony-monger that muſt be *like a Popiſh Prieſt*, (or elſe perhaps, he had never come to ſo *high* a Pulpit and place in the Church) he muſt *mumble too* his Prayers (though in Pulpit) to *himſelf*, becauſe 'tis *juſt as the Popiſh Prieſts do*, that make as if the *People need not* pray, nor believe; the *Prieſt* prays for them, and *believes for them*; keep them blind, *ſays the Prieſt*, and then you may

lead

lead them by the Noſe, which way you pleaſe; O *poor Engliſh Fops!* To be *fopt* by an *Old Fop*, that is as much or *more an Hypocritical Knave* than a Fool.

And I am the more apt to believe it now, becauſe the *Mumbling Hypocrites*, never mumbled *ſo much and ſo long in the Pulpit-Prayer* before Sermon, as now-a days in *this Juncture* and Revolution in the Kingdom, and *change in the Throne*; to pray for the *Abdicated King*, would be to *own him and Popery* with his Mouth, but he dare *not do* that, they have *only his Heart* at preſent.

And to Pray for their Sacred Majeſty's, our Soveraign Lord and Lady, King *William* and Queen *Mary*, they are ſuch *Strangers to his Heart*, that he chuſes rather *not to pray* at all, in his own *Prayer before Sermon*; or not at all *to be heard*, till ſuch time, as it may be gueſs'd, *He had done it to himſelf*, talking (as they ſay Witches do) to himſelf in the *Pulpit*, moſt prophanely *mocking God and the People*, by pretending to ſpeak, when he only *mumbles* with his Lips; for if his Voice be heard, the crafty Hypocrite thinks that *ſome Body will tell* (becauſe his Tongue tells) *who he is for*: Whereas now the *Fox lies learing* and lurching, to ſee *which King will get the better*, and *then* (and not till then) *he will declare himſelf*, and in the *Interim*, this Ambo-dexter *reſerves himſelf*; for he is true *to no Intereſt*, nor to any Religion, but that which moſt tends to the Advancement of his only God, *Mammon*, and his Curate only runs the Riſque, in Praying for King *William*, and Queen *Mary*.

In ſhort, (for I am quite *tired* and ſick of him) his *Church-Work* is juſt like his *Church-Clock*, moved extraneouſly by *outward* Weights, *Wheels*, Springs or *Plummets*, but has no *inward* or ſpiritual *Life* or Motion; *ſuch* is his Prayers, *ſuch* his Sermons, (though he have a Budget-full) *Dead*, dull, *ſpiritleſs*, lifeleſs, *frigid*, and perfunctory Devotion; he never converts any Man, except to *ſilly Ceremonies*, becauſe himſelf *is not* converted to any thing *elſe*; his Words die before they *reach* the Heart of his Hearers, for how can they well

come

come to *the Heart* of his Auditors, when they never came *in, nor from* his own Head nor Heart; he is the *great Stock-Logg* of the Church, that has neither Fire nor heat within, the little he has, is *all outside*, ſuperficial, and *without*; it takes up a great deal of *Rome* indeed, but 'tis good *for nothing* in the World, but the dunghil; he is *that Salt* that has *quite* loſt it's Savour, if ever he had any, and good for nothing but to *be troden under Foot of Men*; and reliſh'd by none but ſuch as have *loſt* their Taſte, or *never had* any.

I'll tell you how you may be quit of this *Eccleſiaſtick Copy-holder*; all his *Tenure* and *Title* to the Pulpit is *Copy-hold*, get but his Notes or *his Copies* from him, and the Pulpit *will not* hold him, he muſt come down and hire a *Journey-Man of more Skill*, if any ſuch can be had for Money, ſo to debaſe himſelf to be *Surrogate to a rich Fop*, that with his *ſilk Caſſock* and *Scarlet Hood* runs away with the *Gains*, whilſt poor *Threadbare-Crape* takes all the *Pains*.

Yet, even theſe are *ſcarce to be had* for Love or Money; for the *Ceremony-monger* has ſo polluted the fountains of Learning the *Univerſities*, that where ſhall a man *ſooner meet* with noyſie Impudence, and gingling Nonſence, (*a ſounding Braſs, and tinckling Cymbal*) then in the two great *St. Maries* Pulpits in the *Univerſities*?

So that *if God be not the more* merciful, and Their Sacred Majeſties the *more careful* of their Academies, the *generality* of the Clergy muſt be *like the Scribes* and *Phariſees*, (in our Saviour's time) *Painted Sepulchres*, Gay *without*, fine Ornaments *without*, but *within*, nothing but Rottenneſs and *dead Men's Bones*.

Juſt as we were in the Church of *England* (*I remember*) fifty years ago, *in the Reign of* that great Maſter of Ceremonies, *little Doctor Laud*, that did ſo diſcountenance *liv-ly and edifying* Sermons, or almoſt any Sermons, that a Man muſt have travell'd for it, *and far too*, if he heard any thing but the

the *Common-Prayer* and *Organs*, above four times in a Year. Indeed, *now* there is ſo many Sermons in *Print*, that we have *plenty in the Pulpit*, though generally ſuch diſcrepant, Heterogeneous, and Immethodical Stuff, as being compos'd of ſeveral Printed Sermons, a patch *here*, and a patch *there* deſcrib'd, that they are like a *Beggars-Coat*, or a Taylor's Cloak bag, made up of party-colour'd *Lifts* and Patches,) They are ſo *diſ-compos'd by the Plagiary*, in wiſe Prudence, like a Thief that takes *by-Roads* for fear of being *known*, purſued, *found out*, and taken by the *Hue and Cry*.

Therefore *this Plagiary Reader*, conſcious of Guilt, *diſguiſes all Diſcovery*, if poſſible, like the crafty *Hare* that makes *falſe Steps and Doubles* in the Snow, when ſhe is *near her form*, for fear of being *track'd* by her Steps, and *Trac'd*.

Thus this *Chattering Jay* has nothing good about him, but the Gay Feathers, his Carcaſs is worth nothing but to Dung the Land; ſo that the *Church*, you ſee, can breed *Vermine* as well as the *Barn*.

CHAP. IV.

Of Reading the Pſalms, Te Deum, Athanaſius's *Creed*, *&c. Alternately, every other Verſe*, by the People.

THis is *ſuch another* Nonſenſical Ceremony, that it is *Point-blank* againſt Holy Scripture, as well as *againſt Reaſon* and Edification; and neither *Canon* of the Church nor *Rubrick*, or Rule in the Common-Prayer-Book, to vouch it, and puniſhable therefore, by the Act of *Uniformity*.

If ſo, then *where is the Brains* (you'll ſay) of all our *Ceremony-Mongers*? Where *do you ſay*? They are *there* where they *always were*, but never *Conſulted* in any of theſe Ill-

gal and ſilly Ceremonies, *further then, whether are they like* Popiſh Ceremonies? That's the *Teſt*, that's the *Teſtimonial* that firſt gave them *Entrance* into a Proteſtant Church; and the Papiſts finely laugh at us and deride us, for being *their Apes* (as I have heard the popiſh Fryars *beyond Sea* jear at us for the *Mimickry*) *grave Engliſh Noddles*, that have *no other Reaſon* nor Religion for *what they do*, but that they are the *Pope's Baboons*, in ſpight of Holy Scripture, Right, Reaſon, true Religion, and the Laws of the Kingdom.

This *confuſed Noiſe* of the People, is not *Articulate*, but an *unintelligible* and brutiſh *Braying*, one Man's Voice drowns *the Accent and Articulation* of another, and therefore *is no more* intelligible than the *Latin-Maſs*, and (I ſuppoſe) that the *beſt Reaſon* that can be given for it, is, that it keeps the people *ignorant* (if they cannot read) *of at leaſt one half* of the Pſalms.

The *next* ſtep may be (if this be ſuffered) that the people ſhall read *one half of the Chapters* two; and then *though the vulgar cannot be kept altogether* from hearing the Scripture, they ſhall be debarr'd *one half*; in time, we may go further, we are juſt in the Popiſh *Road, that debars* the vulgar from the *whole* Scriptures.

Read but the 1 *Cor.* 14. 11. 23, 26, 31, 33. And if you fear God, you *will never do ſo any* more; *Latin* Prayers, or Prayers *in an unknown* Tongue, or an *unintelligible Tongue* alſo, are Prophecies or Preachments in an unintelligible Tongue (by the Confuſion *of which, God is not the Author*) but the *Devil and the Pope invented* theſe Confuſions, by them *to beget* the Mother of *Popiſh and Ceremony-mongers* Devotion, *Ignorance*. For (ſaith St. *Paul*) in that 1 *Cor.* 14. 11. If I know not *the meaning of the Voice*, I ſhall be unto him that ſpeaketh *a Barbarian*, and he that ſpeaketh, ſhall be *a Barbarian unto me.*

Here

Here is *a plain Scripture against* this confused Noise, no man can know *the meaning of a Voice that is not Articulate*; But what cares a Ceremony-monger for *Scripture?* Give him his *God*, give him his *Mammon*, give him his *popish Mimickry*; But whilst he makes himself *a popish Ape*, he makes dull *Englishmen* both *Apes* and *Asses*.

All the reason that *ever any of them can* give for this *profane Folly*, is, that the *Singing-boys do it*, and the *great Heads do it*, and therefore, the silly people, *like the Papists*, say, must not we *believe and practice as the Church believes and practises?* meaning, by the Church, *the Clergy*, the rich, the great, and the *gay Clergy*.

And if this *must be* a Reason, why may we not *as well* believe and practice as doth the Pope of *Rome*, as well as any *old Innocent* here *at home?*

We talk of *hating Popery* in *Italy*, we do well; but *not a jot better* for us, if we follow *the same implicite Faith* in *England*, that the *Italians* do in *Rome*.

Thus the Prophets *prophecy falsly, and the Priests bear Rule by their means; and my people love to have it so, and what will ye do in the end thereof?*

Let all things be done *to edifying*, (saith the Apostle) and *ye may all Prophecy* (or read) for if *Reading be not Preaching* or Prophecying, we have abundance of *dumb Prophets*, (if it be not a *Bull*) in *England*) 1 *Cor.* 14. 31. *Ye may all Prophecy* (Read or Preach) *one by one, that all may Learn, and all may be Comforted*; implying *evidently*, that that there can be no Learning, no Comfort, no Edification in our *confused* and babling Superstition; which is just like the *Gossips Chat*, where all Tongues wag, and *all* are *Preachers and no Hearers*.

Since therefore, *God is not* the Author of this Confusion, neither *Law*, Canon, Edification, Rubrick, *Reason*, Act of Uniformity, *Religion*, nor Scripture *to vouch it*, but *point blank against* all these, tell me *how it came here*, except from the

Devil and the Pope? Short Ejaculations, as *Amen*, Lord have Mercy, or *repeating after the Articulate* Voice of the Miniſter, falls not under this Cenſure.

But, I wonder *who taught the Women* (whoſe chiefeſt Beauty is modeſt Silence) who taught them *to prate* in the Church? They are ſo full of Tongue, *you'll ſay*, that perhaps a little teaching would ſerve.

I never *ſuffered ſuch a confuſed* babling in my Church of *All-Saints*; Let them *play the fools*, and popiſh Apiſhneſs, *ſome where elſe*, I never would *permit* them; at which, *abundance* of people took Snuff, and becauſe they might not be ſuperſtitious *Apes*, they would *not come there* at all: a good riddance of them; they left the Room to their betters; for we want nothing there ſo much as *Room*.

Is there not ſome fear leſt we all *be beg'd*? Beg'd? *For what*? *for wiſe men*? No; but to *repleniſh the Colledge of Gotham*; we are *topping* Fellows, if *the Pinacles* of the Temple ſtand in view; *which is the way thither?*

Are we not all as ſilly as that *Cardinal*, who ſays, *Sit ergo Dominus noſter papa baculus in aquâ fractus, abſit tamen ut crederem quod viderim*: Let our Lord the Pope be a Staff (partly in the water) ſeeming crooked, yet God forbid that I ſhould believe mine own Eyes. Like Cardinal *Bellarmine*, who makes *Ignorance* (not Underſtanding) the *Ground* of Faith: intending ſurely, that none but Coxcombs (Prieſtridden) ſhould be of the Church.

This Ceremony-monger carries one *infallible Mark* about him, you may know him from a thouſand, for he ſets *ſuch a Value and Price* upon his illegal Trinkets and Ceremonies, that if you take them, or *offer to take them* from him, he cries out and *roars like mad Micah*; *Ye have taken away my gods which I made, and the Prieſt and ye are gone away, and what have I more? And what is this that ye ſay unto me, What ayleth thee?* Would it not make a man *bellow* and cry, to loſe the *Diana's*, by which he got his Wealth, and on which he

he chiefly *values himſelf*, becauſe it made him a *man of value*: and thoſe are *his* Favourites, on whom he puts *the greateſt* Value, That *Trinket after him*, in a blind, *implicite*, ſlaviſh Mimickry and *Imitation*; He that calls for a Reaſon, he is *not a man for his turn*, but ſawcy, troubleſome and petulant: Thus the blind, lead the blind: *have a care of the ditch there*, juſt before you; you had better take warning than tumble in.

But, I fear, *lapidi loquor*, I waſh a Black moor (I doubt) yet, I know no harm I do, (if I do him no good) if the Leopard *will keep* his Spots, *I did not make them*; he is *Bedlam mad ſurely*, why doſt thou ſtrike *ſo furiouſly?* I would but *unſhackle thee* and ſet thee free; or make thee *ſet thy ſelf free*, by repreſenting *thy ſelf* to thy ſelf.

For I'll aſſure thee, that *in City and Country* (good Maſter of the Ceremonies!) thou haſt not *amongſt rational men* more Beholders than *Abhorrers*.

Surely, thy *Aſcendant* or Lord of the *firſt Houſe*, was wonderfully culminant *and ſtrong*, or elſe it is impoſſible that Irregularity and Folly could ever have been *ſo notoriouſly dignifyed*: If I can *erect thy Scheme*, I do prognoſticate thou art in thy *Detriment*, Fall and *Azimuth*.

I confeſs, that amongſt Dancing-maſters, *Rope dancers*, Spaniels and *Monkeys*; he is the *faireſt Candidate for a* Reward or a *Cruſt*, that cringes, *comes over*, and bends the moſt nimbly; but that men *by illegal* and irrational *Capricio's* ſhould cheriſh their hopes (ſo) to become Favourites in the Church, I do not underſtand it; if I were as ſupple as the beſt.

I can only ſay, as *Cicero* in his Declamation againſt *Cataline*, *Vivunt? imò vivunt & in ſenatum veniunt*; *Oh tempora! Oh mores!* It was a ſad time, when Father *Peter*, *or Madam Portſmouth choſe Senators*: and that a *poor Lad* ſhould *find it out*, that the *readieſt Road*, to get into the Church, or to *the Steeple*,

...e, and Pinacles, is to be *like a young Setting-dog*, that that firſt learns to *ſtoop* (when he is bidden) *to nothing*; there's hopes of him, *he's coming on*, and may be *a right* Setting-dog in time, and *ſtoop to ſomething*.

CHAP. V.

Of Bowing at the Name of Jeſu.

THere is *but one* of theſe ſaid irregular and illegal and irrational Ceremonies afore-mentioned, that have *any colour* of Law, and that is the *Canon* for bowing at the Name *Jeſu*; but that Canon is *nail'd* by Scripture and Reaſon as well as by the *Act of Uniformity*, *which* enacts great Penalties, *even Deprivation*, if any Ceremony-monger *obſtinately perſiſt* in the Practiſe of *any* Ceremonies, except *thoſe alone* that are contained in the Common-Prayer-Book; of which *that ſame* of bowing at the Name *Joſhua* or *Jeſu*; and all their other Bowings and Cringes to the Altar, to the *Eaſt*, are *none at all*; I proteſt, I wonder at the Ceremony mongers Audaucity and Fool-hardineſs, that he ſtill dare to do it, in defiance of the Law, Reaſon and Scripture; except he think to ſet the *Convocation-houſe* over and *above*, and on the Top of the *Parliament-Houſe*, where it will ſtand *moſt Totteringly*, and ſubject to the *Storms*.

Let no man therefore think this Diſcourſe to be *bold* or over-bold (having the Law *of God and Man*, Holy Scripture, and right Reaſon *on my ſide*, and can therefore *with ſuch great Anvantages* baffle them all), wonder rather at my incorrigible Ceremony-monger, that *will take no warning* till he be forc'd publickly to *recant* the Schiſms and Miſchiefs his Noddle has forg'd in the Church of God.

The

The ſtrength of his *Main-Guards* (like that of Hell and Popery) lies all in *ſtopping the ſeveral Avenues* of Light, that none may enter into the *Kingdom of Darkneſs*, for they hate the Light, *becauſe their Deeds are Evil*, and therefore would (*if they could*) keep the Keys of the *Preſs*-doors, as well as the *Pulpit*-doors, that no glimmering may appear without Licenſe: Thus the Devil Rages the more, *becauſe his time is ſhort*, and Frets and Fumes when you diſcover his *Cloven-Foot*, eſpecially when he has long been *ador'd* (of which he is moſt Ambitious) *as an Angel of Light*: But, Bleſſed be God, that is *above the Devil*; Truth and Light are his *Glorious Attributes*, as Error and Darkneſs are the *properties* of Hell.

And if the Devil were not *great* in men, and greatly ſtrong, they would ſubmit to Law and Reaſon, to God and his Holy Writ, to the Laws of the Land, Equity and Conſcience, and not call to the Devil and the Goaler to help them to wreck their Malice upon Innocent men, that only ſhow them their dirty Faces in a Glaſs.

God's Will be done, I ſay with *Chryſoſtome* to *Eudoxia* the Empreſs, *I fear nothing but Sin; and I muſt Sin, except I reprove my Brethren, and not ſuffer Sin upon them; for as they have Sinn'd before all, 'tis fit they ſhould Recant before all*; And ſo *all of them will*, except they be *paſt ſhame*, and conſequently *paſt Grace*: When Sick Men are *deadly Sick*, and their whole Conſtitution ſo Diſtemper'd and out of Frame, that the very *Noble Parts* are ſenſeleſs, ſtupid, and paſt feeling, 'tis *high time to Toll the Bell* for them, they have not *long to live*.

Come, then, give Glory to God, Confeſs and Recant publickly in the Church, where thy Nonſenſe was committed, and defy the Devil and all his Works, the *Pomps and Vanities of this Wicked World*. Oh! but may ſome ſay, It cannot be deny'd but that your *Ceremony-Monger* is the *Fop of all Fops*, for bowing to the *Altar*, to the *Eaſt*, now his *Wafer-God* is de-

departed; but have a care of condemning him when he bows *at the Name of Jeſu*; for Holy Scripture, the Canon, and Right Reaſon (*all three*) are his Vouchers.

Poor hearts! And (as *Solomon* ſays) *Ye Fools! when will ye be wiſe*? Have I not waſht theſe *Blackamores* (and to as little purpoſe) long ago? For Firſt, That Text in *Philippians* the ſecond, *At the Name of Jeſu every Knee ſhall bow, whether in Heaven or Earth, &c.* is no Precept, but a Prophecy, *That the time ſhall come* (it is not yet come) that the Name of Jeſus ſhall be exalted above every Name, whether *Barchochobab* (the Jews *Meſſias*) in Engliſh, *the Son of the Star*; *Mahomet*, *Antichriſt*, or any other.

That time is *not yet come*, for Jews, Turks, Atheiſts and Devils, do not own the Name of *Jeſus* above every Name, whether in Heaven or Earth (or Hell) or things under the Earth; but it *ſhall come*, (at leaſt) *at the day of Judgment*, and probably *before*.

Beſides, That Text——*at the Mame of Jeſus*——is depraved, and ill Tranſlated (to ſay no worſe) for if I did not revere to caſt Dirt upon the Aſhes of the Dead, I could name a great *Favourite-Biſhop* (under King *Charles* the firſt) that made that Text *ſpeak falſe Engliſh*, to Countenance his *Silly* and *Foppiſh Worſhip* from that Text; for becauſe he could not bring himſelf and his Silly Worſhip *to the Scripture*, he as Impudently as Prophanely, brought the Scripture *to his Whimſey*.

Thus *Mahomet* pretending to have Faith to remove Mountains, told the People (his Followers and *Muſſelmen*) that he would make that great Mountain (that ſtood before him) to *come to him* at his third Call, and therefore moſt gravely admoniſht it to come, *once*, *twice*, *thrice*, but no Mountain would come; whereupon (without changing Countenance) he ſaid, If the Hill will not come to *Mahomet*, *Mahomet ſhall go to the Hill*; and ſo marcht till they met.

For

For by that Holy Scripture ἐν τῷ ὀνόματι Ἰησοῦ. In the Name, is meant, in the vertue and power of Jeſus, *Every Knee ſhall bow, &c.* (As the Name of the *Lord* is a *ſtrong Tower*, the Righteous ſhall *run into it, and are ſafe*, Prov. 18. 10. Not the letters or ſound of *Jehovah*, not the *Tetragrammaton*, but the *Power* of God, is the *Tower*, not the *four letters or ſound* of the Name, *whither the Righteous run and are ſafe.*)

Beſides, my *Ceremony-Monger* does not bow at the Name of *Joſhua*, which is the very word, *Jeſu*, in all Languages: As *Mat.* 1. 21. *Thou ſhalt call his Name* Jehoſhua, Joſhua, or Jeſu, all one Hebrew word.

Beſides, *That* Holy Text doth not ſay, in the *Name Joſhua*, but in the *Name of Joſhua* Ἰησοῦ; not Ἰησῷ; but, my *Ceremony-Monger* does not bow at the proper Name of our *Jeſu*, or *Joſhua*, to wit, *Emanuel* (or *God with us*, which ſignifies both his *Divinity* and *Humanity*) nor at the ſound of the word *Chriſt*, *Meſſiah*, *&c.* but ſtands as unconcern'd, and as *ſtiff as a Stake.*

Beſides, He does *not bow the Knee*, but (like the Papiſts) *nods his Head*, or puts off his *Cap or Hat*, as the Popiſh-Jeſuites do (*when they Preach*) every time they mention the word *Jeſu*, if they do not forget, *which they commonly do*; and as commonly *Sin*, if *that Foppery* be a Duty.

Beſides, That Text ſays, *Every Knee ſhall bow in Heaven, and Earth, and under the Earth*: but there are *no Knees* in Heaven, and thoſe in Graves, in the Earth, and under the Earth, are *too ſtiff* to bow: Come, 'tis *Non ſenſe and Ridiculous* all over, and as *very a Specimen* of my Fop *as any* other.

For as there is *no Scripture* to Vouch for him, ſo *no Reaſon*: What, ſhall Chriſtians be like that *Hiſteron-Proteron-Herb*, which Phyſicians (as fooliſhly) call *Filius ante Patrem*? The Son before the Father?

Do we well to blame the *Arrians* for placing the Father *above* the Son? Do we well to believe the *Unity* and *Equality* of the Holy Trinity? And yet do we bow at the Name of the

second, and not at the Name of the *first* and *third* Person of the *Holy Trinity*.

Nay, *Is Christ divided*? do we pay *more Reverence* to the Name *Joshua* (the Name of my *Foot-Boy*) then to the Holy Name *of Jesu*, namely, *Messiah*, *Christ*, or *Emanuel*? For shame! do not pretend a *reason* for such *Foppish Adoration*.

And, if neither Holy Writ, nor right Reason be of thy side (Mr. *Ceremony-monger*,) *thy Canon will be nail'd* by the Statutes, the Acts of Uniformity, that makes it very *Penal*, even deprivation (*no less*) for thee to follow thy Trade of making Ceremonies which God never made, nor the King and Parliament, or right reason ever made.

Besides, there are several *Statutes of Provisors*, and then he incurs also a *Premunire*, to set up the *Mitre above the Crown*, the Bishop and Priest *above the King*, and the Convocation-house *above Westminster-hall*.

And this *Sawcy and Priestly Petulancy* (deriv'd from *Rome*) makes my Ceremony-monger many times very *troublesome to the State*, and to the *Crown*, *which* he will obey (like *Thomas a Becket* with a *salvo honore Dei*, that is) many times, *as far as he list*, and *when he list*, or in any thing that is *for his own ends*, and his own *honour*, not a jot *further*; of which I shall give no late instances here, of those that could *strain* at a Gnat (when *against* their Interest, though *for*, *and not against* Gods glory) and yet could *swallow* a Camel (if sent from the Court) if it would but advance their Dominion and Sway; or at least not hinder it; witness their Publishing in Churches, *the Sports* that may be used *on the Lords Day*, &c. when *this Spirit possesses* my Ceremony-monger he is not only *troublesome*, *but* dangerous, and *insufferable*; which will make me repeat some *of my own Speech*, Printed *Anno* 1681. *p.* 3. 4. *In Vindication of my Book called the naked Truth*; (though I am no *Erastian*) concerning the Power of the *Keys*, the *Keys of the Church*; (which some said was *true*, *but unseasonably urg'd*; surely 'tis

now

now seasonable what was then said to the Arch-deacon, *viz.*

And first like a *Churchman* (of *the old stamp*) he will permit his Majesty to come into the Church (that's more kindness than old St. *Ambrose*, Bishop of *Milan*, would show sometimes to the great Emperour *Theodosius* when he did not do as he would have him to do) nay, This Archdeacon opens the doors himself to let his Majesty into the Church, but he will *not trust him with the Keys*; as who should say, we will open the Church doors to your Majesty, and come in and welcome, whilst we continue good friends.

But they that keep the Keys and can open the Church-doors to let his Majesty in, can also (*whilst we have the keeping of the Keys*) upon displeasure, lock him out; well, for this very trick and for another late *Scotch* trick; If I were a Privy-Councellour, I would advise his Majesty as Head of the Church, and the Governour thereof, to *keep the Keys* of the Church in *his Pocket*, or hang them *under his Girdle*; if it be but because this Prelatical Champion, this same *pitiful Archdeacon*, like another *Pope*, or St. *Peter*, will keep the Keys of the *Church*, and will keep his Majesty from them, and would fain perswade him, that *our Laws* (to use his words *p.* 2. of the *Proeme*) *Exclude this purely Spiritual Power of the Keys from the Supremacy of our Kings, except it be to see that Spiritual men do their duty therein.* Belike this same Archdeacon carries the *Leges Angliæ*, the Laws of *England* in his belly and greedy gut; for I am sure he carries them there or no where, he carries not these bulky Laws of *England* in his Brains, he has no Guts in his Brains. For, I pray, good D. D. where does our Laws exclude this purely Spiritual Power of the Keys from the Supremacy of our Kings, if our Kings, (like good King *David*) or wise King *Solomon* should have a mind to be *Ecclesiastes*.

In the days (even) of Popery, I never heard of a King shut out even from the *Topping*-Pulpit, if he had a mind to

climb ſo high; ſtout King *Henry* the 3*d.* made bold to Invade the Pulpit, took his Text Pſal. 85.10. *Righteouſneſs and Peace have kiſſed each other*; and then in his Sermon *ad Clerum* ——to the Learned Monks of the Cathedral Church of *Wincheſter*, when he had a little ſelf-end too (as ſome Pulpiteers have alſo had) in the caſe, namely, to Cajole the ſaid Monks to Elect his Brother (*Athelmar*) Biſhop of *Wincheſter*; Paraphraſing and enlarging upon his Text, and ſaying (to uſe his own words) ——*To me and other Kings*, 'who are 'to govern the people, belongs the rigour of Judgment and 'Juſtice; to you (who are men of quiet and Religion) 'Peace and Tranquillity; And this day (I hear) you have, 'for your own good, been favourable to my requeſt. With many ſuch like words. I do not know whether the King had got *a Licenſe to Preach* —— from a Biſhop. It ſeems the Clergy (then too) *would favour* Kings, in what was for *their own* good, and, if it were for *their own good*, would alſo permit the King to *take a Text* and preach in their *Cathedral Church*; how hard-hearted, or ſtrait-lac't ſoever our Archdeacon proves, and will not ſuffer our Kings to have the Keys neither of the Church nor Pulpit; I ſay, therefore, ſome Kings would therefore keep the Keys of the Church themſelves, and truſt never a *D. D.* of them all with them, no, not the *Pope* himſelf.

But what if I prove that our Kings at their Coronations, have *at the ſame time* been ordain'd Clergymen, they are no more excluded (*then*) by our Laws from the power of the Keys, than Mr. *Archdeacon*, or the Pope himſelf.

What is *Ordination*, but the ordering, deſigning or ſetting a Man *a part* to ſome office? if, to the *Miniſtry*, then there are certain ſignificant Words to that purpoſe; and what *more ſignificant* Words for Ordination to the Prieſthood, or making a Man a Clergyman, *then thoſe* the Biſhop uſes to our Kings, namely, with Unction, Anthems, Prayers and Impoſition of Hands (as is uſual in the Ordination of Prieſts) with

with the same Hymn,—— *Come Holy Ghost, Eternal God*, &c. The Bishop saying, also, amongst other things, *Let him obtain favour of the people, like* Aaron *in the Tabernacle*, Elisha *in the Waters*, Zacharias *in the Temple, give him* Peters *Key of Discipline, and* Pauls *Doctrine.*

Which *last Clause* was prætermitted (in times of Popery) from the Coronation of *Hen. 6.* till *Charles* 1. and *Charles* 2*d.*) lest it should imply the King to be *more a Clergyman* and Ecclesiastical Person than these Archdeacons could afford him; but our Gracious King *Charles* 2*d.* and his Father, at their Coronations, had the antient forms of Crowning Kings reviv'd, and in the Anointing, the Bishop said, Let those Hands be Anointed with Holy Oyl, *as Kings and Prophets* have been Anointed, and as *Samuel*, &c.

Then the *Archbishop* and *Dean* of *Westminster* put the Coif on the King's Head, then put upon his Body the *Surplice*, saying this Prayer, *O God the King of Kings*, and *Lord of Lords*, &c.

And surely (of old) the very *Pope* himself look't upon our Anointed Kings as Clergymen, else why did the *Pope* make *Hen.* 2. his Legate *De Latere* here in *England*, the usual office of the Archbishop of *Canterbury* (usually styled) *Legati Nati?*

Therefore, Mr. Archdeacon, you talk like an unthinking Black-coat, stockt with a little superficial Learning, when you say, our Laws exclude the King from the Keys of the Church, to which he has as good right as your D. D. Divinityship.

And (indeed) to give *the Man his due*, he is glad (afterwards) to confess that *Constantine* and the Eminent Christian Emperours called Councels and approv'd their Canons.

Then, by your leave, *dear D. D.* They also, for the same reason, might, upon occasion, and if they had seen cause, also *disprove* the same; who then was *Papa* of old? *Pater Patrum.*

Pa-trum? ſurely no other but he that is *Pa-Pa*, (I mean) *Pa-ter Pa-triæ*.

All the Male-Adminiſtrations in Eccleſiaſtical Government, *take their Riſe* and Original from our *Ignorance* of the Power of the Keys; or *who are the Clavigers*, Key-keepers, or *Porters* to let men *in*, and turn them *out* of the Church?

The *bulky Clergyman* called a *Biſhop*, an Ordinary, *or a Dioceſan, he* (we ſay) *keeps the Church-Keys*, he Excommunicates and *Excludes* Sinners out of the Church, *and he alone receives them*, and lets them in: (but that's falſe, the ſneaking Regiſter and Surrogate do that Job.)

Ay, But who entruſted a Biſhop alone to be the Church-Porter, Door-keeper or Church-key-keeper? Where is his *Commiſſion*, where is his Authority, and *who gave him this Authority*?

For it is evident in Holy Scripture, that *God never gave him any* ſuch Commiſſion, Place, *Office* or Authority to keep the Keys of the Church, *any more than the Speaker* of the Houſe of Commons, or Chair-man to a Committee, has power to turn out of the Houſe, or let *in* any of his Fellow-Members; For neither does a Biſhop differ from an other Presbyter, *more than* the Chair-man from the reſt of the Committee, or he that gives the Rule of the Court at Seſſions, differ from the reſt of his Brethren and Fellow-Juſtices; he is no better man, nor the more learned, wiſe nor more honeſt a man, though he be *Ordain'd* to be *the mouth* of them (*that's all*) to ſpeak *what they put into* his Mouth: The *Speaker takes* too much upon him, to ſpeak the *Senſe of the Houſe* 'till the *Majority of Votes* has given him Inſtructions and Commiſſion to pronounce a Sentence, or the Senſe of the Houſe, or to turn *any Member out* of the Houſe of Commons; he has no ſuch Authority, he is the *Speaker* (indeed) and is look't upon as the *wiſeſt and fitteſt* Man for that place (*it ſhould be ſo*, it is not always ſo) *one or other* of the Mem-

members *muſt* be choſen *Speaker* or *Chairman*, and have precedency, *for order-ſake*, and to avoid confuſion; but he no otherwayes *differs* from other Members, except only that the Honourable *Speaker*, is the Honourable *Mouth*, *that's all*, after the Members have choſen and *ordain'd* him, and the King has confirm'd him: Even ſo, a Biſhop has no new character confer'd upon him more then when he was but a Presbyter or Elder, ſave only *the Kings Ordination*, or Mandate, or *Conge d'Eſlire*. (The Election of the Dean and Chapter is a *meer mockery*, as aforeſaid, beſides *the playing with Edge-tools* and mocking of God.) Biſhops and Presbyters uſed to be choſen, juſt as Parliament-Men are choſen, by the Majority of the *Votes of the People*, (as ſhall be more particularly proved in the *Concluſion*, in the Chapter's concerning *Biſhops and Ordination.*) Thus *Paul* and *Barnabas* were choſen and ordain'd by the *whole Church*; *Acts* 13:3. Perhaps the chief Church-members *laid their Hands upon*, or ordain'd *the Miniſters*, Miſſioners or Meſſengers of the Church, but the worſt member had *as much power and vertue* to ordain a Meſſenger, Elder, or Biſhop, as the beſt Biſhop or Presbyter, if the Majority of Votes had ordain'd and ſo appointed, as is clear from Scripture, and the practiſe of the Primitive-Church, and ſhall be more particularly inſiſted upon *in the Concluſion* in the Chapter of *Ordination*.

Ordination? What is it more then *chuſing*, approving or *ſetting* a Man *a part* for an Office, to do buſineſs relating to *this* life or a *better*? (I will not ſay) in *Church* or *State*, or as a *Clergy-man* or *Lay-man*; for theſe are idle, ungrounded, vain and odious names of diſtinction, where God and Holy Scripture never made any ſuch diſtinction; and has not only *confounded* our notions of things, but *has* been and *yet* is the cauſe of moſt of our Confuſions, in (what Men miſchievouſly diſtinguiſh and call *Church* and *State*; which are *not two* things, nor *two diſtinct Bodies*, if you make them *ſo*,

you,

you muſt make *two Kings*, and two *diſtinct Heads* to theſe *two diſtinct Bodies*, and that is *one* too much.

And if you make a *Clergy-man* and a *Lay-man*, two diſtinct ſorts of perſons, you make *a Man that God never made*; And, if ſo! Then Clergy-man! (I muſt Catechize you,) *Who made you ſo? God?* It is falſe; For God in Holy Scripture does not call the Preachers but the *Hearers*, not the *Biſhops*, Presbyters, and Miniſter's the *Clergy*, but the Hearers and *Flock* are God's Clergy. 1 *Pet.* 5:1,2,3.

The Presbyters which are amongſt you, I exhort, who am alſo a Presbyter, or Elder, or Earl, or Alderman, or Grand Senior; no greater name can well be given. St. *Peter* was a Presbyter, can there be a greater Diſciple of Chriſt? And the *Presbyters* to whom he preach't and were under him are the ſame with *Biſhops*, and thoſe Presbyters alſo to whom St. *Paul* preach't at *Epheſus*, and are called Presbyters in *one* verſe, are called Biſhops *in another*, and their *Auditors* or Flock are called (the *Clergy* or) God's Heritage, 1 *Pet.* 5:3.

How came *Caſſock-men*, and *Lawne-ſleev'd-men*, (firſt) to make *an Impropriation* of this Word (*Clergy* or God's Heritage) *to themſelves* forſooth?

I'le tell you: Firſt, it is clear that *in all the Holy Scriptures* this word (*Clergy* or God's Heritage) is never mentioned *except* in this place, 1 *Pet.* 5:3.

Secondly, It is as clear that the word *Clergy*, or Gods Lot, belongs *as much at leaſt to the Layety*, (as they call them in ſcorne) if not more then to Presbyters, or *Biſhops*, or Paſtors, who by another proud word too call themſelves *Divines*, for diſtinction-ſake *from the Flock*, juſt as they have *rob'd the Layety* of their good name Clergy, which *by God* was given to the *Layety* in Holy Writ.

Thirdly, When the Pope and Biſhops made Encroachments and Uſurpations upon the Princes and Emperours, taking *their* Dominions into the *Church*, *and St. Peters Patrimony*,

trimony; than, the Pope and Bishops *feeling their own strength*, that they had strength enough of themselves (*as a distinct Body*) to go *alone*; than they *set up for themselves*, and made *a new* and distinct *Corporation* in the World, called *The Church*, *The Clergy*, *The Lords Spiritual*, which is (a Title absolutely, and by *Name*) forbidden as *a Prophane Name*, 1 *Pet.* 5. 3. and also in the very next words in the same Verse, they are forbid to Rob the People of the good Name (*of Clergy* or God's Heritage) because God gave the *Flock* that Name, and *Peter* charg'd the Bishops (as our Saviour did before) that they should *not be Lords*, nor Domineer, nor *Exercise Lordship*, as the Princes of the Gentiles do: For, there was *no such distinction*, nor profane *Names of distinction*, as Clergy and Layety, *Spiritual* Lords and *Temporal* Lords, there was but *one sort of Clergy*, the Flock; and but *one sort of Lords* (*Temporal*) The Princes, or Temporal Lords; for it is a Jesuitical Tenent (which we practice, and an old Popish Tenent and Errour) in making *Dominion* to be Founded *in Grace*; or to talk of Spiritual Lordship, *quatenus* Spiritual Men, or Apostles; for it is *totidem verbis*, and by Name forbidden the Apostles.

I grant, that a *more Honourable Office or Officer* cannot be in Nature, than a *good Presbyter*, or Bishop; nor can that Holy and Spiritual Office be more debauch't and prophan'd than by *making steps of Divinity* to mount over all Humanity; This is to *Rancounter* and Ruffle the *whole course of Nature*, and make *Heaven*, a pair of *Stairs* (whither go you so fast?) *To Hell*, To Hell? And the Devil, by the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World? (contrary to that (pretended) *Vow in Baptism*; of which *a Bishop* (one would think) *should make a Conscience.*

Thou (*that sayst*) a Man *should not Steal*, (saith *Paul*) dost thou Steal and *Filch Mens good Names*, that God hath given them, (*the Clergy*, the *Church*) and appropriates them to thy self and thy *Coat*? Fie for shame, this is a Proud and Covetous

Encroachment, (*taking in the* Common, by wicked Incloſures) forſake the Devil and the Pope, the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World. In the Concluſion, (*I'le tell thee*) what Biſhops *were* in the pureſt and Primitive Times, and how much *now they are unlike* what they *ought* to be, if they have any *Conſcience or Reaſon* in them; but if not, they are fit for any thing rather then Biſhops.

Which Honour of *Biſhop* or *Presbyter*, (for they are *all one*, or *little or no* difference ὁ πολὺ τὸ μέσον ſaith *Chryſtome* (*Homil.* 11. *in Tim.*) very little, *no more* than (as aforeſaid) betwixt the Honourable *Speaker* of the Houſe of Commons and the Honourable *Members*, no more, *if ſo much*: But this Honour no *Man taketh of himſelf*, but he that is called of God, as was *Aaron*; where note by the way, that he that is *called by the Church*, is ſaid to be called *by God*, or the Holy Ghoſt; as *Acts* 13. 2, 3. But how was *Aaron* called *of God*? By being *Ordained High-Prieſt*: *Who* Ordain'd him? The *Captain*, the Lay-man (as you call him,) the *Prince*, by Name, *Moſes*.

And why may not *Moſes*, or any King or Prince, *Preach* (*in his own Perſon*, and Adminiſter the Church Keys *in his own Perſon*) as well as *Ordain* a *Deputy*, or Duputies, called *Aaron*'s, if he be a Member, as ſurely, the Head is the chief-eſt Member?

A King *Preach!* You'le ſay, that would be *worth the hearing*: Yea, ſo it is; and does not his Sacred Majeſty *now Preach* publickly once a Week (more or leſs) *as occaſion ſerves*? What, in the Pulpit, as the other King *Henry* aforeſaid? What matter is that? *Whether in the Pulpit*, or the Throne, or *the Chair*, or the Church, or the *Banqueting-houſe*, or Parliament-houſe? The place *alters not the Sermon*, or Speech?

But, he does not Preach an Hour *by the Glaſs*: No, but Preaches more Divinity, Wildom and Sence in a Minute, then the beſt of them do in an Hour, that I can Hear, and

Preaches

Preaches oftener than the Arch-biſhop: It is a Thouſand times more skill to ſpeak much in few words, than to talk impertinently a whole Hour. Oh! but *Preaching is not the Arch-biſhop's Province*, but *Ruling* I thought that *Ruling* had been only the *Kings Province*. Yea, the Arch-biſhop is *Deputed* by the King, and *Commiſſionated* for the Work.

I am glad to hear it; he ſhould be ſo Deputed and Commiſſionated, as other Judges are; but he that gives a Deputation, may upon Male Adminiſtration take it away; and if either Arch-biſhop, Biſhop, or other Prelate of them all, pretend *jus Divinum* for that Prelacy; it is not only *falſe*, but they incurr *all of them a Premunire*, by the Statutes of Proviſor's, made *even in Popiſh Times*, againſt thoſe bold Intruders and *Uſurpers upon the Throne*; nay, nay, if the *Rook* or the *Biſhop* can *Check-mate the King*, (put them all together in a Bag) the *Game is at an end*.

What's the matter *with theſe People*, that do not know themſelves? If they do not, they muſt be *made to know themſelves*; wherefore elſe do I beſtow all this pains upon them?

St. *Peter*, after he was an Apoſtle (are *theſe Men more?*) was a *Lay man*, ſo were all the Apoſtles, *even the 13th too*, St. *Paul*: *Peter* ſaid, *Lo! I go a Fiſhing*; *we alſo* (quoth they) *will go with thee?* Did they throw their Nets *with their Caſſocks on?* Or did St. *Paul* Weave Tents in *his Gown?* If not, *what Fleſh alive* would have taken them for *Clergymen*, more than other Fiſher-men or Weavers, as we fooliſhly and falſely accept and uſe the word, *Clergy-man?*

In the Old Teſtament, *Eli*, *Samuel*, *&c.* were no more *Miniſters* than *Magiſtrates*, no more *Prieſts* than *Judges*; nor *David* any more a *Prophet* than a *Captain* or *King?* nor *Solomon* the Wiſe any more a *King*, than a Preacher, (or Eccleſiaſtes.)

In the New Teſtament, *Annas*, and *Cajaphas* were *Judges* and *Prieſts* alſo; whether *were they* Lay-men *then* or Clergymen? The *Prieſt ſat Judge* upon the Bench, and the *Judge*

Preacht, or gave the Charge: Yea, but not *in the Pulpit, and the Church*: What then? does that make *the least difference?* He is not *fit for the Pulpit*, that understands not the *Law of the Land and Nations* (where he Preaches) nor is *he fit for the Bench*, that cannot *Preach Gospel* from thence, as well as from the Pulpit: *Cæsar* was *Pontifex Maximus*, Chief Priest, and Chief General or Emperour.

Amongst the Jews, the Scribes and *Lawyers* were *Judges* on the Bench, and *Preachers* in the Synagogues also; In all Nations it is *generally so*, in *Turky they* have no *Judges* but their *Preachers*; nay, our Bishops *Rule not the Church* otherwise than *by Lay-Elders*, (the worst that ever were) *Summers, Registers, Scribes, Notaries, Canonists, Officials, Vicar-generals, Chancellours, Commissaries*, and that Ecclesiastical Crew at *Doctor's Commons*; never was Church in the World *so Disciplin'd*: What Repentance? What Penance? The Purse is punish't, *That pays the Reckoning*! Oh brave Church! Oh! *brave Keys of the Church*! Fine Golden Keys, and Dainty Gay Porters, Door-keepers, Key-keepers, or *Claviger's!* In the *first four Hundred Years* after Christ (till *Bishops*, and (afterwards) *The Pope*, made such *encroachments upon the Layety* (as *ignorant persons*, so esteem'd, *so called*, and so treated) never was any Man *let in* to the Church, till approved: *By who?* By the *Bishop?* No, *by the whole Church*. Nay, St. *Austin*, after he was Thirty Years of Age continued a *Probationer* or *Catechumenist*, before he could *get Admittance* into the Church, *as a Church-member*, Attended *at the Door and waited* (as he Confesses in his Book of *Confessions* and *Recantations*) Three or Four Years; and then, *most Votes* of the House *carried it*, not Mr. *Speaker's alone*, as with us; nay, *The Speaker*, or *Bishop*, or *Arch-bishop*, knows nothing of the matter with us, but *leaves all*, by Implicite Faith, *to Registers, &c.* Was ever any Church of Christ under the Copes of Heaven Govern'd at this *loose, silly*, and *perfunctory rate*?

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The Papists have *much the better on't*, for every Priest *Rules* (as well as) *Feeds*, uses both *Doctrine* and *Discipline* (of Confession and Pennance) but the *great Diocesan Bishops permit no such matter* to Protestant Presbyters? *And why?* are not they fitter than *Sel-soul Registers*, Sumners, Officials? *Yes*, much fitter; but *then* people would say that *the great Archbishop*, that preaches *little or nothing* of Doctrine, or Bishops that preach *no better* (if so well and so often) as when they were *Presbyters only*, are *good for nothing* more than common Parsons, *except for ruling* the Church? And *how* do they rule? by Implicite Faith *in the Black-guard*, at Doctor's Commons: Bless us! What Discipline is here? For above three hundred years after Christ, the *peoples Vote* ordain'd, and were the only *Chamgers*, *Porters* and Key-keepers, to *let* men *in*, and turn them *out* of the Church.

So that the *King* who is *Father of the Country*, is Father *also of the Fathers* Ecclesiastical (as well as Temporal) whether *they* know it or no.

And if I were *of Council with* or *for* the Bishops, I would perswade them to alter their *popish-like* Style, in *sending Proteſs* and keeping Courts *in their own names*, contrary to the expres words of the Statute of *Edw.* 6. in that Case made and provided; as I have proved (*as yet unanswerably*) in my Book called *The Test*, seven years ago) have a Care of a *Præmunire*: A blot is not a blot *till it be hit*, but if it *chance to be hit*, the Game is at an end.

Let them not strive *to be independent*; are they Subjects in Spirituals, as well as Temporals? If Subjects, then act in the King's name, as *other Commissioners* do, who are Authorised by him; but if they *dare pretend* to a Jurisdiction, Episcopal, *Jure divino* (more than a Presbyter) have a care of the Statute of *Provisors*, as aforesaid.

But some Men fear nothing, till it fall as heavy as inevitably; Doe we blame *Arbitrary Power* in a *King*, and allow it in a *Bishop*? Or, would any *Bishop* (that knows what *true*

Ca:

Canonical obedience is) write in that *Magisterial* and *Apostolical* style with Saint *Paul*, (when perhaps the business is a *meer wanton* or trivial *Injunction*,) I might *enjoyn you on your Canonical obedience, but for love sake I rather beseech you.* We owe obedience to Bishops, and Judges, and Kings, alike *in this*, namely, to obey them *in licitis & honestis*, in all lawful and honest things: Loyalty is Legality, if I be *legal* I am *loyal:* Canonical obedience (say all the Canonists) is *obedientia secundùm Canonem:* If Bishop's (whom I reverence and respect heartily *as the Kings Commissioners*, so that they do not exceed and transgress their Commission:) should *command* me to say twenty *Pater nosters* every day *before breakfast*; it is *mandatum honestum* but not *licitum, quia lex non jubet*: It is a good thing, but I am not obliged to do every good thing, no, nor (sometimes) not obliged to do the best thing: *He that marries does well, but he that keeps his Virginity does better*; If I do well, when I marry, let the Fryars or Nuns do better that like, and if my Bishop command me not to Marry, (which is an honest command, but not a legal command) but an *arbitrary*, lustful, *imperious*, Tyrannical command, *for which* the Bishop has *no Warrant* and he talks *without Book*, (which is *more perhaps* then he can do in the Pulpit) when *he prates of his power* to command, *yet for love's sake he rather beseeches*; let him *first learn to obey* the Word, and to understand the mischief of Impositions, *poor Heart! Before he come to give a Magisterial* and *Dogmatical Command*, and to his *Reverend Brethren* (*so*, in complement he *calls* them,) but *uses them* perhaps like *Slaves* that must *do his bidding with Cap in Hand:* let him command *his Servants and go himself*, I am his *Reverend Brother* if he doe not speak against his conscience; *mentire, est, contrà mentem iri*; like the *Pope* who is the greatest *Tyrant under Heaven*, enslaving Souls and consciences, as well as jayling their Bodies till they be Carcases; *yet* his stile is, *Servus Servorum*, *Servant* and *Reverend Brother*; but I hate the *Hypocrisy* and dissimulation; It looks

looks like *Joab's complement to Abner*, Art thou in Health *my Brother*? And then ſtabs him: Go *Judas!* Mind the Bag, *mind* thy God, *Mammon*; mind *the bagg*, and keep your Popiſh Complement —*Dear Brother*— to your ſelf, till you uſe him *in reſpect as a Brother:* Comeſt thou *to betray the Son of Man with a Kiſs?* Thou Hypocritical *Judas!* Can any Man look into our *Chronicles* and not ſee the inſufferable Arrogance of Prieſts, in the Reign of Popery, and ſince alſo, in the Reign of the *Popiſh-like* Ceremony-monger.

What a Slave to *Prieſt-craft* was ſtout *King William* the Conquerour, when *Aldred* Arch-biſhop of *York* requir'd a Boon of him, which the King *was ſo bold* as to deny; whereupon the Arch-prieſt curſt him and flung away (in a rage) out of the Room; The King kneel'd and ſaid, he would never riſe till the Arch-Biſhop would come and abſolve him: The Courtiers begg'd, for they durſt not (lay hold on his Laun-ſleeves, nor) lay violent Hands upon a Clerk, but with much a doe and much humble Interceſſion, they perſwaded him at length to return, and to forgive the poor kneeling King and humble Penitent; No, quoth the Biſhop, *let him Kneel*, that he may know what it is *to vex St. Peter and me*; at length the King granting the buſineſs (*a Money matter*,) the Archbiſhop *did looſe him*, abſolve him, and *bid him riſe*.

The King *in all other things was* wiſe enough, but being bigotted by Prieſt-craft, and Prieſt-ridden, he was *craz'd with a Fooliſh Notion* and Superſtition; Nay, he would not fight, nor invade *England*, till the Pope gave him his benediction, a Banner with a Wafer-God incloſed in a Golden-Crucifix, and alſo one of the Hairs that once came from *St. Peter's* Head. People can ſcarce imagine, the Imperious force of a ſilly Ceremony and Superſtition, even amongſt Men (*otherwiſe*,) wiſe even (*at this day*) amongſt us, meerly *by blind Devotion* and Implicite-faith *in a ſilly Ceremony-monger*, becauſe (like as I ſaid before) the ſilly Image, (*and unthinking Black-Coat*)

Coat) makes a *great Figure in the Church*, and which *Nebuchadnezzar* the King had ſet up.

But if they pretend that *Jus divinum* is the neceſſary attribute *of Lawn Slaves*, and that all the little things he commands, are Law and Goſpel; God help his Noddle, and keep him from a *præmunire*.

A Biſhop may poſſibly be a good Man, and a good Schollar, though made when Popery Influenc'd the Throne; and ſome of them made ſo, for the *unlikelieſt Merits* that ever advanc'd a poor heart.

But, if he were not a good Schollar, a good Preacher, or a good Linguiſt *before*; it is not probable that the *Conge D'eſlyer* (let it be got how it will) can Improve either his *parts* or his *Learning*.

The *King's Mandate* can make a Man a Biſhop, or Lord a Barronet; but all the Kings Mandates in *Chriſtendom* cannot make him a *better Schollar*, a better Man, or a *better Linguiſt*; this I can demonſtrate by my own Knowledge, Acquaintance and Experience, that they that knew not *Syriack*, Arabick, nor *Hebrew* (before they got the *Conge-deſlier*) are as ignorant, and unlearned *Linguiſts* as they were when they only were *Presbyters*, not a jot the more improv'd by the Kings *Mandate*, in any Knowledge, except that of their great *new Rents*; nay without a *Miracle*, their buſy *Employments* from the *Parliament-houſe* to the *Counsil-board*, or to *Confirmations* or *Viſitations*, muſt hinder their learned *Studies*: For *Lawn-Sleeves* cannot make a man a *Linguiſt*, that was *none* before; Papiſts pretend (I know not what, nor they neither) *Epiſcopal Character*, but a young Biſhop, a Novice-Biſhop, a Boy-Biſhop, and unlearned Biſhop; is a Boy, a Novice *ſtill*, his Biſhoprick cannot make him *more Learned*, though it may make him more *Right Reverend* (I grant) then he was when *but an ordinary Presbyter*.

In ſhort, This Ceremony-monger is that Cumberſome Bagage that *Peſters* the Ship of the Church in a *Calm*, and helps to *ſink* it in a *Storm*; but what cares he? Let the

Church

Church or State *ſink* or *ſwim*, ſo he can but ſave his *own Cargo* and himſelf, in the Long-Boat.

Nay, like *an unruly Beaſt*, when he has drunk *his fill*, *he* blunders, and *puddles the Fountains* with his Feet, that *ſo* the Streams may be *muddy*; *this* makes a Lean and *Cadaverous Clergy*, the *whole Proteſtant World* cannot *ſample* ſuch a *jejune Crew*; he does *well* to ſtand *up for penal* Laws, and to bring Men with a Conſtable and a Warrant (*into his Church*) to hear him *read his Plagiary* Notes, or elſe he might read them to *the Walls and his Sexton*; (being conſcious to himſelf of his own Emptineſs and Demerit) for they muſt be very hungry that *without force and conſtraint* feed on *lean* Carrion, and *cold* Cramb's.

Therefore he Careſſes, and Hugs a *Patron* that has a good *Living in his Gift*; he is *his Man* of Mettal.

I have read an Oration in praiſe of *Judas*; I am apt to think a *Ceremony-monger made it*, becauſe he admires *any Man* that carries the *Bag*; and in his heart *loves Popery*, becauſe (like him) it makes *Money of its God*, and yet hates *plain down right* Popery in *England*, becauſe it *incapacitates* a Church-man, and is inconſiſtent with a *Dignatory Eccleſiaſtical*: For though he be of no Religion in good earneſt, yet i'le truſt him for a *ſure Stake* againſt barefac'd Popery; whilſt the current of the Laws of Preferment *runs ſtrong againſt it*: He'll never kiſs the *Popes Toe*, (I'll warrant you,) whilſt he lives in hopes to make Men kiſs *his own Golden Slippers*.

Thus my Ceremony-monger *loves Religion and God too*, as the *Lyons and other Beaſts* of the Wilderneſs love him, who ſeek *their Meat* from God, *Pſal.* 104. 21.

Nay, he can Faſt and Pray too, and keep *Thankſgiving-days* (as the State calls) *in ſhow*, but in his heart is *as Hypocritical therein*, as the Emperour *Charles* the *5th*. who Ordain'd *publick Prayers and Faſts* to be made to God throughout his many Dominions, for the Deliverance of Pope *Clement* the *7th* from Captivity, when he himſelf had taken

his poor *Holiness* Prisoner, and kept him Captive in the Castle of St. *Angelo* in *Rome*.

Thus Mocking God (as the Dean and Chapter does in choice of a Bishop (as aforesaid) after they have *received the Kings Mandate to choose N. N.*) and begging the assistance of the Holy Ghost in their *Election of a fit* Man to that Holy Office, when they know well enough their Man *before hand*, fit or unfit, they *can neither will nor chuse*; thus (like *Ephraim Hos.* 11. 12.) compassing *God about with lies, and the House of Israel* with deceit.

Thus the crafty Fox (*the Emperour Tiberius*) Mockt Heaven by *Commanding Common Prayers* should be said throughout the whole Empire for his *safe Conduct* in a Progress he never intended to make, *pro itu & reditu* (says *Suetonius*) *supplicationes in dixit cum non intenderet.*

Thus the Ceremony-monger is always crying up *the Church*, the Church, (meaning *himself* and *such* as himself) for whatsoever *a doe he makes* about Establishing the Church, 'tis the *wages* (it brings him) which makes him bustle, like King *Hiram*'s Servants in hewing Timber to Build a *Temple for that God which* they neither knew *nor cared for*, being a lover of *his own* Will-Worship, his own Will and pleasure, *more than a lover of God.*

Uniformity *he cries*, and *one Mouth*, meaning *his own*; for with his *Mouth he shows much love*, but his heart (like *Ezekiels* Auditors) *goeth after his Covetousness.*

Yet as *Covetous as he is*, he will sometimes be as *liberal as a Prince*, to propagate, maintain and *uphold* that single and Paramount Vertue of his Foppish and *illegal Ceremonies*: And, therefore at the *Choice of Parliament-men*, What pains and cost does he lavish in making Parties for such Men as are *most like himself*, and such as he thinks will keep up *the out-side* of the Church, how little soever of true Devotion is *within*; being Zealous *for Faith*, and perhaps *true Faith* in his Head, though he *Banishes* Charity by a *Penal*

Law

Law : Good or bad, are *but empty Names* with him, and things indifferent. Is he a Ceremony-monger? That's his *Test* by which he *tries all Men's Religion* and Devotion.

Like the *Prince of Darkness*, he hates the very Sun in the Firmament, if it discover his dark abode.

This Ecclesiastical Fop *espouses Religion* (as other Fops *Marry*) only for the fair *Fate*, *Portion*, and gaudy Dress; and *may be a Son of God* notwithstanding; (I mean) in that Sence the Scriptures called the *Old Gyants*, *the Sons* of God, that seeing the Daughters of Men, that they were *fair*, took them *Wives of all*, which they chose *merely* for the *Skin-deep* perfection;) Eyeing *nothing of inward goodness*, nor the Beauties of the *mind*: For *both of them* are Carnally-minded and Fleshly given, hankering after the Law of a Carnal Commandment, *and Carnal Ordinances*; O! how he hugs them?

And if any Man *dare speak* a word against the *Beauty of his Miss*....., or dare make Comparisons, or Prefer a Richer Beauty, Oh! *how he Swaggers* with his Curses and Anathema's, and Damns him *for a Schismatick*, and if he can, Jayls him too, and there lets him Die and Rot; *what speak against Mis*--?

Thus, he is indeed the great *Scare-crow* in the Church, a Man of Clouts, that looks *like a Man at* a distance, but, if you *search him*, he has *no Bowels*; he wants *not Will*, *but Power* to make his *little Finger* thicker than his Predecessours *Loyns*.

His Conscience is always *just of the size* with that of his Prince; If his Prince be given to Wantonness, he dares not so much as quote the Seventh Commandment in *his Sermon*, *nor Name Adultry*; If he had liv'd in *Macedon* in the Reign of *Alexander*, you might have known him for a true Courtier, by *his Wry-neck*, *Regis ad exemplum*.

His Ceremonies are *more futile and thin* than a *Spiders Web*, and can neither *catch* nor *hold* any body *but Flyes*, or such silly Insects; yet he has *in their Defence* the Venom and Gall of a Spider, which transcends him *in one* thing, for she begins her *Web at her Bowels*, but he has *none*; as being of the

Opinon of the Philoſopher *Zeno*, *who*, *amongſt the Diſeaſes* of the Soul (which he reckons up) *makes Humane Compaſſion* to be *One*.

He *keeps a buſtle* for his Trinkets, let it make never ſo great a Diſturbance or Danger to the Church or State; *pro Aris & Focis*, he cries, ſtand up for the *Church*; though indeed his *arca* is the *Ara* to which *he bows ſo devoutly and demurely*.

Not that he cares for his Trinkets *neither*, if he could make *more Money* by parting with them, then he *has got* by keeping them; He would forſake *them and the Saints too*, with *Demas*, for *love of this preſent World*, upon a fair Proſpect of a *better Market at Theſalonica*, in the Idols Temple; *Amicus Plato*, he cries, *amicus Socrates*, *ſed magis amici Divitiæ & Honores*.

He is worſe than *Balaam*, who could *not curſe Iſrael*, tho' *Balak* would have given him *his Houſe full of Silver and Gold*.

For my Ceremony-monger is always *for that* Religion, that is *moſt in Vogue*, and *like a French-man*, loves any thing that is *in faſhion*; but when *out* of faſhion, he leaves it, like *Lice*, that prey *only upon the living*, but forſake men when they are *going to die*; or like *Rats*, that by Inſtinct, deſert the Houſe that is *ready to fall*: Thus he *worſhips* (with the *Indian*) the *Riſing Sun*.

When the *Mendicant Fryar*, preach'd before Cardinal *Odeſcalcho* (this preſent Pope, *before he got up to the* Infallible Chair) and Cardinal *Sachetti*; he begun his Sermon thus: —St. *Peter was a Fool*, St. *Paul* was a Fool, *the Prophets*, and Apoſtles, all *Fools*, for *wandring about* in Sheeps-skins and Goat-skins, being deſtitute, *afflicted* and tormented in their way to Heaven, when they might *as well* have gone thither (*as their* Succeſſors) in *Scarlet Gowns and Scarlet Hats*; The Capuchin had an Eye to my Ceremony-monger, or to *one as like him as* ever he can look.

For this Ceremony-monger (notwithſtanding his *volun-*

tary

tary humility) is as proud as *Lucifer*, and *Hectors* like a Pope against all Opposition, exalts himself *above all* that is *called God*; valuing his Canons, *above* the Statutes of the Realm.

Thus, as the Papists preach up the Rules of St. *Francis*, St. *Benedict* and St. *Dominick*; that may be good things too (many of them) not only *above* the Laws of the *Land*, but above the Laws of *God too*, and strains at a *Gnat*, at the same time, when he *swallows a Camel*; for in his Prayer before Sermon, he speaks *like a Mouse in a Cheese*, when he prays to God there, but when he preaches up the *Gospel*-Rules; then he makes the Pulpit *thunder* (till the Church *Eccho again*) with The Canons, *The Canons* (which *may be good things* too, (some of them, so that you make no comparisons with their *betters*) making a *hideous noise* with preaching up *them* and his Ceremonies: methinks he then looks like the Emperour *Caligula*, when with a *numerous* Army he march'd with Colours *flying*, Trumpets sounding, and *Drums beating* (loud as a Thunder-clap) to gather *Cockle-Shells*.

No man *more* zealously *cries up the Laws of the Land and Acts* of Uniformity, when he gets a Non-conformist *thereby* upon the Hip, and to *Penal-Law* him; but when the *point* of the same Acts and Laws of the Land *are turn'd upon himself*, or he be commanded to do *any thing* he does *not like*, he cries out, *Conscience* and the Liberties of Holy Church are Invaded: Just as the *Jews*, to affront *Cæsar*, they cry'd out, That *God alone was their King*; but to affront Christ, They alter their note, and say, *We have no King but Cæsar*.

Thus he lays heavy Burdens upon others, and grievous to be born, but he himself (*that is the greatest Non-conformist* to the Act of Uniformity with his irrational and illegal Ceremonies) *does not touch the burden with* one of his fingers. Yet you cannot well discover him; for ye shall *not readily* see him *walk* (but like a *Spaniard*) never or seldom abroad *without his Cloak*; beggarly enough *too* (for the most part) and can *scarcely cover his Rags*, & his *beggarly Elements* and *will-worship*.

Chap.

CHAP. VI.

Concerning Unlighted Candles on the Altar, Organs, Church-Muſick, and other Poppiſh Symbols, &c.

THE *Papiſts* (like the Cynick *Diogenes*, that went with his Candle and Lanthorn *at Noon-day* into the Market place, to ſee if he could find an honeſt Man there, becauſe the *Sun could not* ſhew one) at their Idolatrous and Prepoſterous Maſs, *draw* the *Window-Curtains* and Window-Shuts, (as if they were *aſham'd*, that the Sun ſhould ſee *ſuch a dark Devotion*, and diſſipate the darkneſs (like that heavy Plague ſent by God *to Ægypt*) *a darkneſs palpable*, a darkneſs *that might be felt*: Thus *the dark Shop Commends the Ware*, and like other Stage Plays, *Act at Noon-day by Candle-light* to chuſe, leſt their *Tinſel-lace ſhould not paſs for Silver-lace*, nor their *Briſtol-ſtones* for Diamonds: Our Fops, *with leſs Reaſon*, do ſet up *Candles too* on the Altar, as well as the Papiſts; we muſt *ſtill be like* them, and be *Popiſh Apes*, *without* ſo much as Popiſh *Reaſoning*, ſilly though it be; *Ours* is Non-ſence.

For what *ſignification of Light* can this Ceremony be, any more than a Stick? A Candle unlighted is no more a *ſignificant Ceremony* of Light, than *a Stick*, (before the Fire touches it) *is a Firebrand*, I am not only aſham'd of my Fops, but really am aſham'd to uſe any words about it; it is *needleſs* to expoſe it, and yet it is retain'd *as a thing of value*, becauſe that Foppery (amongſt others) made my Ceremony-monger *a Man of value*; for without them he had *ſtill Sate* (in the Seat which *beſt becomes him*, and is too good for him) *the loweſt Stool* in the Church.

Not, that our Bleſſed Saviour loves to ſee his Spouſe (the Church) in a *Sluttiſh* Dreſs; no, her Rayment is (or ſhould be) of *Needle-work*, *and Wrought-gold*; (Does any Queen deſerve it better?) but her *chiefeſt Beauty* is her *inward* and Spiritual Grace and Vertues.

There's ſomething *more than a pretty Face and Portion*, that Wiſe Men look for in a Bride; though my Ceremony-monger (like other Fops) minds *little or nothing elſe*, or nothing *ſo much*; he'll debar you of the Holy Sacrament if you accept not *his Airy Croſs* in Baptiſm, tho' his hand in making it, looks like *a Circle* more than *a Croſs*, or looks like nothing, or either is nothing, or is *I do not know what*: And will deny the Children the *Bread of Heaven*, and rather give it to Dogs if they Crouch, except the Children will (like Popiſh Children) *take it in the ſame poſture of Adoration*, as the Papiſts their *Tranſubſtantiated Wafer*; tho' it offends the ſight; as a *Baboon*, ſo much the more loathſome, *for being ſo like us*.

I know, that Church of *England* declares *in words* against any Adoration, tho' they *retain the posture*, the Popish posture, *not our Saviours posture* at the Holy Supper, but vulgar people mind *Works* more than *Words*; and is not that Spiritual Father *very Wanton*, that will lay a *Stumbling-block* (so Popish-like) to make his *weak Child fall*? You and I can *leap over it*, but all Men are not so nimble; and can wear a Surplice or White gown as harmlesly as a Black; but others dislike it, because it is a *Mass Priests Weed*, which is true, tho' it is a silly reason, but all Men are not Wise.

I Read of Vocal Musick in the New Testament, & Singing of Psalms, but not a word of the little Instrument the Violin; nor the great Bag-pipes, or Organ; nor of Men that made a Trade of Singing, as the Beggars do in *Bohemia*, and as Gypses, and our Singing-men, and Singing-boys get their living *by Canting*: Nay, most abominably and profanely they Cant the very Creed; what choping of words so ludicrously in so Solemn a Confession of Faith; *Born of the Virgin, Virgin, Virgin*; *Born of the Virgin* Mary, Mary, &c. Oh! most profane! and every body hears this, but who reproves it, who amends it? That ought to amend it, & not sit (like so many unthinking Black-coats) not minding what is done with such *Impious Mockery*, and *silly Eccho*.

But, why not Instrumental Musick as well as Vocal? There's a vastly different Reason, the poorest Men, the poorest Parishes have Tongues wherewith to praise God, but have not so much superfluous Money to spare, as to buy Organs, & then give as much or more to Maintain an Organist, as the Vicar has.

Some Bishops talk of Uniformity and *one Mouth*; Why not *one sound too*? A poor Country Man may be as good a Christian, as a Rich Citizen, Broker, or Usurer, that has superfluous Money to buy Organs, which if it conduce to Godliness, the Bishops ought to commend it to the poor, as well as to the rich Courtier, King or Queen; and allow some Thousands Yearly (surely he can spare it freely for the promotion of Godliness and Uniformity which he so cries up:) but Mum —— not a Penny, I'le secure you, to make one Sound, and one Mouth.

And who can blame that Country Man (though all the Church laught at him in the great Alley) when the Pipes begun to Play, he fell a Danceing, having never heard the like before, except the Bag-pipes in an Ale-house where he did always use to Trip it?

And the Country people do think that they want some expedient and requisite Devotion, in Prayers and praises, or else they and all the World must think that this Popish like Musick and Organ, is too much Superstition.

But what can my silly Ceremony-monger say for himself why Sentence should not be pronounced against him as for Impenitent Dissenter, Anathematiz'd, and then by (his own invention, the strange Writ *de Excom. capiendo*) be Jayl'd, and tormented (like poor Dissenters from the Act of Uni-

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formity) till he Roar again; and then Depriv'd and Degraded; Come! *Perillus*! 'Tis but juſt you ſhould hand-ſell your own Brazen-Bull. For Diſſenters (by Omiſſion) are pardonable, they may pretend weakneſs and Conſcience; but in thoſe needleſs, ſilly, irrational, illegal and unſcriptural Ceremonies, what canſt thou plead but wantonneſs, folly and Impudence?

Muſick is a great Spender, the greateſt Spender and Waſter of time, in the acqueſt of all Sciences, to be expert and ready at it: Nay, you'le loſe it too, if you have not a great deal of waſte time (from buſineſs) to throw away upon it: *David* had nothing to do, when he was young but ſit on a Hill and Pipe to his Sheep, and Finger his Lute and Harp, in which by uſe he was ſo skilful, that it made him a Courtier (though King *Saul* had forgot him when he kill'd *Goliah*) but he had often before us'd to play the Devil out of him: And Inſtrumental Muſick was as Natural to him as Pſalms; his Fingers as good at it, as his Tongue; if Men be brought up in Hunting, in Muſick, &c. they'le ſcarcely leave it, when older or richer, but rather uſe it the more, & improve it; and when we have got *Davids* Skill, and King *David*'s Exchequer, we'le have as many Organs and kill as may Bullocks for a Sacrifice, as he did, if we have nothing elſe to do with our Money; or cannot tell how to while off an hour or two, in Devotion, without Organs to divert us.

However, we may make my Ceremony-monger pull down his Organ, and Sell it to the Play-houſe, or Muſick-houſe, becauſe it is a Ceremony not contained in the Common-Prayer-Book, and therefore againſt Uniformity, & againſt his Act of Uniformity, with which he does ſo Mouthe, crying, One Mouth, one Mouth, why not one Sound, one Sound, as well in all Churches?

My Ceremony-monger pretends to have a wonderful *Zeal for knowledge and againſt ignorance*, and would have the Youth inſtructed (*in the Catechiſms*) to admiration, like the Phariſee (of old) and yet to his utmoſt *takes away the Key of Knowledge* from the people, geting the Preſs Monopoliz'd *to himſelf* many times, and (ſtopping the Preſs and the Pulpit-doors) and *Silencing thoſe* (to chuſe) that Diſcover his Buffoonery in Religion; taking a pride in a Tyranical preheminence, (like the Phariſee too) and ſaying, *That theſe ſame People who know not the Law are accurſed*: He would gladly be accounted the *Domine fac-Totum*, and yet does *nothing* (at all) *that good is*, nor *permiting others to do it*; he neither enters in himſelf, and they that would enter in, he hinders, except he may be the *only Authentick Porter*, or Doorkeeper, ſcorning that Almighty God ſhould give any Man *better* Eyes *than his own*, though he (poor Soul!) ſees but glimeringly, and *by Spectacles*, in a Glaſs *darkly*; and all to uphold the high Seat he has got in the Church, (*I know not how*; and yet I do too, *in part*, though not ſo well perhaps as the Popes Nuncio, or the Ambaſſadour *Caſtlemain*, or Father *Petres*.)

The

The CONCLUSION.

CHAP. I.

Of Sureties in Baptism.

AND now, you may see *by the Picture I have drawn*, that a *Ceremony-monger's Soul*, and Conscience is neither rul'd by Holy Scripture, Right Reason, nor by the Law of the Land; but in despight of all these, some of them are such only through Custom, Ignorance, blind Devotion, implicit Faith, and apish Imitation; others, and those no small Fools, upon Design, duckoy'd by Avarice and Ambition: But, *Custom is a second Nature, even* in Religion too, or more properly, *Superstition:* Custom is the *Father*, and Ignorance is the *Mother* of their Devotion: As soon may an *Ethiopian* change his Skin, or a *Leopard* his Spots, as a *Ceremony-monger* his foppish Superstition, he is so accustomed to it. *Custom* can beget nothing upon a Man of *Reason*, a Man whose Reason is not clouded; and yet Custom has *a Brood* in the World far more *numerous*, than Truth could ever beget; because *Truth, the Father of wise Men*, can never beget any thing, but upon *Reason the Mother* of true Devotion: But these Mothers are but *few*, and therefore there are but *few of the Breed*, very few rational Men, and *Rational Christians*, in comparison of the *Numbers* of those that go the *broad Way*, and go in at the *broad Gate* that leadeth to Destruction; and *many* there be that go in thereat, namely, *all those*, whose Religion and Worship has no other Ground, except *Custom* (in Conjunction with *Mother Ignorance*) for their *foppish* Devo-

tion; and Covetouſneſs, for their *Knaviſh* Superſtition.

Thus the poor ſilly naked *Indians*, in *America*, (I have catechized them) and ask'd them the Reaſon, *Why they did bow to ſuch an Idol, that was nothing more than other Wood and Trees of which it was made.* They had all *one and the ſame* Anſwer, namely, *Cuſtom*, and their *Peei's*: Peei's, *What are they?* but a certain *crafty ſort* of Men *amongſt them*, that lead the reſt of the Fops by the Noſe, by ſome Superſtitions of their own Invention, called *Peei's*, that is, *Prieſts* of the *Devil*, whom they worſhip in that bowing Idolatry; for they never worſhip *God*, (when they acknowledg in dark apprehenſion) for they ſay, *God is good*; and ſome of them will ſay, *God is a good Man*, and will not hurt them, and therefore they worſhip the Devil to aſſwage his miſchievous Wrath.

Even ſo, our Engliſh foppiſh Ceremony-mongers anſwer, (when I catechize them) and ask them the *Reaſon* of their bowing to the *Altar when there is no Idol*, and to the Eaſt when there is *nothing Divine more* than in the South and North, and the Altar *nothing*, but a piece of Wood, made of the ſame Wood and Trees with the Pues, the Stools and the Pulpit: then, juſt like the *naked Indians*, that are but juſt one degree (if they be ſo much) remov'd from a Monky, anſwer, that it is *a Cuſtom*, and their (*Peei's*, or) Prieſts do *ſo*, and therefore the *poor Apes imitate, that's all.*

Oh! but the *Prieſts are crafty*, and have ſome more Reaſon (though a wicked One) to bow *to* nothing; they do not bow *for* nothing, they get a Place by it, and Preferment; and therefore are forc'd to get as many Fools as they can to be their Diſciples and Followers; for, when *Owles* are *alone*, they are houted at, but *not Birds* that fly in *Flocks*, tho they be *Jack-dawes.*

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I have ask'd ſome of them a Reaſon for their confus'd and profane, irrational and unſcriptural *babling together* the Reading Pſalms; and all their Anſwer is, that (it is granted, that) it is a confus'd Noiſe, and therefore unintelligible; but their Prieſts do ſo, and the *ſinging Boys*, and they are accuſtomed to it: It is a very honeſt Confeſſion; but is this *Man*-like, or *Baboon*-like?

I have ask'd ſome account *alſo*, of others, how the Organs got into Church, to make ſuch a Noiſe, and at ſo great a Charge and Expence, in the *firſt* purchaſe and continuance; *Judas his Queſtion* is proper here, *To what purpoſe is this waſte?* Had they not better be *ſold*, and the Organiſt's Sallary retrench'd, and *given to the Poor?*

They anſwer, that *Mr. Alderman* was willing withal, and that he could not ſtay a long Hour or two out of his Counting-houſe, at Devotion, *without ſleeping*; and therefore, how clunch-fiſted ſoever he uſed to be at other times, yet on this occaſion he nimbly opens his Purſe to *pay the Muſick*, for that it either *keeps him from* ſleeping, or joggs and *awakens him*, and makes him ſtare and look up; therefore, *&c.* Ay, ſay no more; you have ſaid enough, and you deſerve to be a *Laureat*, as well as Sir *John Suckling*'s Alderman; come, clap the Lawrel upon the Alderman's Head.

But of all the brisk Reaſons of my Ceremony-mongers, that *of a She Ceremony-monger* was very ſurprizing, when being ask't why ſhe, in defiance of plain Scripture, *ſpoke in the Church*, anſwered nimbly, That her Tongue was ſo us'd to wagg at Home, that it could not lie ſtill in the very Church; and yet the ſame *Church-prater* was *blew'd*, when queſtion'd, why ſhe, in imitation of the Doctor's *bowing his Noddle* to the Altar, *Madam Limberham* made a Courteſy, and *bow'd both her Knees?* no Reaſon

could be got for that Mimickry; that is no more *like*, than an Apple is like an Oyſter.

And all the Reaſon that *ſome Biſhops* can give, why they ordain many times, rude, illiterate, *unthinking Don*'s to the Pulpit, to teach others, and know *nothing of the Matter*, nothing of their own Knowledg, no Divinity is concocted or digeſted, and made their own, and in their Head and Heart, (the Body of the Law is digeſted by a Lawyer, before he is fit to come to the Bar; and the Body of Phyſick, by Phyſicians, before they are fit to feel the Pulſe, or be Licenſed).

His Anſwer is, *That he truſts to his Deacon*, or Arch-deacon, by Implicite Faith, *He believes as the Arch-deacon tells him*; and that the *form and manner* of ordaining Deacons, *Prieſts*, and Biſhops, requires *no more*: well, it is well, *'tis very well anſwer'd*, and moſt Epiſcopally;

And why do you *Confirm, and lay Hands ſuddenly* upon ſo many ignorant Perſons that underſtand not one Article of Faith, nor can ſo much as ſay the *Creed?* The anſwer is, The Common-prayer Book requires no more than to believe by *Implicit Faith*, the fitneſs of *all* that the *Pariſh Prieſt ſays is fit*, he muſt take it for granted, and *believe as the Prieſt believes*, and ſee with other Mens Eyes; but that is the Fault *(Brother!)* of your Conſtitution, that obliges you to more Work and Inſpection, than any Mortal can perform.

Beſides, where do we read (except in the *Maſs-Book*, and *Common-Prayer Book*) of ſuch a thing in Scripture, as *Confirmation* by a Biſhop? That Scripture of little Children coming to Chriſt, and he laid his Hands upon them, and bleſſed them, is, in the *Common-Prayer Book*, apply'd to *Infant Baptiſm*, in the *Office* of Publick Baptiſm; and *moſt incongruouſly* (too) for that purpoſe; for

Jeſus

Jesus baptized none, neither Men, Women, nor Children, but his Disciples did that: Nay, the great Apostle of the Gentiles went about *confirming the Disciples* by sound Preaching, but he baptized very few; one, or two, or three, *he confesses* that he did baptize, and if he had baptized any more, *he had forgot*; therefore he did not make such a business of it in his *own Person*: And as *for laying Hands upon any Children*, or other, there is *not the least mention of any such Matter*. How came it then into the Church? *I'le tell you*:

Infants being not able to make a Confession or Profession of *Faith and Repentance*, *which two* are required of *all Persons before* they be baptized, (as saith *Church of England* in her Doctrine Catechistical in the *Common-Prayer Book*, and so said St. *Augustine*; but I believe neither of them).

But, because *that Infants*, by reason of their tender Age *cannot perform* them; therefore *they do perform* them by Proxy, or by Sureties, because the Sureties do *promise* (a wise Reason, for Promises may be broken) they *shall perform*, both Faith and Repentance, when they come to Age.

Ay! Here's *a wise Reason* for a Learned Church, and enough to make all Rational Men (that have *not lost their Reason*) be Anabaptists, or, at least, *like Witches*, to deny their Baptism in Infancy.

For all Promises and Vows are either broken or kept; but the Promises and Vows of God-fathers and God-mothers in Infant Baptism, are *seldom or never* kept; but are *broken Vows*, and broken *Bonds and Promises*.

The Sureties *Promise and Vow*, that the poor *Insolvent* Child (that cannot speak for it self) shall when it can *hear* (for Faith comes by hearing) have Faith; and when it can *speak*, and gets *Wit*, then it shall have *Grace* to *confess* and *repent*. But,

But, ſuppoſe the Child live to have *Wit* enough to be a Ceremony-monger; Had ever any Man or Woman of them *the Grace to confeſs*, recant and *repent?* And then the Promiſe of the Sureties is *not worth more* than ſome *Lord's Promiſes*, not worth *a Farthing*.

Again, ſuppoſe the Child prove *Deaf*, or *Dumb*, or a *Fool*, the Sureties *Vow* they do not know what; nay, if it live to be *hang'd*, as many are for *Thieves*, *Witches*, *Murderers*; How is the God-fathers and God-mothers Vow and Promiſe perform'd, when they vow'd and promiſed for poor Child in Baptiſm, that it ſhould *forſake the Devil and all his Works, the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World, and all the ſinful Luſts of the Fleſh.* 2*dly*, They *vow* and promiſe that *Child ſhall believe all the Articles of the Chriſtian Faith*; do they not break their Vow, if poor Child prove to be a *Sceptick*, a Hobbiſt, or an *Atheiſt?* 3*ly*, They vow that poor Child ſhall *keep God's Holy Will and Commandment, and walk in the ſame all the days of its Life*; Do they not break their Vow, if, poor Child, for whom they ſwore, (a *ſolemn Vow* and Promiſe, in the *preſence of God*, being an *Oath*) happen to turn Apoſtate, *Papiſt*, Mahometan, or Infidel, are not the Sureties *all* forſworn? And though they *be*, or *be not*, there's the miſchief, *no good* can poſſibly come of it, but that which is incumbent upon Parents, and which Sureties ſeldom or never mind, namely, *Chriſtian Education*; and if ſo, they ſhould *not Swear and Vow*, in the Child's Name, that Child does or ſhall *believe and repent*; *It is enough* to promiſe *good Education* (if the God-fathers and God-mothers be *barren, or old* and paſt Children; in ſuch caſe, *it is enough* to be ſo kind and careful) *of another Man's Child*: But if they have *Children of their own*, or likely to have any, it is too much, becauſe Charity ſhould begin at Home. And therefore the ſaid Vow and Promiſe,

mise, is, but *usually like* the common Discourse of Hectors, and Bullies; (*I Swear and Vow*, they cry, on all Occasions) when they *intend nothing* by Vowing and Swearing, but *forswearing*; and adding *a Lye* to the Promise and Vow.

First, Then the Sureties promise that which no honest Man can honestly promise, who *makes a Conscience* of a Vow, because he promises that which is *impossible for him* to perform.

Secondly, If the Insolvent Child *be bound by* Sureties and *good Bayl*, if he leave them *in the lurch*, he wrongs them not, he gave them no such Commission, Power, *Deputation*, Authority, or Request *to promise and vow in his Name*: And therefore *that talk of a Vow in Baptism*, is non-sense, idle, and vain: How can a Man *break a Vow*, or a Bond that he never *made*; but his *Sureties made it* in his behalf; *Ay, without his order*, knowledg, *care*, or desire; How is Child concern'd therein, *any more than* other Children in the World? I hate *to hear* Non-sense, much more to *preach it*, except, I were sure, I was to preach to none *but Fops*, that *swallow every thing* that the Priest puts in their Mouth (like the Wafer God) *without chewing*.

Thirdly, Suppose another Man's Faith or Repentance (that has enough of both) for his *own Salvation*, and also Merits (called *Works of Supererrogation* by the *Papists*) to *spare*, heaped up and *running over*, which the Saints departed, St. *Bridget*, St. *Winifred*, St. *Francis*, St. *Ignatius Loyola*, St. *Coleman*, &c. has left at their Departure, as *a last Legacy to the Pope* (as the *Papists* hold) Faith and *Repentance enough* to save all the Whores and Rogues in the World, to whom the Pope *gives* (no, Sells) *to any* that has Money, and is willing to *Buy*;

If Works of Supererrogation be *true*, it is the first Market I would make; I had rather buy Heaven than a Knighthood, or a Bishoprick.

But, suppose the Fool and his Mony *be soon parted*, and a Man get *nothing but Hell* by another Man's Graces of Faith and Repentance, by *relying thereon*, as Church of *England* holds; then much more *Nonsense is it for Church of* England, on such idle and false Principles, to talk of Faith and Repentance to be performed, (tho never so much promised to be performed) by *Proxy*, or by Sureties.

If God Almighty would (like some Creditors) take Sureties, and *quem prb quo*, that if Child *could not* perform and *pay* Faith and Repentance, then *fall upon the Sureties*, and make them smart for it; then you speak to purpose. But, *God is Just*, the Soul *that sinneth, it shall die*, and the Soul that believes and repents shall be Saved, but I fear the *best Protestant* has nothing to *spare* for a poor Insolvent Child.

Fourthly, Suppose (which is possible) that *the Sureties are Insolvent*, and have not Faith and Repentance *for themselves*; then all this great *Fat is in the Fire*; they can never perform nor pay a *Debt for another*, that have not wherewith to *discharge their own* Debts, let them promise and vow and be Bound in as many Bonds as they please for other People; any Fool or Beggar *can promise* to pay a Thousand Pound for another, but what signify Promises, Vows, or Oaths, made only to be broken and forsworn?

Lastly, Which is the *saddest Case of all*, (or not a Pin to chuse) suppose that *poor Child is baptized without Sureties*, as are the greatest number (by far) in this populous Town; and *in private Baptism*, neither *Sureties*, nor the Sign of the *Cross* is required; then they must bring Sureties afterwards to *Church*, and then it shall be signed

with

with the Cross. But half the Parishes in this Town have *no Churches*, and they are not obliged to carry Child to *another Church*. Now you are *gravell'd*, Mr. *Ceremony-monger*, and you do not know what to do, or say.

Again, those that have Churches, *will not*, or *cannot*, for Love nor Mony, *get such good natur'd* and kind Sureties, *to promise*, vow or swear for the Child; What will you do *now?* now you *are worse* gravell'd.

For either the Child *in private Baptism, without Sureties*, and the Sign of the *Cross*, is baptized *aright*, truly and fully, *or not?*

If *not*, then half the Kingdom are unchristned Infidels; there's one of the two Sacraments *half lost* by your foolish Reasonings, and fond Doctrines; except you confess that the Child *is rightly baptized without Sureties*, or the Sign of the *Cross*.

Which *if you do*, I have *conquer'd thee, and thy silly Doctrine*, of making Faith and Repentance *requisite, before* a Child be capable of Baptism: And when you had made so great a Flaw in Divinity, you fodder it worse with *a nonsensical Whimsey* of Sureties performing *Faith and Repentance* for poor Child by promising both. Sureties, *(Spunsures) Customers* not more silly than Ancient, even in the 2*d*, or 3*d* Centuries, as I remember, (but have not time to turn to it) but an Error *not so old* as that of *Papias, viz.* Christ's reigning here upon Earth a thousand Years personally, as the Millenaries hold; and an hundred more Errors of elder Stile.

Besides, the Vow and Promise of Sureties gives *either true Faith* and Repentance, or not: If only *false*, it is *nothing worth*, 'tis false Coin, it cannot, *shall not pass* current any longer: If true Faith and Repentance come *thereby*, then is *this believing and penitent Child* capable *also of* the other Sacrament of *the Lord's Supper*; for *no*

other Qualifications can be requiſite; *Faith and Repentance fits them for Heaven* and Glory; and if ſo, it muſt *needs fit them for the means* of Grace, in the way to Glory. St. *Auguſtine*, good Man, was thus *run to the Wall* with this Argument, (and ſo *muſt Church of England*, 'till they get a *better Reaſon* for Infant-Baptiſm, than *they tell us* in their Catechiſm and *Common-Prayer Book)* and muſt rationally *fall into the Error of St. Auguſtine*, who put the *Holy Supper*, like Spoon-meat, *down the Childrens Throats*, thus prophaning, becauſe *not diſcerning* the Lord's Body.

But the *Sureties do it for them*; then let them *eat and drink alſo for them*, take both the Sacraments in their Name and ſtead, and go to Heaven alſo in *their Names and ſtead.* And what will poor Child *get* by all this? He will never know any thing of thoſe Heavenly Joys which his Proxy and Surety enjoys.

Therefore to ſalve this Sore, make room then for **Confirmation**, a Romiſh Sacrament. Well, (*you'l ſay*) you can expoſe Mother-Church, and ſhow her Nakedneſs; but can you cover it? Yes! *that I can*, and have done it many Years ago in my printed Book called—*Gregory Father Gray-Beard:* If I be *forc'd to lance* my poor Mother's Sores, I always ſprinkle *ſympathetick Powder on my Lancet*, that it may *heal* the Wound it is *forc'd to make*, to let the corrupted Quitter *out.* But, if ſhe be ſo wilful and proud that *ſhe ſcorns* my Hand, my charitable Hand and Help, march on, *let the Blind lead the Blind*; when you are in the *Ditch*, we ſhall hear you *cry for help*; though now, *like the wild Aſs* in the Wilderneſs, *ſhe toſſes up her head*, and runs ſnorting away, in *her month we ſhall find her.*

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of Eſcapes in the Common-Prayer Book, in reference to the Act of Uniformity.

WHat! ſhall we have *no Ceremonies* at all then? Oh! yes, *your fill*, ſo you'l be content, and not *impoſe your ſmall ſenſe* upon others in *Canons and Acts of Uniformity*; which are *not only vain* Attempts hitherto, (even ſince the firſt General Council of *Nice*) but all the great Wars in Chriſtendom, *upon the ſcore of Religion*, the Innocent Blood *ſpilt* betwixt the *Arrians* and *Athanaſians*, the *Papiſts* and the *Proteſtants*, the *Conformiſts* and *Nonconformiſts*, the Animoſities, Jails, Ruin, Fines, Impriſonments, *Smithfield Fires*, and *Bloody Inquiſition*, muſt all be *charg'd at the foot* of this Account.

It is very ſtrange that Chriſtians *will not be content* with the *Impoſitions and Acts of Uniformity*, *which God*, the Holy Jeſus and his Apoſtles *have provided*. *Haſt thou Faith* (ſaith the Apoſtle) *have it to thy ſelf?* Haſt thou a Ceremony, (thou art fond on) it may be good, it may be bad, make much on't, keep it to thy ſelf; *to thine own Maſter thou ſtandeſt or falleſt.*

We have *general* Rules, as *to honour God with our Subſtance* (or Eſtates) in Works of *Charity*, which is the *greateſt* Thing in Religion, and *without which* all thy *Faith and Hope* is nothing, as ſaith St. *Paul*; or is *a dead* Carrion, as ſaith St. *James*, becauſe *Charity*, *the Soul* of Faith, *is departed*, when thou *evidences* thy Faith to be *a nothing Faith*, a *dead Faith*, by deſtroying *Charity*, *in killing and impriſoning thy Brother* for Faith's ſake; and perhaps thy

weak Brother, (for whom Chriſt died) through thy *Impoſitions*, and Penal *Acts of Uniformity*; Acts that are not *only miſchievous* in breaking the Peace and Unity of Brethren, not only *uncharitable in beating* thy Son, or thy Brother, becauſe he is *blind*; reſtore him to his *Sight*, *in the Spirit of Meekneſs*, is the Apoſtle's Rule, *blows* will never *cure his Blindneſs*.

Beſides, *Uniformity* is an unnatural, *impoſſible*, and therefore *an irrational*, wicked, and *vain attempt*: Go, *teach God to make a new Heaven*, with Uniformity of Stars, and Skies *ſpangled uniformly*, they are *now all of different Forms and Features*: Go, teach him to make *Men uniform*, they are all now *of different Forms and Features*: Go, teach him to make a new Earth, and ſet a *new Face on it*; The Landskip now looks ſo much the more lovely *by the Variety*, which *God and Nature* ſeems to *delight in*: And wilt thou *(thou ſilly Ceremonymonger, and Projector)* be wiſer than God?

If thou hadſt ſeen our Bleſſed Saviour ſometimes *ſtand and pray*, ſometimes *kneel and pray*, ſometimes *lie on a* Bed or *Couch*, *and eat the Holy Supper*; ſometimes *fall upon his Face and pray*; if thou hadſt ſeen *this variety*, thou wouldſt have *excommunicated him*, then *capias'd and jail'd him*, if thy fierceneſs had not *kick't him*, and ſpurn'd him up, hadſt thou but had an *Act of Uniformity* to back thee.

We are bound *to honour God with our Subſtance*, in Works of *Charity* (the greateſt Duty); but *how much*, *when*, *and how*, in *particular*, is left to the diſcretion and *liberty of every Man*, no rule of Impoſition *is or can* be made about it.

We are obliged to *honour God with our Bodies*, the leaſt thing in true Worſhip, *(for bodily Exerciſe profiteth little)* but *how much*, *when*, *and how* in particular, is left to the diſcre-

diſcretion and *liberty of every Man*, no Rule of Impoſition *it or can* be made about it.

Then, you'l ſay, *the Church of* England *was miſtaken* in one of her XXXIX Articles, that ſays, *The Church has Power to appoint Ceremonies:* And alſo the King and Parliament were miſtaken *in the Act of Uniformity*, that enjoins all Biſhops and Clergy-men, on pain of Deprivation, to *ſubſcribe, aſſent, and conſent* to all and every thing, *as true*, which is contained in the Common-Prayer Book.

Here is *a heavy Charge*, Convocation-Houſe, and Parliament-Houſe, both upon my back; but, come, *one at once*; and I'le deal *with them both*, one after another, as well and *as faſt as I can*.

Firſt then, I ſay, in general, that any Decree under Heaven, that is either unlawful or *impoſſible to be obeyed*, is not *at all* Obligatory: This is ſo plain, that it needs no further Proof, it is like the Light of the Sun, *ſelf-evident*; if the *Sun ſhine*, no Man doubts it, but he that is *blind, or winks* on purpoſe, leſt he ſhould be *convinc'd*. And as to that Article, *viz.* The *Church has Power to enjoin Ceremonies*,—it confounds all the Ceremony-mongers amongſt us. And in all my Travels, Reading, and Diſcourſes, I never met with any Man, *Biſhop*, Prieſt, or *Lay-man*, that *ever did*, could, or *durſt explain* what is there meant by *Church*.

If it be taken for *the Clergy, either in* (or out of) *Convocation*, or Synod, *viz.* That they have of themſelves a *Jus Divinum*, a Divine Right, to enjoin Ceremonies to the People of *England*, they all incur a *Præmunire*, that claim *ſuch a Power*, and *juſtly*, for they thereby *ſet up a Legiſlative Power* independent *of*, and diſtinct *from the King and Parliament*, (the only Legiſlators) and is of *moſt pernitious Conſequence*, and found to be ſo *in all Ages*;

And

And by the Statutes of *Proviſors* (made both by Popiſh and Proteſtant Kings and Parliaments) condemn'd as moſt pernicious and inſufferable, by invading the only Legiſlative Power, (King, Lords, and Commons) *the* great *Fundamental* of our Government, and ſetting up a Thing called *A Church*, *independent* of, and equal with, or above the *State*, and *bearding* the State, if it be ſo bold as not to pleaſe them, or ſhould *dare* to diſpleaſe them. Better it is, *not to be a State*, than to be ſuch a *pittiful State*, at this precarious rate, *that dare not* but be Prieſt-ridden: Our Noble Anceſtors, in Popiſh Times, *ſcorn'd the Motion*, and were *true Engliſh Men*: This diſtinction of *Church and State*, is a Popiſh and Pernicious Diſtinction; two higher Powers is one too much.

But if by *the Church* in that Article, be meant, the *King and Parliament*, (the Repreſentatives of the whole Body of the People) the Convocation and Canon-makers will *by no means acknowledg* that; for *that* makes them *Cyphers*, and (as many People account them) *uſeleſs Tools*: And never did King and Parliament *(neither)* make *Laws coercive* in Matters of Religion, or *Uniformity in Religion*, but Confuſion, *Diviſions*, Schiſms, *Tumults*, Sedition, *Blood*, Ruin, and *Civil Wars*, were the *diſmal* Conſequences in *England*; whereas there would be *none of theſe*, no Diſſentions, no *Penalties*, no complaining in our Streets, if the *Legiſlative Power* (unſuborn'd by Prieſt-craft) *make no Laws* but what are *proper for their Cognizance*, and for the Peace, *Welfare*, good Manners, and *good abearing* in the *State*: And *then*, where there is *no Law*, there *can be no* Tranſgreſſion; and thoſe odious Names of *Diſſention* and *Sedition*, *Conformiſt* and *Nonconformiſt*, will find an *eternal Grave*.

I'le give but one Inſtance in that ſame *Act of Uniformity*, which requires all Clergy-men to give their *Aſſent*

* *and*

and Conſent to all and every thing (for Truth) which is contained in the Common-Prayer Book.

But, who made the Kings and Parliaments of *England Infallible Popes*, ſince Church of *England* confeſſes *ſhe may* Err?

And how irrational and *unaccountable is it* for Men that *confeſs* their Ignorance; and yet with the ſame Mouth will ſo vote a Law, or Impoſition of their Senſe in Religion upon all Mankind under their Juriſdiction? *For ought they know*, they may command and enact that *all Clergy-men ſhall Aſſent* in their Judgments, and *Conſent* in their Wills, to a palpable Error, Lie, or Untruth; or elſe, take their choice, to ſtarve, lie down and die; for Farm they may not, Thraſh they cannot, and if they Beg they are ſent to *Bridewel*.

And this is our very Caſe this Day; We may not chuſe what Chapters *for Leſſons*, what *Collects*, *Epiſtles* and *Goſpels*, we *liſt* to read, but, *muſt* read, thoſe that are *appointed* for the Day: And the laſt Year they were *all falſly appointed*, or elſe thoſe words in the Common-Prayer Book are *falſe*, that fixes and aſcertains *Eaſter Sunday*, (the *Æra*, or beginning of the Account, whence all the *Leſſons*, *Collects*, *Epiſtles* and *Goſpels*, are computed, nominated, and appointed).

But *that* is not only *ſilly*, and uncertain, but *falſe* and *contradictory* in the Common-Prayer Book, and therefore *both* the ſaid *Æra's cannot* be true. As for Example, by one *Common-Prayer-Book Rule*, the laſt *Eaſter Sunday* ſhould have been kept upon *April* 8, becauſe *Eaſter Sunday* (whence all other *Feaſts*, *Leſſons*, *Collects*, are computed all the Year after) is always the firſt *Sunday* next after the firſt *Full Moon* which happens after *March* 25, which was *April* 8, laſt paſt: But by another Rule in the

the *Common-Prayer Book*, it was (and ſo we kept it) upon *April* 15, laſt paſt.

They *cannot both* be true, but one of them is a Mathematical Untruth, (and which no body can deny); yet Biſhops and Curats muſt *all Aſſent and Conſent*, that this Falſhood is a Truth, (and ſuch a Falſhood it is, and of ſo evil Conſequence, that) it makes a blunder, and confounds all our wiſe Methods of Uniformity in *Common-Prayers, Epiſtles, Goſpels*, and *Leſſons*: And if we do not confeſs and ſubſcribe that this Falſhood and Untruth is a Truth, then *ſtarve and die*.

I can give *ſeveral other Inſtances* of our irrational Doctrine and Diſcipline, but I am loth to offend, let them even go on, they'l give me but little thanks for my pains *already*; but, I thank God, I do not find the *fault*, to *expoſe it to ſhame*, but to cure *it*, *I know how*: And, *let me tell you*, it requires ſome skill in the Cure. Why may not Lightning ſometimes come from a black Cloud? and a dull By-ſtander ſee better ſometimes, than he that play? Some part of that Seven-hill'd City *(Rome)* is ſituated in a *Vale*, as well as *Weſtminſter Hall*; and therefore no wonder if ſometimes *both of them* be in a *Fog*.

And if it *abate* the proud, pragmatical, impoſing, ſelf-conceited, dogmatical and imperious Spirit, that confounds the whole Creation by Methods and Aims of *Uniformity, point-blank againſt* thoſe different Meaſures of God and Nature, it is well.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Concerning Biſhops.

WHat I am going to ſpeak concerning Biſhops, may the more favourably be received, becauſe ſo contrary to *ſelf-Intereſt, the worſt of Evil Counſellors.*

For why may not I (as well as any other) live in hopes of a pair of Lawn Sleeves, rightly put on, ſince nothing elſe keeps me from making as good a Speech *in the Houſe of Lords*, as that which of late was *only a Speech without Doors*; and proves ſo genuine and well aim'd, that all of it is (*now*) *a Speech within Doors.* However I could ſerve *as well as the beſt*, to make up the number of the *Tea's* or *No's*: And that's all the wiſe Speech that ſome Men ever *did* make: (I do not ſay) that ever they *can* make; for the more frugal any Man is, and the leſs he ſpends, the greater is his Stock.

But if I had been ſo haſty as *to beſpeak* the Lawn Sleeves, *this Sheet* (that I am going to write) *will ſpoil all my finery.* And certainly there cannot be ſuch a Fool in *England*, or the World, as to think that the *King's Letters Patents*, or *Conge de Slyer*, can make the *Baronet* or the Biſhop, a *Linguiſt*, or a *Learned Man*, (except *he was ſo before*) though uſually the Vulgar are of Opinion, that if a Biſhop, or a *Lord ſays it*, writes or preaches it, *O Heavenly!* becauſe *O Earthly!* and is a Judgment as prepoſterous as that Action of the Orator, when pointing to the Earth, he declaim'd—*O Cælum!*

But, it is a received Maxime,—*No Biſhop, no King*: I know not *who invented it*, but it may be *true, in ſome*

ſenſe; but it is *falſe*, if it be meant——no *Rich* Biſhop, no King; for that the Rich Biſhops were *ſo Rich*, that what with the *Hank they got* upon ſilly Mens Conſciences, and the Intereſt that their Lands, good Leaſes, and Dependencies, their Tenants, Servants, and Friends, they were ſo prevalent, when united, that, when our Kings have (*ſometimes*) been ſo hardy and bold as to *diſpleaſe them*, they have either taken the Crown from his Head, (as the Rich Biſhop of *Wincheſter* unking'd his Brother King *Stephen*) on whoſe Head that *Nimrod of a Clergy-man* had, *without any right*, clapt *it* on; and upon diſpleaſure, the Biſhop chiefly *unking'd him* again, and (in effect) ſpurn'd it off, as *Pandolfus* the Pope's Nuncio, did the Crown off King *John*'s Head, which lay groveling at his Foot, whilſt the proud Prelat put it on; and to ſhew the Eccleſiaſtical Inſolence of ſome Lawn-Sleeves, he *up with his foot*, and kick't it *off* from the King's Head.

So that——*no Biſhop*——no King (*Stephen*, or *John*) and *a Biſhop*——no King (*Stephen*, or *John*); for that Rich Biſhops, like other Rich Lords, are a Strength to the *Crown*, when *it* does not diſpleaſe them; and on *the contrary*, have been too great and dangerous when controul'd, growing muſty and moroſe; a King had as good be a Slave in *Turky*, as to be *at the Mercy* of ſuch Popiſh-like Eccleſiaſtical Pride.

Nay, did not *the very Dean of Weſtminſter*, and the Arch-biſhop of *York* (chiefly, though with others handyed) make the Reign of *Hen.* 4. and *Hen.* 5. very uneaſy? For which Cauſe the wiſe King *Henry* 7. invented a way to pull down the Stomacks of the great Temporal Lords with their own Hands, by enabling them to alienate and ſell their Lands; of which many were ſo glad, that it was the firſt Bargain they would make, (*to*

chuſe)

chuſe); away runs the Foot-man for the Uſurer and Scrivener, (who were *as glad to buy* as the other *to ſell*) when both ſides are willing, the Bargain is ſoon ſtruck up, and Time was unwing'd till the Entail was *dock't*.

Then his Son, *Hen.* 8. he reform'd the Clergy with a Witneſs, and pocketed up the Reformation by Act of Parliament; and excluded from the Houſe of Lords, *all the ſpiritual Lords Abbots*, and put their Lands in his Pocket by Statute Law. *Edw.* 6. *and Queen Elizabeth*, were his own Children too; for they, and their wiſe Counſel, finding, that though the *Spiritual Lords* (*Abbots*) were excluded the Houſe of Lords, yet the *other Spiritual Lords* (Biſhops) were ſo proud ſometimes, and high, that no Body could imagine them to be *the beſt Diſciples of Chriſt*, who was meek and lowly; therefore *Edw.* 6. took *at once* from the Arch-biſhop of *York*, about 37 great Manners, and were annext to the Crown; and Queen *Elizabeth*, amongſt other things, took all the Lands belonging to the *Prince Palatine of Ely* (Biſhop), (in the Vacancy) and gave 2000 *l.* to be paid out of the Exchequer, Annually, a ſufficient Competency, and an Injury to no Man, for the Biſhoprick was in *Abeyance* (as the Law calls it) in *nubibus*, it being in *poſſe* any bodies, but *in eſſe* no bodies.

So that I *alſo* am ſo much a Friend to that Proverb—*No Biſhop, no King*—and ſo very much a Friend *to Biſhops*, that *where there is one* now in *England*, I wiſh there were *twenty*; and as old as I am, I hope to live to ſee it: and yet not take one Farthing from the preſent Incumbents, nor in the leaſt diminiſh the vaſt Revenues and Grandeur of, my Lords, the *Biſhops that are in poſſeſſion*; let them keep it (I ſay) till they die; and die they muſt, and then their Biſhopricks being vacant, (by Death however, if not ſooner juſtly forfeited) it will be

no Injury to any Man, to ſhare out and divide the vaſt Incomes to many Biſhops, who *muſt* take the pains, and perform *the Work* of a Biſhop, in *their proper Perſons*, which is *now* done *by Proxies*, Sureties, and *Implicite Faith.*

And, I doubt not but that *all my Lords the Biſhops* would be *of my Mind* herein, as *to the Work* of a Biſhop, which they themſelves, and all Engliſh-men, find to be ſo great a Work, and a Burden *ſo much too heavy* for any *ſingle* Shoulder, that they are forc'd to perform the great Acts of a *Biſhop*, in Ordinations, Confirmations, Excommunications, Abſolutions, *&c.* only by Foppiſh as well as Popiſh-like Implicite Faith, *ſeeing with other Mens Eyes*, and hearing with other Mens Ears, that it is no wonder that *they err* ſo often.

Oh! but the Wages then muſt be divided, as well as the Work, Fleſh and Blood cannot bear this Doctrine:

No, it cannot; therefore *Fleſh and Blood cannot enter* (neither) *into the Kingdom of Heaven*: But a Biſhop (of all others) ought *not to conſult with Fleſh and Blood, and Self-Intereſt, which* above all things in the World *does bribe* Mens Judgments, that they *cannot* (becauſe *they will not*) give their Aſſent and Conſent to ſo great a Truth.

King *Charles* I. was tenaciouſly in love with *Biſhops*, as *now* in *England conſtituted*, even to death, ſo great was his Opinionatree in the Caſe; and yet he ſays, they were not Biſhops *Jure Divino*, by Divine Right, and yet neither *contra Jus Divinum*: But, *I think* quite contrary, *viz.* that there is nothing in Scripture more plain, than that Biſhops are *Jure Divino*, and nothing more plain, than that the Biſhops in *England*, now conſtituted, are *contrary* (abſolutely contrary) to *Jus Divinum*, or Divine Right, ſo far as they act *like Novices* in Implicite Faith;

Faith; 1 *Tim.* 3. 3. A *Biſhop* muſt neither be a *Novice*, nor given to *filthy Lucre*. For *any Boy-Biſhop*, any ignorant and unlearned Biſhop *is as good as the beſt*, in thoſe Acts of Implicite Faith; *any Novice can ſee with other Mens Eyes*, and hear with other Mens Ears; any Novice can (and the greater Novice the fitter too) believe as others believe, without any other Reaſon.

Therefore, ſince the Holy Scripture ſays, a Biſhop *ought not to be a Novice*; if he be a Novice, that ſees but by Implicite Faith; then tell me, *(count them* if you can) How many Novices have we in *England* that do all their greateſt Acts by *Implicit Faith?* This is as bold a Stroke, *you'l ſay*, as ever was; and yet *not a jot too bold* to ſtrike at ſo Grand, ſo Foppiſh, ſo Popiſh a Folly, as *Implicit Faith*; *by which* (it muſt be granted, and cannot be denied) our Proteſtant Biſhops do all their mighty Buſineſſes, and is the cauſe of ſuch a *contemptible* and ignorant *Clergy*, ill-grounded *Excommunications and Abſolutions*, and *Capias's* thereupon; and ſuch unſcriptural, irrational, and blind *Confirmations*, perſwading the Ignorant that they are fit to receive *the other Sacrament* of the Lord's Supper, when they *know nothing* of the Creed; and ſometimes were never liſted or matriculated into Mother-Church by the *Initiating Ordinance* of Baptiſm.

But that is the Fault of the *Perſon*, not of the *Conſtitution*; If that were *true*, it might be amended; but it is *falſe*, for it is not the Fault of the Perſon only, but the Fault of the Conſtitution, which obliges no Biſhop in his Office, and performance of theſe great Epiſcopal Acts, but *only to* the knowledg of *a Novice*, or *Implicit Faith*.

Nay, if our Conſtitution did oblige him, it would oblige him to *Impoſſibilities*, for his Work is more than any Mortal can perform in *propriâ perſonâ*; and the great

charge

charge of Souls (which he takes upon him) more terrible, (if his Conscience be awake, or not brib'd with the Wages, it must be sensible) that no Piety, Parts, or Prudence *can possibly discharge*, except *as now*, by Implicit Faith, which any Boy, or Child, or Novice can perform as well as the best.

It was Covetousness therefore, and Ambition, that *first* made Bishopricks so large (for the sake of making *all* the Bishops Lands therein *one Man's Monopoly*); and also made Bishops *Consciences so large*, as to gape and swallow *all*, the relishing Bit was so gustful and grateful to a greedy-Gut; but *from the beginning it was not so.*

Now *every County* must have a Bishop, nay, sometimes two, or three, or four Counties will scarcely hold *one great Bishop*; nay, to them *too*, must be added sometimes a *Rich Deanery*. Is it not strange that a Bishop should be a *Deacon again*, for the Mony sake, and a *Parson again* by *Commendam*, for the sake of some *bulky* Parsonage, like *Wiggin* in *Lancashire*, in *Commendam* held by Dr. *Cartwright* Bishop of *Chester*, now advanc'd to be a non-such Protestant Reader in Popish *France*, and Curat to a Popish Prince in the Protestant Chappel in the Castle of *Merli*.

And I am perswaded they will have the Grace to blush, if it do not also make their Hearts ake before I have done, at the horrible Burthen they have undertaken, which the Shoulders of the strongest and ablest Apostles of Christ never did or durst venture to take upon themselves; no Mortal ever did or can discharge it, but *in* this Novice way, by Proxy, or blind Implicite Faith; *God* (in his Mercy) *forgive them, they know not what they do.*

Philippi

Philippi, (nay, *Jerusalem*) a little scanty City, not so big and populous as *Colchester* by half, and yet had *several Bishops* at a time therein; Philip. 1. 1. *To all the Saints which are at* Philippi, *with the Bishops and Deacons.* How many Bishops *of London*, at this rate, must there needs be *in London*, not to mention the three Counties of *Hartford*, *Essex* and *Middlesex*, into the bargain.

Ay, but the House of Lords will not hold *so many Bishops.*

No, I grant! There are Bishops *enow there* already, as some have said, and *angrily grudg* that we Clergy-men (who are as *much represented* in the House of Commons as *any Commoners* in *England*, and make as great a bustle at an Election of Members, to get Men for our turn) should also be represented in the other House, which *no other Commoners* are; and that my Lords the Bishops are tried by their Peers, that is, by their Equals, Commoners, but the Lords are *Concilarii Nati*: It is part of their Inheritance to be the King's Councellors, and a Seat in the House of Lords is part of their Estate and State. But *such Men talk* like those that say, that we had English Parliaments, before Bishops and Abbots sat in the House of Lords, and many Statutes (the Judges say are good Law) the made (in several Parliaments) *exclusa Clero*, the Lord-Bishops and Lord-Abbots being *shut out* of Doors, and not permitted into the House of Lords; nay, the Lord-Abbots that had as *good and as ancient* Right to sit in the House of Lords, as Lord-Bishops, are long ago, and *to this day excluded?* Notwithstanding my known Devotion to my Lords the Bishops, (I confess) I have not skill enough to answer such Reasons and Records; It behoves them that have more Wit, and are more concern'd than I, to give this a Rational Answer; I confess my Ignorance, but my Devotion, to them is well enough known.

And

And *I cannot deny*, but that *Bookish-men* (as my Lords are bred) and usually Fellows of Colledges (by that state they take upon them in the Colledg,) all but themselves *going bare to them*, if they do but see them, at the further end of the Court, *let it Hail, Snow or Blow*; This inclines Men to be *pedantickly proud ever after* (I knew it too experimentally) being made a Fellow of *Gonvil and Cajus Colledg in Cambridge*, when I was *but Junior-Batchelor, and not* 19 *Years of Age*) till Travail and Experience in the World (which all Bishops have not) *refines this Insolence*, and makes it more sociable and complaisant.

But let no Man envy the Liberality of our Ancestors, in endowing the *Bishops and Universities* so plentifully: a *few* that are *truly* worthy and *Learned* Men may well compound for the generality of a contemptible Clergy; that would not have been so truly contemptible, but that my Ceremony-monger in bad Reigns got possession (too often) of the Steeple (the loftiest Piece of the Church) by Popish-like and Foppish Ceremonies; and then it behov'd him to *keep open* the Door by which he enter'd, *to such (only)* as were *like him*, and followed his Steps, and exclude all others to his uttermost, whose Vertues and true Learning must necessarily (if set near him) *ruddy his Cheeks* and make him blush for shame.

But crafty young Lads finding *that easy way* to the Wood, and that it was much more easy and profitable to go to a Dancing-school, then to the laborious Schools of Worth, and Crabbed Learning, *to which* it is so difficult and so unprofitable (as times have been) to bend the mind; and also so very facile, honourable and beneficial to bend his Body, in silly Cringings and Bowings; *farewel Books*, saith he, *and dry, unprofitable Studies*, I'le go to the *Ecclesiastical Dancing-school*, and commence Doctor *Ignoramus*.

Hence

Hence it is, that *our Wise Men of England* have made our English Bishopricks out of two poor words in *Tit.* 1. 5. κατὰ πόλιν; ill understood; *in every City* making Elders (or Bishops) saith St. *Paul* to *Titus*, as I have appointed thee; κατὰ πόλιν, *in every City.*

Thence it is, that such a pother was made to make such a little Town (as *Carliſle*) *a City*, for why? *Forsooth*, and *Colchester* an *Ancient City*, and twenty times bigger than *Carliſle*, to dwindle to *a Village*, for why? *Forsooth.*

Becauſe every *Bishops See* muſt be a City, (κατὰ πόλιν) and *but one City* in a Bishoprick, and therefore *little Carliſle* muſt be a *City*, and *Colcheſter* which *to my knowledge* is Ten times bigger, and Forty times more Rich and Populous, muſt dwindle from a City (as Antiently it *was the only City of* Eſſex) and why?

Κατὰ πόλιν *has done its buſineſs*, City and Bishopricks muſt be Convertibles, and *London* being the greater City and Bishops See, or Seat, *Ergo*, *&c.* κατὰ πόλιν which (I confeſs) *Origen* (*lib.* 8. *contra Celſum.*) does Paraphraſe, ἐν ἑκάστῃ πόλει, much like *Chryſoſtome* καθ' ἑκάστην πόλιν. (1 *Tom. Homil.* 1.) in *every City*; (thus the Lifeleſs Feather of an Eagle, conſumes all other Feathers that are near it, and in the Neſt) whereas not only the beſt Greek Authors, but the Holy Scripture, confounds the word κώμη and πόλις, a Village and a City, in ſeveral places, both in the Old and New Teſtament; as for Inſtance (in 1 *Chron.* 4. 32.) their *Villages* (*Eram*, *&c.*) *were Five Cities.*

So, in the New Teſtament St. *Luke* calls *Bethlehem*, πόλις the *City* of *David*, (*Luk.* 2. 4.) but St. *John* calls it κώμη, the *Village* of *David*, and I'le call *Bethlehem*, as I'le give *Colcheſter* a Name too (why not? Since I have help't to Chriſten a great part of the Town theſe Seven and Twenty Years) κωμο πόλις, a City-Town, though the Bishops See or Seat at the great City of *London*, has taken its good Name from it moſt Scandalouſly and unreaſonably to give it

to *little Carliſle* for the ſake of κατὰ πόλιν; a word, the Ceremony-mongers *never right* underſtood, they were ſo buſie about Ceremonies they had no more leiſure to underſtand *Tit.* 1 5. then *Phil.* 2. 10 both of them falſely interpreted, and the latter falſely conſtrued, and falſely Tranſlated, either through ignorance or fraud, to make room for a Nonſenſical Ceremony.

There were 1000 Biſhops in *Armenia*, ſays *Baronius* (*ad An.* 1145.) And *Juſtinian* the Emperour (*Petravon*, and *Novel.* 31. *c.* 1.) ſays, there were but Twenty Cities in *Armenia* in his time, and they have decreaſt ever ſince; how could 1000 Biſhops than Sit in Twenty Cities, except there were many Biſhops in one City, or many Biſhops in Villages and ſmall Towns?

Nay, to go no further than *Ireland*, St. *Patrick* Founded there 365 Churches, and as many Biſhops, ſaith *Nemius*, and alſo Biſhop *Uſher* (late Primate of *Armagh*;) and yet there never were 365 Cities, and now but Nineteen.

In St. *Auguſtin*'s Time there were 900 Biſhops in *Africa* (*Auguſt. Tom.* 7. *de geſtis cum Emerit.*)

And (yet) *not half ſo many Cities*, and many of the Cities in St. *Auguſtin*'s Time were Heathens; nay, the Inhabitants of the famous City in *Syria*, called *Heliopolis*, were *all* Idolaters, τὸ ὄνομα χριστε (*Theoderet lib* 4. *c.* 20. *Eccleſ. Hiſt.*) τῶν ἐνοικούντων θέλεις, *not a Man* of them *would hear* (ſaith *Peter* of *Alexandria*) *the Name of Chriſt.*

And yet there was *than* a Biſhop of *Heliopolis*, ſays *Biſhop Euſebius Pamphilus* (*vit. Conſtantine l.* 3. *c.* 5. 6) *a Biſhop*, that had a Flock like that of Biſhop *Mills*, in *Arabia*, who had not got one Convert in his City, nor any thing elſe but blows (*Sozom. l.* 2. *c.* 12.) theſe two Biſhops had fewer Souls by Seven in their Dioceſs to Excommunicate than Biſhop *Iſchyras*, who had *but juſt Seven*, whereas *our* Dioceſſes are *as much too big*, nay, Monſtrouſly too big, as the other *too little*; Is there *no meaſure* in us? No *Medium*?

No

No *midle way* for true Vertue, which always ſits Enthron'd betwixt the two Extreams?

In Goſpel Times, the Biſhops were choſen by the People, and moſt Voices carried it *for two, of which* God choſe one by Lot, *the Lot fell upon Matthias*; and 260 Years after (*Cyprian tells us*) that all the People, *(that is)* the *Majority conſented*, or elſe no Biſhop was choſen (*Cyprian l. 2. Epiſt.* 5.) *Convocatâ plebe totâ, & de Univerſa fraternitatis ſuffragio*, and *Cæcilianus* was choſen Biſhop of *Carthage, totius populi ſuffragio, Optat. lib.* 1. by the general Vote of the People. No Man was Excommunicated, (*Cyprian lib.*3. *Ep.* 14) *niſi cauſam acturus apud Univerſam plebem?* Not every *ſneaking Regiſter and peaking Surrogate* could ſend a Soul to *Satan*, for refuſing or neglecting to *give the Knave a Groat*, or the like; brave Eccleſiaſtical Diſcipline of Church of *England*! It is *juſt ſo* in *Spain* and *Portugal*, but *not ſo bad as* here *in our* (ſaid to be) *Reformed Church of England*; Reform'd? In what? Oh! the Service Book is in Engliſh, and made intelligible by the Peoples alternate babling, like thoſe illegal, irrational, and unſcriptural *Mock-ſongs* of the Singing-men, and Singing boys, to *feed which Mouthing Tribe*, ſo vaſt an Income is Yearly *thrown away* in Cathedrals, that would eaſily ſupply (together with Sleepy Prebendaries when Vacant) all the *ſcandalous Livings* in *England*.

For what Heart can a poor Miniſter of Twenty, or Thirty pound *per annum* have to Study? (A Carpenter Journy-man has more) beſides out of that, Synodals, Procurations, Firſt Fruits, Tenths, Delapidations, Repairs, Poor-Rates, Arms, Aſſeſments and Taxes, beſides a great deal of Money *moſt unconſcionably* to the Rich Biſhop or his Secretary for *Ordination*, Seven or Eight pound more for *Inſtitution* to the Biſhop, then to the Rich *Arch-deacon* for *Induction, &c.* though he ſeldome or never ſtirs one Foot about it, but he and his Regiſter agree to Pocket up the Money, theſe charges Preliminary muſt be payd out of the poor Pittance, and

Trade he cannot, *Farm* he may not, nay, *Beg* he may not; *Starve* he may, except his great *Task be to Study* how to get Bread, Drink and Cloaths, and how *to keep out of* his Crediters Clutches, Serjeants and Bum-bayliffs; This is his greateſt Study and cloſeſt concern; If he can ſpare a Six-pence or two to buy a Printed Sermon, his Study has Books enow; whilſt the Lazy Fat Prebend and Ceremony monger, with two Livings, a Prebendary, or Deanery, and Arch-Deaconry, and two or three more (unſeen) Incomes, Advantages and Pluralities, *Drinks Wine in Bowles, and is not affected with the affliction of Joſeph*, but is *as Red in the Gills* as a Turky-cock, or *his Scarlet-hood*, ever ſince he was made Doctor by *Mandamus*, or the *Morrocco Ambaſſadour*.

Vertue and Learning always Shoot low, if there be not ſome high, and glorious Mark ſet to aim at? Never greater Warriors in the World, nor more Succeſsful than the Old Romans: *Why*? They were *not ſo big* as the *Gauls*, much *leſs* then the *Germans*, nay, leſs then little *Don Diego* the *Spaniard*; yet Conquer'd them all, *wherefore*? The Hiſtorian tells us, *by the great Triumphs*, Priviledges and *Rewards* they gave the Emperours or Generals, *with all his Soldiers*, which made them *Fight like Mad*.

This is certain; Would you have a good Army? *Pay them well*: A Learned Miniſtry? *Pay them well*; but do not permit (as in ſome Fiſh-ponds) Ten or Twenty great Jacks to devour all the ſmall Fry: Yet *too great Preferment* breaks a good Back by over loading it; A Scanty mean, Presbyterian-level of Preferments, makes Scanty and mean Schollars, (for who will mend his pace and pains, when faſt or ſlow *is all one*, all of a price, all of one Reckoning?) And poor Scandalous Livings muſt make a poor and Scandalous Clergy, and reduce us again to *Barbariſm*.

How would *ſuch a Primitive* Epiſcopacy as I have ſhown here, Reconcile the difference betwixt *Presbyterians and Epiſcoparians*, and ſo truly Conſtrue that ſaying of *Jerom* (*Epiſt.*

(*Epiſt. ad Evagrium*) *I know not what a Biſhop has more than a Presbyter, except Ordination*; which is by our Biſhops (for want of Numbers) *now performed* by the laying on of the Hands *of the Presbytery*, in Conjunction with the great Biſhop, who yet knew no more of the matter, *as to the Fitneſs* of the Perſon Ordain'd, then the Biſhop himſelf, *viz.* by Implicite Faith *in oculo Epiſcopi*, called Mr. Arch-deacon, or ſome Surrogate (as is uſual) in his Room.

The Apoſtle *Paul* from *Miletus* ſent to *Epheſus*, and called the *Elders* of the Church (*Acts* 20. 17.) which are there called (*ver.* 28.) *Biſhops*.

Nay, Mr. *Mede*, (in his proof for Churches, in the Second Century) Evidences, That no one Biſhop had more than one Altar, and that one *Biſhop*, and *one Altar* were Correlates.

But Pride, Avarice, and the Pope (firſt) made *one* Biſhop *ſerve many* Altars, by Curates and Journy-men, and in requital they made the Pope, The one great Biſhop of Biſhops, (*Papa*) as every bulky Biſhop is uſually Styled in our Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtories, a Pope, *Pater Patrum*, nay, the Pope *himſelf* called our *great Biſhop* of *Canterbury*, *alterius orbis Papa*.

And Mr. *Fuller*, a great Friend to our Epiſcopacy, Confeſſes, (in his Hiſtory of the Holy War, *lib.* 2. *c.* 2. *p.* 45. 46.) that Biſhops were ſet (*of Old*) too thick for all to grow (*Tall, and to ſuch a Height, as now*) and *Paleſtine* Fed too many Cathedral Churches to have them generally Fat: *Lidda*, *Jamnia* and *Joppa*, three Epiſcopal Towns, were within four Miles one of another, and ſurely many of their Biſhops (to uſe Biſhop *Langham's* expreſſion) had high Rack's, but poor Mangers; (Ay! *this alone will breed the quarrel againſt all that I have ſaid*; *my Lean Project Starves greedy Avarice*, that will be ready *to Eat me* for my pains; well, *actum eſt de Epiſcopatu meo*, this is not the way for me to get a pair of dainty Lawn-ſleeves;) I have Read my,

my own Doom, and may uſe the Words of Biſhop *Chryſoſtome* upon *Heb.* 13.17. ὁ γας φόβος συνεχῶ κατασείει μὲ τῶν Ψυχῶν. The fear of that threating (*as they that muſt give an account*) makes my Soul to Tremble continually: And the Pious Learned Biſhops will thank me heartily; and thoſe that are otherwiſe may Live to amend: Here, has been a ſad do with ſome of them in this poor Kingdom, and all, to keep up that Eccleſiaſtical Grandeur that God never made; which makes *Chryſoſtme* ſay (in *Heb. Homil.* 34) I wonder how it is poſſible for a Biſhop, to go to Heaven, or to be ſaved.

Read Seriouſly his Homilies, in *Tit.* in *Act.* in *Heb.* and if thou haſt Grace, thou wilt not ſtrive ſo for a Biſhoprick; and if thou haſt not Grace, thou art not fit for a Pariſh-Prieſt; to whom Biſhops allow no part of Diſcipline or Government, they are only to Feed, not Rule the Flock: But the Learned *Fuller* proceeds — (after this Interruption) 'Neither let it Stagger the Reader, if in that Catalogue of 'of *Tyrius*, we light on many Biſhops Seats, which are not 'to be found in *Mercator*, *Ortelius*, or any other Geographer; 'for ſome of them were ſuch poor places, that they were a-'ſhamed to appear in a Map, and fell ſo much under a Geo-'graphers notice, that they fell not under it: (*No, but as little as it is* (*pace tuâ*, quaint *Mr.* Fuller) *it is a great Bull*) for in that Age Biſhops had their Sees at poor and contemptible Villages.

The Apoſtles, *Paul* and *Barnabas*, *Ordained Elders*, (Biſhops) in every City, at *Antioch*, *Iconium*, *Derbe* and *Lyſtra*; the three laſt are there called Cities, *Act.* 14.

Antioch was a great City, the Third in the World, but in that almoſt all the Chriſtian Inhabitants could Meet together in one Place to hear a Sermon, *Acts* 13. 44. And *Iconium* was but a ſmall Village, ſays *Strabo*, *l.* 12. πολίχνιον, or πολίχνα μικρα: And *Derbe*, only a Cittadel in *Iſauria* and *Lyſtra*, only κώμη, a Village in *Iſauria* too; And, as for the Names of Biſhops and Presbyters, or Elders, or Alder-

Aldermen, they are in Holy Writ indifferently uſed, to Signifie *one and the ſame Grand Seigniour*: Why are the *Arians* ſo Condemned by the Orthodox, (as *Theoder. Synod. ep. l. 2. c. 8.*) for *not being contented* with ſmall Biſhopricks, and no bigger than a Biſhop might ſuperintend *in his own* Perſon, if Rapin be *no Sin?*

It never was a good World, ſince the Clergy and Layety drove on two ſeveral Intereſts, and two Bodies diſtinct, and made the Church *one thing*, and the State *another*; If the Clergy endeavour to keep the People in Subjection, and under their *Girdle Canonical*, by Impoſitions, Canons, and Acts of Uniformity; endeavouring *to Lord it over* God's Heritage *the Layety*; no wonder, that they Strugle for Life and Liberty, and that the *Feuds* and Animoſities betwixt them *are Immortal*; but they would Die, *Ceaſe and Deceaſe*, if Clergy-men Studyed *to reſtore Sinners* and Erroneous Perſons in *the Spirit of Meekneſs*.

Ay; but the obſtinate *will not ſo* be reſtored; then, *let him alone*, perhaps he knows *more than thou doſt*, that art his Teacher; However, to *his own Maſter he ſtandeth or falleth*, and thou *by giving him Warning haſt Deliver'd thy Soul*; as to matters of Faith and Opinion; *but as to Evil Works*, that is *the Magiſtrates Province* and *Care* to *Correct* and Puniſh.

But, if we *cannot fright* our Pariſhoners, they will not *Care* a Pin for us.

No? (you ſhould ſay) They do not care for you, nor love you, becauſe you are ſuch Scare crows, and Bug-bears, that would be; If they *fear you only*, they'le *never love you*: Do but thou Labour diligently in *the Word and Doctrine*, and fear not, but *that all good Men will give thee* of all Men Living (as the Apoſtle ſays) *double Honour*, which is due to a *Ruling Elder*, much *more* to the Miniſters that Labour *in the Word and Doctrine*; though with us, (quite contrary to Scripture) The Ruling Elder (or *Biſhop*) is the *Man of*

double.

double Honour amongſt us, and the Paſtor, or *Teaching Elder*, muſt ſcarce keep *his Hat on* in the Preſence *of the great Ruling Biſhop*, to whom the Apoſtle indeed Commands us to give double Honour, but more eſpecially to the Miniſters or Paſtors, that Labour in the Word and Doctrine: Thoſe are the moſt Honourable, the moſt Reverend *Jure divino*, if you believe the Holy Scriptures. But Fops mind chiefly *who* ſpeaks, not *what is* ſpoken, if it be *the Word of a Lord*, it is with them more valued and obey'd, than *the Word of the Lord.*

Theſe are unjuſt and corrupt Judges; but, I will not Puniſh them, (if I had Power) as King *Cambyſes* did one of his unjuſt *Judges of the Kings-Bench, viz.* pull'd his Skin over his Ears, ſtuft it with Straw, and there Hung *my Gentleman* over the Bench, *in terrorem*, that other *Treſylian's* might learn to beware of undermining (the chief Pillar of any Government) the Fundamental Laws.

Since therefore, to give a *Ruling Elder* or Biſhop *more* Honour than a *Paſtor, or good Preacher*, is expreſly *againſt* Holy Writ, (as aforeſaid) look you *to that*; but *that great Scripture*, which they bring to prove, that *every City* had a Biſhop, and *but one* Biſhop, and every Biſhop had *but one City*, you ſee, by what has been ſaid, *both theſe Aſſertions are* (ſufficiently prov'd to be) *falſe*: Though we had no other Inſtance than in *Tit.* 1. 5. *For this Cauſe left I thee in* Creet, *to Ordain Biſhops*, κατὰ πόλιν (that is) καθ' ἑκάστην πόλιν; *Creet* is an *Iſland* that had in it a Hundred Cities, and was therefore called ἑκατόμ πολις in the Reign of *Leoſophus* the Emperour; and *Anno* 880. there were but Twelve Biſhops; but at that time, why ſhould we imagine that they were all Chriſtians? When *the Third great City* of the Empire, *Antioch*, where Diſciples were firſt called Chriſtians, and bigger than any City, except *Rome* and *Alexandria*, yet had no more Chriſtians in it, than one Church will hold, *Acts* 13. 44. Nay, *Jeruſalem* (where our

our Lord was Crucified) had ſo few Chriſtians Forty Years after, at the Deſtruction thereof, that all the Chriſtians being Warned by God to depart, did depart to *Pella*; a poor little Village, ſays *Euſebius* (*lib.* 3. *c.* 5.) held them all.

But, we will take it for granted, that *Titus* Ordain'd in every City (in the Iſland of *Creet*) a Biſhop, namely a Hundred: And, which is not at all likely, that all were Chriſtians (for till *Conſtantines* Time, one Church held all the Chriſtians in *Rome*; and one great Church in *Alexandria* held all the Chriſtians there, as their Biſhop *Athanaſius* gives an Account in his Epiſtle to *Conſtantius*, the Son of *Conſtantine*) yet *Heylin* in his *Coſmog. p.* 263. ſays, There are in *Creet* but Two Hundred and Seven Pariſhes, than by that Account the great Biſhops will get but a Plurality, Two Pariſhes for their Dioceſſes.

And *ever ſince*, that Biſhops firſt *Monopoliz'd* ſo many Pariſhes, *All* under their Eccleſiaſtical Government: There has been *no* Eccleſiaſtical Government at all, but a *Meer Anarchy* and confuſion, as *at this Day*, and *has been the occaſion* of ſeting up ſo may Independent Churches, to take care of themſelves and one another, for whom the Ruling Biſhop *could not* poſſibly take care; Engroſſing *all* Government, we have *none at all*, but *ſome ſilly face of it*, in a poor Surrogate and *Regiſter*, that minds *little elſe* than to Finger the Pence, and *Shear* the poor Clergy and Church-Wardens *Twice a Year*, in Viſitations, *&c. Deliver your Purſe*; Poor Sheep *eſcape better than we*, they are Clipt *but once a Year*, and the Maſter *that Feeds them* has the Wool, but they that Shear us poor Lambs, *take our Wool*, but *Feed us not*; they have it *for nothing*, and their great Revenues *will not ſatisfie*, but (as I ſaid *in my Naked Truth*) *Is it not a Sin for a Rich Man to Rob the Spittle*?

Let ſuch *hard Hearted Clergy-men*, who have ſuch *exceeding many Flocks and Herds*, Read their *Neck Verſe*,

2 *Sam.* 12. 5, 6 In *Nathan*'s Parable of the Lamb, and the *Sentence.*

And *David*'s *Anger was greatly kindled againſt the Man, and he ſaid to* Nathan, *As the Lord Liveth, the Man that hath done this thing ſhall ſurely Die; And he ſhall reſtore the Lamb four Fold, becauſe he did this thing, and becauſe he had no Pity.*

And, *what* do they Viſit for? To ſee that all be *Uniform*; Piſh! it is *not to be done*; they *themſelves are not Uniform*, nor their Cathedral Worſhip, Uniform *with one another*, nor *with Country Churches*, nor *with the Act of Uniformity*; And what harm? So all things be *done decently*, and in order, it needs not, *by* order of Uniformity; Nay, Pope *Gregory* the I. Six Hundred Years after Chriſt, commends *variety of Uſages*, *In unâ fide nihil officit —— Sanctæ Eccleſiæ diverſa conſuetudo.*

Let them ſhow us *one* ſuch Dioceſan Biſhop as *we have got in England*, in the beſt and pureſt Times, or one Biſhop that ever durſt pretend to Govern the Church by Implicite Faith in others, for the firſt Three Hundred Years, or any thing like it, in Holy Scripture, or any Reaſon for it, or any Poſſibility to diſcharge that heavy charge; And I'le ſtrike out *Avarice and Ambition*, as the *great* cauſe, and *Surrogate a better Reaſon* in the room, and be their *Proſelite*; Nay, *I'le ſtoop lower*, I'le condeſcend to be *my Lord*'s *the Biſhops Chaplain*, and Apologiſt.

But, *if all their skill* cannot do it, then it is *high time to Recant* and Repent, that *Iniquity may not be our Ruin*; and to *Reſtore* the Lamb *four-fold*; and becauſe *Rich* Dives *had no more Pity* of his Brethren, whom the Rich Dioceſan calls (according to *the Style* in the *Primitive* Church) *Reverend Brother*, and *Brother*, but looks over the Head of *his Brother Elder*, or Presbyter, as if a *Conge d'Eſlier* had made him a *Saul*, and higher by the Head, when he only Struts (being Rich) and ſtands a Tip-toe, but is not a better

better Man, nor a better Scholar than he was before.

It may *hinder* his Worth and Learning (rather) by *Avocations*, runing from *Ordinations*, to the *Houſe of Lords*, thence to *the Court*, thence to the *Council Chamber*, thence to *Confirmations*, thence to *Viſitations*, *&c.* If theſe do *not hinder* a Mans Study and Improvement, *I have loſt my aim.*

Let them but Read Mr. *Baxter's Learned Book* of Epiſcopacy, or *Arch biſhop* Cranmer's *Opinion* of Ordination; This *latter* a Learned and Holy *Martyr*, The *former* a moſt Learned and Pious *Confeſſour*; or let them but *Read the New Teſtament*, and there is little or *no difference* at all, betwixt a *Presbyter*, or Elder and Biſhop; what in *one* Verſe is called Presbyter, in the *next* is called Biſhop; as *Bethlehem* the *Town*, is the *ſame* with *Bethlehem* the *City* aforeſaid: And a Pariſh ſignifi'd the ſame with Dioceſs.

But, in after times, when Chriſtians Multiplyed, if a Presbyter could *not Watch over* all their Souls, they allowed him a *Co-adjutor*, and for *diſtinction and Precedency ſake* called him a *Biſhop*, who ſometimes had *not one* Presbyter *under* him, as aforeſaid, moſt commonly, *but one*; and till Biſhops begun to *Scramble for more Ground*, and like other Princes to *enlarge their* Dominions and *Juriſdictions*, which *was not* till the Emperour *Conſtantine* made them *ſo bigg*, that in the Fourth Century, the *great Work* of Councils and Synods was *Perambulation*, to Mark out the *Bounds* of their παροικία, their *Pariſhes or Dioceſſes*, to keep the Peace betwixt the Encroaching Biſhops in that *Fourth Century*, called *Ambitionis ſeculum*, The Ambitious Century; not that Biſhops in *after* Ages grew *more* humble, or were Enſamples to the Flock, in Self-denial, Modeſty, Humility and *Contempt of Worldy Grandeur*, and (as they ſay *they Vow'd* in Baptiſm) *to forſake the Devil* and all his Works, *the Pomps and Vanities* of this Wicked World, *&c.* but then (*firſt*) they *begun* to be Ambitious of large Dioceſſes, *more than poſſibly they could* (ἐπισκοπεῖν, or) *overſee*; *then* they

got Journey-men, and Surrogates, and Regiſters, and Apparitors, and all that *Tribe*; to Feed *whom*, the Church-Wardens are the *Spaniels* (*Sworn*) to Hunt and Fluſh the Game, that the hovering Jar-Faulcon, the Regiſter, may Pounce them, (there's all) and *make a Prey* of Poor Sinners, never to be Redeem'd, but *by Silver or Gold.*

The Golden Key always gets Abſolution, which in Goſpel Times, and the Primitive Times, never was *purchaſed but with Tears*, in the midſt of the Congregation (as *Jerom* of *Fabiola*, *ep. ad ocean. Epiſcopo, Presbyteris, & omni populo Collachry mantibus*, &c. The Biſhops, Presbyters, and all the People Weeping for Joy at thoſe Penitent Tears; and at the Return of the Prodigal, mixing *their* Tears with *his*. (Heb. 13. 17.) *Obey them that Rule over you, for they Watch for your Souls, as they that muſt give an Account*, &c. *A woeful* and ſad *Account* muſt that Biſhop make, when God calls him to give *an Account* (which will be very ſhortly) *of his Biſhoprick*, for he ſhall be no longer Biſhop; How ought he to *Tremble at the Thoughts of it?* When inſtead of Watching for the *Souls* committed to his charge, he has only Watch't *for their Purſes*; And inſtead of Guiding them, he has *ſent out* Doctor's-Commons-men *to Watch* all *England* over *in the Biſhops Room*; (we Trace them by the Footing) at a *Viſitation*, *&c.* What have they been doing? *Citing*, Admoniſhing, *Excommunicating*, Jayling, *Abſolving*, (this Twenty Nine long Years) in all this Kingdom; What Penitents have they made? What Pennance? What Repentance? Is it not *a great Cheat* that *defeats* all Repentance? By *Commuting* (as the Papiſts and we ſay) turning *the Whores Sins* (by which ſhe got Money, they Joy in her, for they go Snips) *into Money*, and *a few great* Whores are *enow* to Maintain *all* the Eccleſiaſtical free-booters in *Doctors-Commons*, *ſhe* is the *Thief* that Pick's Men's Pockets, they the Receivers; Oh! the *Jubilee's* they make, when *the Apparitor* has *found out a Rich Whore*, and

a

a Rich Baſtard; which (leaſt they ſhould miſs) let the Church-Wardens look to it, for they Swear the *Eccleſiaſtical Spaniel* (always) *to queſt upon a Haunt*; if he do not, he is *forſworn*; Oh! moſt Precious Eccleſiaſtical Diſcipline! that *begins with Perjury, and ends with* Mercenary Repentance or *Bribery*!

Why ſhould not the King and Parliament be *as careful* of their Subjects Souls as their Bodies? For *they alſo* muſt give an Account: But, what an Irrational Account would it be, if it was to be feared, that an Enemy ſhould Land and Invade us at *Harwich* or *Canterbury*, to ſay, *I have ſet a Watchman upon the Top of* Paul's, or (to make ſure) upon the *Higher Steeple of Lambeth*? (call to the Watch-men) is the Enemy Landed at *Harwich*? How angry would they be at ſuch a non-ſenſical Queſtion? And ſay, Surely you are Mad; Do you think any Mortal Man *can ſee from* London *to* Harwich? Or, from *Lambeth* to *Canterbury*? There may be a Hundred Thouſand Enemies Landed for ought we know; How is it poſſible for us to Watch and Ward *at this diſtance*?

In the *Interim* the Kingdom *is well look't to*, and the Coaſts *well Guarded*, are they not? We are *the next Door to Ruin*, if more Watch-men be not ſet, and ſtronger Guards, which is *eaſie* and *no charge*, or expence *at all*, when *the Pay* (that *two* Watch-men have ingroſt) would *well Pay* and maintain *Forty of as good* Vigour and Ability, and (in ſome Sence) *better-ſighted*, and *better Tongu'd* Watch-men, to *Feed* and *give Warning*; Or, are the welfare of our Lands and Bodies *only the care* of Governours? And as for Mens Souls, *one Watch-man is enough* betwixt this and *Canterbury*?

But, (you'le ſay,) a Man is *but a Man*, he does *what a Man can do*? *Nemo tenetur ad Impoſſibilia*, I grant; But who *bid him undertake ſuch a Charge*, that no Mortal can *diſcharge*? Who? Who think you, but Filthy-lucre, and Ambition?

The

The Council of *Sardica* in the Fourth Century, *Anno* 347. ſaw this Diveliſh miſchief coming Trowling into the Church, and a perpetual ſtrife and conteſt about the Borders and Limits, as Litigious, as now at Doctors-Commons, about the Probate of Wills, and about Letters of Adminiſtration; namely, who ſhall get the Money, whether the *Biſhop's or Arch-deacon's Courts* of that Dioceſs where the Man Died, or elſe *a Prerogative Caſe*, by the *bona notabila*, of the value of Five or Ten Pounds, *old doings* there were; Wherefore the *ſaid* Council made a Decree (*Can.* 6.) 'That no Biſhop ſhould be made in a Village or little Town, 'for which one Presbyter might well ſuffice; becauſe it is 'not neceſſary to make a Biſhop's See there, leaſt the Name 'and Authority be rendred contemptible. There were Three Hundred and Forty Biſhops *there*, (which exceeded the Number of the General Council of *Nice*) and they took care for the Honour of their own Function) yet they add, That when the People in a Town ſhall grow ſo Numerous (*a Hundred and Fifty was the Common ſtint for a Presbyter's Care and Cure*) *Than that Village deſerves to have a Biſhop, and ought to have one.*

By this Rule, *London* had need have *more than Forty* Biſhops: And this would whet Induſtry, and make Men Study to be *Work-men that need not to be aſhamed*, leaſt the *People ſhould never chuſe them* (as *of old* they did) whereas *now* if they can but *Buy an Advowſon*, or next Avoidance, or a Patron, *&c.* Let the People go whiſtle, they are their *Feeders* and *Paſtors in Spight of their Teeths.*

But, how can Men *Reliſh* what is *Cram'd* down their Throats, (as Capon's are ſerv'd) or *given them* with a Horn *like a Drench*? This makes an Immortal Feud and *Diſguſt*, generally, betwixt the *Phyſick't Patients*, and their *Eccleſiaſtical* (not Father's but) *Farriers*, that force open their Mouths, and pour down what they pleaſe; *thus are* the People *Treated like Brutes* rather than *Men*, *and Chriſtians*, they

they are like to be *good ones*; But what cares the *Reading Lion of the Pulpit?* He crys, I am Inſtituted and Inducted, come to your Pariſh Church, the Horſe and the poor Aſs muſt Graze where he is Ty'd; I'le *Feed you* in ſpight of your Teeth: Ay, and *Starve us too*, in ſpight of our Teeth.

There is *neither Reaſon nor Religion for this*; If he were *never ſo good a Phyſitian of Souls, all he* ſays is accepted with Prejudice, and *Diſguſtful*; for let his Portion be *never ſo wholeſome*, it goes *againſt any Wiſe-mans Stomach* to be Drench't; this is the *fault* (alſo) *of our Conſtitution*, and wonderful are the *Inconveniences* that follow this, *as Animoſities Eternal* betwixt Miniſter and People, *Suits at Law* about his Maintenance, for they *Pay* as they *Hear*, only ſo much as *they are forc't to*, and as for *the Care* of their Souls, they'l *truſt him no more* than they will their Bodies *with a Phyſitian of another Mans chooſing*.

Patron's will loſe nothing by parting with their Advowſon's, not a Farthing *honeſtly*; yes, you'le ſay, he may make it a Portion for his Daughter, or to his Waiting-Maid, to a poor Parſon that *will Leap at her*.

But, this is *the worſt* of Symonies, and ſuch never thrives no more than other Symoniſts, a Curſe attends it and blaſts all; this is *Smock Symony*; in other Symonies, Money makes *the Mare to go*; but in *this*, the Jade makes the Parſon Ride, that muſt *otherwiſe* have gone on Foot.

Beſides, *the moſt of* the Livings in *England* are in the Kings Gift, or the Chancellours, or the Biſhops, or the Univerſities; few have *private* Patron's, except *Noblemen*, Gentlemen and Papiſts, the former are all *too Noble to Coyn* their Advowſon's, and the *laſt*, the *Papiſts* are very *unfit*, nay, they are *by Law* Incapacitated after Conviction.

It is certain, that, wherever *the Carcaſe is, there will the Eagles be gathered together*; every Man that is *at a loſs* for Preferment, or for *greater Preferment*, *will be ſure* to inquire, *which is the way thither?* And if *Symony*, *Smock Symony*, or a

Ceremony,

Ceremony be the way and *the Door*, *thither* the Clergy make Application, it is their *great* Aim and *Study*; thence comes the *Common Ignorance*, Lazineſs, Dead and Dull Preaching, or rather Reading, becauſe it is eaſie, *moſt in Requeſt* with the great *Don's that can do no better*, and is therefore more acceptable *than the beſt*.

But, if you make *Merit*, *the* only *way* to Preferment, than you will have a Pious, Learned, Loving and Lovely Clergy, that will go *Hand in Hand*, and Heart in Heart *with their People*, and nothing thought *too good* for them; but, *now* what they get, is only *got with Scrambling*, in all places, eſpecially *in Pluralities*.

By Pluralities, I do not mean *Two or Three Pariſhes*, for *one Pariſh* may be *Ten times more a Plurality*, (as St. *Andrews-Holborn*) than *Twenty* Norfolk *or* Eſſex *Livings* in ſome Places.

And I wiſh, that that *the Right Reverend* Clergy-man who was *ſo Sagacious* (as ſome little Animals are) to *leave the ſinking Houſe*, and therefore left his Seat in the High-Commiſſion Court, leaſt if *he ſtay'd any longer*, it had fallen upon his Head, would *alſo* be as *Sagacious*, as to leave his *Inconſiſtent Pluralites*; what Sence is it for a *Biſhop* to be a *Deacon?* For the due joyning of (*which two*) words in Conſtruction; *Subintelligitur*, *Avaritia*.

And (by way of *Parentheſis*,) now I have *Named* that High Commiſſion Court, I cannot but remember *one word* uſed by my old Friend, Lord *Jeffery*, ſoon after *in my Lord of* London's *Caſe*, repeated, *viz. Raptim*, we do all things here (quoth he) *Raptim*, raſhly, in haſte, without thinking, without conſideration, without Writing, without ſo much as a Clark, or Regiſter; Ay, the Wiſer, for *litera Scripta Manet*, (but *enough of that*) and of Biſhops, at preſent.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of Ordination, &c.

I Never could underſtand any thing by Ordination, but what Arch-biſhop *Cranmer* makes it, *a ſetting apart* Biſhops; as a Conſtable, a Juſtice, or a Judge is *Ordain'd* for ſome ſpecial work.

And the greater and more Sacred the work is, the greater and more Sacred is the Ordination.

The Church, *the whole Church did this* in the Goſpel Times and long after; ſo ſays *Jerom*, *Requiritur in Sacerdote Ordinando etiam populi præſentia*; the Peoples preſence is neceſſary when Men are Ordain'd; not as here, by a Mockery of this Ancient Cuſtom, Ordaining Men in a Congregation, who are as Ignorant as the Biſhop in Reference to their Perſon, Converſations, Learning or Abilities; but, in the Pureſt and Primitive Times, they were *always* Ordain'd *by* the Church, as well as *in* the Church, and ſometimes by Laying on of Hands of the Presbytery *alone*, as *Titus*; and ſometimes *by the whole Church*, *as Barnabas and Saul*; the Laying on of Hands was only *a Jewiſh Cuſtom* or Ceremony, *Pointing out* the Perſon Ordain'd, it was *not the Hands* did any thing, none are ſo fooliſh *to think that*, except Vertue could *go out* by touching, as when our Saviour touched the Woman (*not willingly*) which had an Iſſue of Blood; none are ſo Blaſphemouſly ſilly *as to pretend* that; indeed the *Sign* is taken often *for the thing Signified*; as, *for this Cauſe Bow I the Knee to the Father*; and *ſine ſtantibus non ſtaret mundus*; and, *neglect not the Gift of God that was given thee by the Laying on of the Hands* of

the Presbytery; by *all which Ceremonies* of Kneeling, Standing, and Laying on of Hands, is only meant *Prayers made* when they were *in that posture*; now, *who can Imagin then* that the Presence of a *Bishop* is more needful than the Presence of the Presbyters or People, except he could *Pray more Heartily*, and more Spiritually than the rest?

Which *he usually was supposed to do*, because his *Worth*, (not his Friends, Relations, Money or Kindred) *advanc't him*, in Gospel-Times, and in the Primitive Times: When *Timothy* was Ordain'd a Bishop, the Presbyters *only* did it, except Presbyters and Bishops be *only two Names* for *one* person, as undoubtedly *they are*; *after-times* did distinguish them, *how?* Only *by Precedency*, as the *Chair-Man* of a *Committee*, the *Speaker*, he that in Sessions *gives the Rule of the Court*, but *no better Men*, nor other Character then *his other Brethren the Justices*, or Members, except *for Order-sake* Precedency.

And therefore *for Order sake*, the Bishop with the Presbyters, or the Presbyters, or (in default) *any Church Member*, or *the whole Church*, might have *Layd on Hands*, as well as have *Prayed at an Ordination*, thus when the Holy Ghost had chosen *Paul* and *Barnabas*, they had their Mission *from the whole Church*, *Acts* 13. 2, 3. *Jerom* and *Chrysostom* agree, that there is *no difference* betwixt a Presbyter and Bishop, but *only Ordination*; and that was *by Custom* (as the best Man, *not as the sole* Man; he never could Lawfully Ordain but *in* his own Church, and *his own Church Members only*, and by the consent *of the rest of the Members*; for Bishops, for Three Hundred Years after Christ, had *no more Souls* in their Dioceses then they were intimately and *familiarly acquainted with*; this makes *Chrysostome* say, that (notwithstanding the Custom of a Bishops Presence at Ordination, yet betwixt Presbyters and Bishops there was *little or no* difference (*Homil.* 11. *in* 1 *Tim.*) ὃ πολὺ τὸ μεσὸν, *very little* difference; and in Scripture times *nothing at all*; *Theophilact* calls

calls it, *ferme nihil*, next to nothing; namely, *Precedency*; but the Church in Scripture, or the Faithful, Ordain'd *as many* Biſhops as was needful, and may not Presbyters Ordain now, without a Biſhop's Preſence, as well as of old in Scripture Times, or as well as Biſhops do Ordain Arch-biſhops and Metropolitan's?

But, *in Holy Writ*, if any had the *Precedency*, the *Presbyter* had it; The *Presbyter's* that are amongſt you (ſaith St. *Peter*) *I exhort, who am alſo a Presbyter* (1 Pet. 5. 1.) *no greater Titles of Honour can be given* than what *Age* and *Nature* gives, thence comes, *Sieur*, *Monſieur*, *Syre*, and *Sir*; or *Father*; Madam, a diminutive, of *Dame*, or *dam*, Madam, *my dam*, or Mother; and Age being Honourable, the greateſt Title of Honour is thence deriv'd, *Senior*, Seniore, *Seignior*, Grand *Seniore*, in *Spaniſh*, *Italian*, and *Lingua Franka*; *Presbyter* amongſt the Greeks, *Elder* or Alderman, or *Earl*, (*all is one* derivative from *Seniority*) ſo that if People be Ambitious of a Name, *Presbyter* or Earl, *Alderman* or Earl of the Church, is far before *Overſeer*, or Biſhop; whoſe Dioceſs was *at firſt* no bigger, than that he might *eaſily Overſee it*, or ſee over it, now it is *Monſtrous*.

The burden of a Biſhop is *ſo great*, and the danger greater in Male-Adminiſtration, that *Chryſoſtome* (*Homil. ult.* 33. *c.* 13. in *Heb.* 13. 17.) ſays, τὶ λέγεις? ἀγρυπνεῖ? κίνδυνον ἔχει κατὰ τῆς αὐτῦ κεφαλῆς; What ſayſt? Does he Watch for Souls? Yea, and at his Peril too; Does not the Horrid Hazard threaten his Head?

But, what cares ſome Men for the *Thunder of Heaven's Vengeance* till it *fall* upon them, they are Stouter than thoſe two Atheiſtical Emperours, *Tiberius* and *Caligula*, they would Run under Ground in Vaults and Caves when it Thunder'd; but ſome are as unrelenting as the High-Prieſt of *Rome* called *Julius Cæſar*, that notwithſtanding that he Read Divinity Lectures in *Rome* to the People, was the

greateſt Robber and Murderer in the World, and Sacrific'd to his *Ambitious and Greedy Rapacity*, the braveſt Commonwealth that ever the Sun ſaw; but he fell in the height of his Jollity, and *ſo ſhall all* miſerably, *whoſe Portion* is (as they deſire) *in this Life only*.

In ſhort, the difference betwixt *Presbyter and Biſhop* in Holy Writ *is nothing at all*; no not in *Ordinations*: As in *Africa* Presbyters did Ordain, and *ſo now*, (at this day,) in *Germany*, *France* and in the moſt Proteſtant Churches; And muſt we Schiſmatize from Scripture? And *from all the Proteſtants* in the World to follow a *Cuſtom* they got into the *Greek* Church. (Forty Cuſtoms they had *beſides this* contrary to Scripture Cuſtoms) *Chryſoſtome* being a Greek Biſhop; and *Hierom* though Writing in Latin, yet dwelling and converſing *amongſt the Greeks*, but would never make ſo bold a venter as to be a Biſhop, in thoſe times *in the Fourth Century*, when the Task was *Forty times eaſier*, becauſe the Province or Dioceſs *was Forty times leſs*, nay, *a Hundred times leſs* than now in *England* and *Wales*, beſides κατὰ πολὺν (make the moſt on't) is but *per Civitates*, alongſt the Cities, which being a Hundred in *Creet*, and the Pariſhes but Two Hundred and Seven, and not a Tenth part Chriſtians, this κατὰ πολὺν is only *fillily Conſtrued* to make ſuch Havock *as it has* both in the *State and all* true *Devotion*.

Yet *Men Drink Healths* to the Proſperity of the *Church of England*; if they mean hereby a good Health to the *Proteſtant Head of the Church*, *and the Proteſtant Members* (the *only True* meaning) with all my Heart, *let it paſs*.

But, if *by the Church of England*, they Scandalouſly mean, thereby, only *the Great Dioceſan's* that cannot poſſibly Watch over Souls, except by Implicite *Faith in the Black-Guard* of Apparitors, Sumners, Regiſters, Proctors, Canoniſts, Lay-Vicars, Vicar-Generals, Commiſſaries, Officials, Surrogates, (or *I do not know who*) at the General *Randevouz*,

devouz, and Head Quarters at *Doctors-Commons*; What an affront is this to the *True Proteſtant Church* of *England*?

I grant, that the Papiſts have all this whole Ragged Regiment, and by the ſame Names too, and for the ſame Service in their Popiſh Muſter Roll.

But, God forbid, That the *Reformed Church* of *England* ſhould Signally differ from Popiſh-Church-Diſcipline, *not ſo much* as Nominally, and *ſo little* Really, and to purpoſe, that ſome have only been Starved to Death in a Jayl, and many Hundreds (and their Families) undone, whilſt the *Smith-field* Fire's were *fierce indeed*, but the Tortures did *not laſt long*; Our Merciful Hands *made Men feel Death* long and often, before that King of Terrors *was permitted to end* the Pains: Oh! bleſſed Reformation!

Yes, you'le ſay, *our Litany* is in Engliſh, *the Maſs* Litany in Latin; and the Saints are omitted; and *Te Deum* is Sung in Engliſh, or *half Jabberd over* unintelligibly *after the Firſt* Leſſon; *We Praiſe thee, O God, We Acknowledge thee to be the Lord, All the Earth doth Worſhip thee*, &c. All the Earth? *I wiſh it did*; but in my little Travels, *I know it is falſe*; for *more than half* the Earth are Infidels to this Day: There we are *out of the Truth*, whatever be the *Tune*; And why do *all the People ſay this Verſe*? There's no Rule, *no Rubrick* for it? Or, is it becauſe the Miniſters *are Wiſe* and know better things, and therefore will give the fooliſh unthinking Mimick's leave to *tell that falſe Story*.

But, I am quite Tyred, *It is endleſs* to find fault; I had much rather ſee it amended; the Common Prayer-Book is *the more* Amiable to me *as Old Gold* is more acceptable *than New*, it has been *long tryed* and has endured the *Teſt* pretty well, which is more than can be ſaid of any other *Deſultory Prayers*, that like *New Guinees* may many times be *Counterfeit*; but as the moſt Tryed Gold will well *endure*, ſo it may ſometimes *need the Refiners Fire*.

But

But as for the ſaid *Black-Guard* of Sumners, Surrogates, Apparitor's, Informers, Regiſters, *&c.* that Live by the Sins of the People, it is as much *beyond the Art of Man* to 'mend them, as it is to *'mend a broken Cob-Web*, and when you have us'd your utmoſt skill, it will *not quit coſt*: I have *Studied the Point*, and yet am I not one jot the *better Artiſt at it*, then I was *Seven Years ago*, when my advice (*in my Naked Truth*) was to *dreſs them* according to the *Vertuoſo's-Receipt*, to dreſs Cucumbers, *viz.* After you have waſh't them, in *ſeveral* Waters, than *Salt* them, *Pepper* them, and laſtly, the *ſureſt way* to prevent their Malignity, is to *throw them on the Dunghil.* ——— *A Race.* —— *To bring the Pillory in Diſgrace. Fruges conſumere nati*, as if they were Born for no other end, but (*like Rats, Mice, Polcats*, and other Vermin) to *Eat up the Victuals*, Hunt about *for a Prey*, and Run Squeaking *up and down.*

Never was there *ſuch Church* Diſcipline, and ſuch Eccleſiaſtical Fellows to Manage it, in the whole Chriſtian World, (except amongſt the Papiſts) they indeed have the *like Harpyes*, but every Private Prieſt *there* is more *than a Biſhop here*, can take *Confeſſions*, ſearch their Entrails, and *enjoyn Pennance.*

Whereas we are Cumber'd with the ſame *great Dioceſan's*, but every Prieſt *there* has Power *to Rule* as well as *Feed* the Flock; and the word ποιμάνατε (in 1 *Pet.* 5. 2.) Signifies both, to Rule and Feed; God Commands *both* to every Presbyter, but *the Biſhops Counter-check God's Commands*, and will take *all* the weight upon themſelves, with the help of *Sumners*, Notaries, *Regiſter's, &c.* Well, *God help them*, and *forgive them*; they can take the Charge, and ſtrive for it, and think it a great Honour; Ay, *ſo it is*, if *rightly diſcharged*; (which is *impoſſible* in our preſent Circumſtances) therefore have a care that the great *Honos* be not too great an *Onus*, a Burthen heavy enough to *break the Back* of any Mortal; no Apoſtle *durſt* undertake it, but took care

to

to leave *Reſidentiary Biſhops in Creet*, one for every Two Pariſhes, when the *Tenth part of thoſe* were not Chriſtians neither; but the generality of our People alſo differ from Infidels only in Name, or the *Baptiſmal* Vow of Sureties in *Baptiſm*, (if ever they had any) and is not worth a Ruſh; nay, it is worſe than nothing, by the Perjury.

And in *Italy* at this Day they have *many Dioceſſes* that are *not half ſo bigg*, nor by half ſo Rich and Populous as the Pariſhes of St. *Andrews-Holborn*, St. *Margarets-Weſtminſter*, St. *Martins*, *Stepney*, St. *Giles*, and many others; yet not any one of theſe, is thought *a charge great enough for one ſingle Shoulder* under the Biſhop; whereas *good St.* Auguſtine *knew not how* to diſcharge *alone* the Epiſcopal Work of *little Hippo*, without *Co-adjutors*; and in the little *Teritory Adjoyning*, there were many Biſhops, (as one at the Caſtle *Synica*, near *Hippo*; another at the Caſtle *Fuſſula*, *ad Eccleſiæ Hypponenſis Paræciam* (*Auguſt. de Civitate Dei l.* 22. *c.* 8. *Epiſt.* 261. *Epiſt.* 68.) *Ecce Interim Epiſcopos noſtros, qui ſunt in Regione Hipponenſi, ubi à veſtris tanta mala patimur, convenite*: Aſſemble our Biſhops, that are in the Teritory of *Hippo*, &c. Biſhops that had a City to Govern, did not uſe *to Biſhop it*, *in the Teritory Adjoyning*; the Biſhop of *Rome* never pretended that his Dioceſs of *Rome reached beyond the City*; for at *this Day* there are *Forty Biſhops* in the *Teritory of Rome*, and of old, there were *Sixty Nine Biſhops* there, and not one of their Dioceſſes is ſo Great, ſo Populous, and ſo Rich as St. *Andrews-Holborn*.

Pope *Innocent* I. (*Epiſt. ad Deſcentium Epiſcopum Eugubi. Ep. c.* 4.) *cum omnes Eccleſiæ noſtræ intrà Civitatem Conſtitutæ ſunt.* All the Churches of my Dioceſs are within the City; and *Acts* 14. 23. A Biſhop or Elder had *but one* Church. And Biſhop *Uſher* (*Iriſh Relig. p.* 63.) ſays, *that the Dioceſs* of the Biſhop of *Dublin* in *Ireland*, did not Reach *over the City Wall*; *tantum intra muros exercet Epiſcopale Officium.*

This,

This *which I have ſaid* is enough to *Pions Biſhops*; but to ſuch as are given *to Filthy Lucre*, nothing will ſatisfie but *more Mammon*, more, *more*; even *Pope Leo* himſelf Condemns *ſuch* Biſhops, ſaying, *Dominari magis quam Conſulere ſubditis quærunt*, They make it their buſineſs to Domineer, but not to Conſult the Welfare of thoſe under their Charge: Pope *Gregory* Appointed Twelve *Biſhops* in the County of *York*, (*Reſponſ. ad* 8. *Interrog.*)

Surely our *Biſhops* and great Doctors have *contemptible thoughts* of the Common-Prayers, as a *Mean*, Underling *Office*, or elſe, *why do they put* Mean *Underling Curates, and Singing-men* (Sadlers or Coblers that can Sing (and therefore) *made Deacons* to ſerve *to Read Prayers and Sing them*, to ſome Tune; and as ſoon as that Drudgery is over, than away goes the Queriſter to his Shop,) whilſt the *Doctor* and the *Biſhop* reſerve themſelves, for the Topping Pulpit, if they ſay any thing, except *benedicite*, leaving the Common-Prayer to *Readers*, (ſome School-boys not yet Emancipated from School-dames, will *Read more Audibly* and diſtinctly than *many of them*:) In ſhort, the Common-Prayer (if 'mended) will *ſerve for a Crutch to the Lame*; and though I (*bleſſed be God*) *need none*, yet, the Crutch muſt *not be thrown out of the Church*; for *then* you muſt *throw the Parſon after it*, (generally) *all* England *over*: The Common-Prayer-Book? Oh! 'Tis *all in all*, it is a *Crutch to the Lame Parſon*, Eyes to the *Blind Parſon*, and puts *Words into the Mouth of the* (otherwiſe) *Dumb Parſon*; nay, it is *Ears too to the Deaf Diſciples*, and Mymick Ceremony-monger, the very *Otacouſticon* of the Spirit; Therefore, here's my Hand to it, *it ſhall have my Vote*, for my poor *Brethrens* ſake; upon condition, *tho'* that it be not *Cramb'd down* other Men's Throats, *that need not be ſo Fed*, but can *Chew* what they *Swallow*; and alſo *upon condition*, That we do *no longer exclude* a great Part of Holy Scripture to make Room for *Tobit and his Dog*, I mean, *The Apocrypha*.

Have

Have we not *Apocryphal*, and unſcriptural *Ceremony-mongers enow* that fill up the *Steeples* and High Places in the Church, like a *great Crack't Bell*, that is good for nothing but to fill up the Vacancy; But muſt *Apocryphal books* too Juſtle the Holy Scriptures *alſo out* of the Church? You'le ſay, the Maſs-Book *did it before* we did it: Yea, that's true; ſo a *Popiſh Intereſt alſo poſſibly* brought this great *Crack't Bell* into a *Proteſtant Steeple*, (What does it do there?) *there it Hangs*, but had never been *Hang'd ſo high*, but that it was *Crack't*, *and good for nothing but to give* an unintelligible and *Jarring Sound*, to keep out *a better*, *and in room* of a better, it will ſerve well enough to *make up* the number of the *Tea's*, *and the No's*.

Well may *this Crack't* Ceremony-monger *dread a Wiſe and a Pious*, *and honeſt Engliſh Parliament*, *more* than he fears either God or the Devil, *more* than Heaven or Hell, leaſt they *ſpy this Church-Cobweb*, (though it hang *aloft*) *and Sweep it down*, or *New Caſt this* uſeleſs *Crack't Bell*.

You may know him *by this certain Mark*; for *Conſcious* of Guilt, and *of his own uſeleſneſs* and Futility, (through Well-grounded fear) like the Murmuring Iſraelites, he *longs for the Fleſh-pots* of Egypt again, *Egyptian or Popiſh darkneſs*, which has *cover'd* (as darkneſs does) *all his faults*, this Pope *Joan* (in the dark) has been *as good as my Lady*) and a *Popiſh King* (he Joyes in) *to chuſe*, rather than *Angels Food*, Manna, (*What is it?*) he knows not, *he reliſhes it not*.

For *he loves Popery* in his Heart (as the *Carpenter* Loves *his Ladder*) becauſe *it help't him up* ſo High, to overlook his betters; Well! *let him* (*even*) *march* then, after his *Brother Cartwright*, he is *fit for nothing ſo well*, as to *Read Common-Prayer* in the French Proteſtant Chappel in the Caſtle of *Merli*.

Thus have *I run him to* an inavoidable *Dilemma*, *one* of the Horns *whereof muſt Gore* my Ceremony-monger; for,

if he *obstinately persist* in his irrational *and illegal* Ceremonies, *the Law* and the next Jury *deprives him* by his own Celebrated Act, *The Act of Uniformity*, *which* condemns all Ceremony-mongers and *all Ceremonies, not contained* in the Common-Prayer-Book; and *then the King may in* the Vacancy (without Invading any Man's Propriety, like Queen *Elizabeth*) put this unprofitable and *impossibly to be performed Nusance* to it's proper use, and *to a good use.*

But, *if he Recant*, Abhor, *Repent* and Forsake his *illegal and Popish-like* Ceremonies, we have *got the Day*, he is Converted to be a good Man; and will *then Voluntarily Relinquish that Burden*, which no Mortal can *bear*, for fear of the Torments Eternal, which *none can bear*; the saying of St. *Chrysostome* (in *Heb.* 13. 17. *Homil. ult.* 34.) will *Penetrate his hard Heart* and Seared Conscience, θαυμάζω εἴ τινα ἐςὶ τῶν ἀρχόνταν σωθῆναι &c. *I wonder* in my Heart (says he) *how it is possible for a Chief Bishop in the Church to be saved*, &c. High Priest *Aaron* said *Nolo Episcopari*, *Moses* also was as *loath to come into the* Collar, *Send by the Hand of whom thou* wilt Send, (said he) *in a Pet*, to God Almighty; *foreseeing* the dreadful Burthen: St. *Chrysostome* in that Homily says *in effect*, concerning a *great Bishop*, as one said of an *Executor*, *viz.* If I had a Mind to send a Man to the Devil, *I would make him my Executor*, and if I had a Mind to send a Man to the Devil, *I would make him a Great Lord* ——— Bless me! That Vain *Ambitious* Man should hope to Climb Heaven *by that very Sin* of Haughtiness and Pride, which made *Lucifer* a Devil.

I *well know* that in this Juncture, every *Projector is full of his Notion*, which may *do well* too in *Utopia*, but is *not Practicable* here.

And I'le Answer such *well-meaning Noddles* (as a Grave Senator of *Old Rome* did his Pious Friend, that brought him an

an excellent Model of Government) *my Friend!* This would *do well in* Plato's *Common-Wealth*, but is *not feazable for us* who live *in the Dregs of* Romulus.

But nothing is *here* propos'd but what is eaſie, good for all, Sound, Pure, Primitive and *Practicable*, as well as *Profitable*, and hurts *no body*, no, *not the great Dioceſan* and Sleepy *Fat Prebend*, in their preſent *Incumbencies* and Poſſeſſions, if they can (*with a ſafe Conſcience*) continue them.

For St. *Chryſoſtme* is bolder with *ſuch Biſhops* as are ſo addicted *to Filthy Lucre*, that he quite incapacitates them for the place, (*Homil.* 2. *in Ep. ad Tat. c.* 1.) ὁ περὶ τὰ χρήματα χολάζων, &c. ὅτως ἄναξιος *hic utindignus Sacerdotio eſt removendus*; Let him be Depos'd (*nay Degraded*) as unworthy of that Holy Function.

Some Repairs of neceſſity *muſt be done* (as the Wiſdom of a Pious King and Parliament *ſhall think Meet*) upon *thoſe that have by their Silly, Illegal*, and Foppiſh, and Popiſh-like Conſtitutions and Ceremonies *Reduc't all true Devotion* to a Meer Phariſaical and *Outſide Superſtition*, (which is alſo *very ſilly* and Non-ſenſical) *to boot*.

Does not St. *Cyprian* tell us, (*Ep.* 68.) That in the Ordination of *Sabinus*, the Biſhoprick was Conferred upon him by the *Suffrage* (that is, the *Vote*) of the *whole Fraternity*, (or Brethren) and by the Judgment of the Biſhops that Met together *in our Preſence?* &c.

That Exhortation in the Common-Prayer-Book *before the Communion*, concerning the Quieting of a Troubled Conſcience, (when *the Guilty Perſon* thinks himſelf *not Qualified ſufficiently* for the Receiving that bleſſed Sacrament) give's the *Miniſter* Power of Abſolution; that is, *Power of the Keys*, the Church-Keys (good reaſon!) *of his own Church* (whereby I Judge) that every Miniſter has Power *to looſe* what any Regiſter, or Biſhop, or Surrogate, *has bound*, if he think fit, tho' they alſo have *bound* the Spirit *down*

to Hell, or his Body afterwards *lies* bound (for want of Abſolution) *in a Jayl*; I think, a Miniſter has Power (*like Orpheus*) to fetch him back from *Satan*, but not *from the Jaylor*; Is not this to give the Power of the Keys to a Miniſter by the Statute or Common-Prayer-Book, which the Common Practice or Canons do not allow or admit? This is *to give and take again*; this is to give we *do not know what*; this is to give the Great Biſhop *more Eyes*, than thoſe ſame *large Eyes*, called *Arch-deacon's*; this is *to give* Miniſters *the Power that Chriſt gives them*, to Rule and Feed, for ποιμαίνειν in 1 *Pet.* 5. 2. Signifies both *Feed* and *Rule*, and one *as much as* the other, God has joyn'd them *together*, and Woe be to him that *Separates* thoſe whom God hath Joyned together, only to gratifie his own Ambitious and Avaritious Claw, that *Graſps* more than it can poſſibly *hold*, and by endeavouring to be Mr. *Doe all*, becomes Mr. *Doe-ill*; this is to *Mock* the Presbytery, give and take again; this is juſt like the ſilly Charm, *In-Dock, Out-Nettle*. *Ye ſhall*, ſaith the Statute; *Ye ſhall not*, ſays the preſent Diſcipline; here is Wiſe Work, and moſt confounded Claſhing, and Irreconcileable Miniſtrations Eccleſiaſtical; well, it is well (in Apology) that we can ſay, it was made in haſte; but, we have had *time* to 'mend it: Yes! but, thoſe that Steer'd then, muſt have acknowledged their Frailty, *Weakneſs* and Mortality, which Fleſh and Blood cannot deny, but is moſt unwiling to grant and *Confeſs*; which Popiſh (Engliſh, not *Italian*) Pride, (I fear) will put in a Caveat (as formerly) againſt Reformation.

Never could any Biſhop or Prieſt, (with whom I ever yet did Diſcouſe the Point, either here or beyond Sea) alledge any Reaſon, why the Presbyters ſhould not be helps in Government, rather than ſilly and Raſcally Regiſter's, Sumners, Official's, Canoniſts, *&c.* except that *the work* being divided amongſt his Brethren, in time *the Wages* would be divided alſo; whereas the *other free-booters Eccleſi-*

cleſiaſtical, or rather Mungrel's (party-per-pale,) Lay-Elders, went, *no Purchaſe no Pay*, and perhaps, gave Money *too*, to Purchaſe ſuch a Spiritual *Letter of Mart*; Ay, and get good *Booty* too by the Venture.

In ſhort, ſuch Monſtrouſly *Bulky Biſhopricks* (as now we have) has formerly been found too dangerouſly bigg for the King and Kingdom, as well as uneaſie for the People, and (like a Shooe, too bigg) uſeleſs, except it be Stuft out with thoſe ſaid *Refuſe Stuffe* and Excrements, Sumners, Regiſters, *&c.* or, if *a great Shooe*, be too diſparaging and diſagreeing a Metaphor for ſuch High-*Top Knots-Eccleſiaſtical*, (the *Pride* as well as the *Mode* of our High-Church-Men) I'le compare them to the Poor Body, that has got the Rickets, which Starves the Poor Limbs, to make a *Monſtrous great Head*, Stuft (like a Bladder) ſometimes with more Wind and Vapour than Brains; Verifying the Proverb, *A great Head and little Wit*; not, that the Diverb is always true, but it is often ſo when a Whore or a Jeſuite made that great Head; ſo, that the Head had never grown ſo *Ghaſtful a Portent*, had it not been for a very Carnal Heart.

Methink's it looks like *Tom a Lincoln*, (the great Cathedral Bell there) *too bigg for uſe*, or to call Men to Church, it would well make Ten good and uſeful Bell's, (if well Caſt) whereas now it ſerves for nothing but a ſhow; and only the Name (Rings all the Kingdom over) but good for nothing but to be Gaz'd at, and Admir'd (by Women and Fools) for it's huge Dimenſions: And is certainly a too much overgrown thing, ſince the Days of the Martyr *Ignatius* Biſhop of *Antioch*, and Contemporary with ſome of the Apoſtles, when he ſays, *Every Altar ſhould have a Biſhop*, meaning (certainly) a Presbyter, or ſome thing very little different; Nay, (in his *Epiſt. ad Smyr.*) he ſays, *It is not Lawful without the Biſhop to Baptize, or hold a Love Feaſt, or any Eccleſiaſtical Aſſembly*, &c. Certainly, then a Biſhop was

was not Omnipresent, or an *Ubiquetarian*, or else nothing like to the Bishop's Office (at this day) amongst us performed.

Shall we call those *Separate Congregations*, Schisms, *from the Catholick Church*, when they keep to the *Primitive Rule* from which *our* Constitution *has swerv'd?* What Vote Avarice and Ambition had in making such a Constitution by President from the *Hierarchy of Rome*, let others Judge, I shall not Dogmatically Determine.

But, (some say) Tho' the Bishop cannot see from the Cathedral what is done all over the County, Shires and Towns of his Dioceſs, yet he can *Ride* about, and go the Rounds, and *Visit them*; and so he is bound to Goe or Ride *once in Three Years.*

And what Improvement is made by such Tryennial Visits in any thing except his Purse, and the thing he calls Confirmation? Can he possibly be a sufficient Shepheard and Bishop of Souls, or Physitian of Souls, that has not so much as spoke with (or Visited) one of a Thousand in his Dioceſs?

Nay, grant that he do nothing else all the Year (*if it be not a Parliament Year*) but Visit his Flock, we'le grant him for every Town, Village or Parish Two or Three Days in one Year, and by that Account, in that Two Days, he cannot have Examin'd above the Tenth Part or Tythe of the Parish, nor heard their Causes and Complaints, for above *one Tenth Part*, and what shall become *of the other Nine?* Nay, what shall become of that same Tenth Part till the next Years Visit; the Patient may be *Dead* in that time, as well as *all the Nine*, that get no Relief from his Episcopal Hands.

Oh! but other Curates, Journey-men, and Apparitors, *&c.* do the Work for him; that *Surrogated folly* has been sufficiently Answered already; not but that sometimes he may by Implicite Faith, Shooting at Rovers, hit the Mark, but it is as the Blind-man Shot the Crow, more by Luck than by Wit.

In

In ſhort, when a Bounteous Prince *Publiſhes the Banes*, betwixt a Needy, *Greedy* Doctor, and a Great *Fat*, Bulky, *Unweildy* Biſhoprick, the *Match* is ſoon *made* up, generally, tho' Conſcience (*Startled a little* at the Tremendous Account and Impoſſibility and Impotency of Performance) does *Whiſperingly* perhaps *forbid the Banes*; Avarice and Ambition are *Loud* and *Lewd* Speakers, and can ſoon *ſilence the Whiſper* of a Conſcience, that like ſome Drowzy Judge, is ſcarcely awake, when he Paſſes Sentence: And the Contract once Solemnized publickly in the Church, the Divorce is not ſo eaſie.

No? It not the *Divorce eaſie* in caſe of Impotence, and Impoſſibility of giving the Church due Benevolence, *the only* Deſign and *End* of ſuch a Contract? The *Civilian's* Cheat us, if ſuch an Impotence be not a ſufficient, a *Lawful* and neceſſary *Cauſe of Divorce*; Nay, worſe, it is (ſome ſay) *ipſo facto* void, where there is *Error perſonæ*, or not a fit Man for the turn: But, I'le urge no Parabolical Arguments ſo farras (if I liſt) I can make them go; if before God, and *in foro Conſcientiæ* they can Anſwer it, I leave them to thoſe Two Judges; Is it any wonder to ſee a Church *Barren and Unfruitful* of any thing, but *Puppet-like, and Apiſh*, as well as Irrational Ceremonies, Superficial and *Perfunctory Devotions*, (the *only Fruits* of ſuch *Decrepit* Sons of the Church) which are *begot*, when *Impotency* is ſupply'd by *Fumbling* Regiſters, Apparitors, Lay-Chancellours, or Lay-Elders, and forſworn Church-Wardens?

St. *Paul* (indeed) had upon him *the Care of all* the Churches; namely, to Adviſe them, and leave Presbyters and *Biſhops* to Guide, Rule and Feed them, but, did not Excommunicate, or Ordain by Implicite Faith: When Presbyters were Ordain'd, he left *the whole Government* and Management of the Church to their Care and Prudence; but he never undertook the Load of a whole County, Two or Three, upon his own ſingle Shoulders, leaſt with ſuch a Weight

Weight he could never Mount Heaven, but rather be Caſt down to the Nethermoſt Hell, *and become a Caſt-away* by Male-Adminiſtration, and Impoſſibility of performing that Office and undertaking. The Apoſtle himſelf could not Manage a Plurality.

A Plurality? What's that? Not ſuch a thing *as it is commonly* taken and *Accepted* to be, *viz. Two or Three Poor Pariſhes*; for *One Pariſh* (ſuch as St. *Andrews-Holborn*) has *Twenty times more People* than Twenty Country Pariſhes, (ſo unequally are Pariſhes Divided) both as to *Numbers* and *Eſtates*: A Plurality then is more People than *any one Man* can probably *Viſit and Regard*, either by Reaſon of their *Numbers*, or *diſtance of Place*; no Men did Rule or Feed the People (in the Scripture Times, Pureſt and Primitive Times) by *Proxies*, Journey-men-*Curates*, Sureties, *Regiſters*, Surrogates, or *Implicite Faith*; 'tis Non-ſence all over, as well as Irreligious, until Blind-men can *learn to See* (as our Great Men do now) *by other Mens Eyes*, and Implicite Faith: I grant, that the Blind beggar of *Bednal-Green* did do his buſineſs, *by the Eyes of his Dog and a Bell*, and got (they ſay) thereby a great Eſtate; but, ſtill, in Spiritual's, *it will not hold* good, and if it would, it would be no great Honour for a Biſhop, to be Accounted, The Great *Blind-beggar-Eccleſiaſtical*; yet, ſo he muſt always *begg the Queſtion*, and do his great Church-works, by Blind Implicite Faith, or elſe, he cannot poſſibly do buſineſs.

Therefore, ſome Repairs muſt *of neceſſity* be done, and in time too, or elſe a Church ſo Crazy in her Diſcipline, and ſo Non-ſenſical in her Ceremonies, cannot ſtand long, prop it how we can.

The Papiſts uphold theirs with Dragoons, Conſtables, Jaylors, Sumners, Regiſters, Hang-men, and the Inquiſition, with Curſes, *Anathema's*, *Capiaſſes*, Tortures and Jayles; if any body make Experiment of *Like* Props, they'le find them Rotten and give them the ſlip now in theſe Days, and God

God help us, when Governours (whose Duty it is) to Reform, do neglect so long, (as Fifty Years ago in *Scotland*) till *the People* could bear no longer, and *took them to do*; but, the People are but *Tinker-like Reformers*; if they mend one hole, they make two.

Force and Jayles, Impositions, *&c.* might do in the Days of Ignorance; A *German Writer* tells us, 'That the People 'were so silly there, (before *Luther's* time) and so Devout-'ly Priest-ridden, that if the Priests had bid them, they 'would have *Eat Grass*, as our Asses and Jades do.

But, those happy Days are *done* and past; nor must we expect such success; formerly the Priests were the only Clerks, the only Schollars, and the *Gentry* went to no School, but the *Dancing-School*; but now quite contrary, the Gentry are the most *Accomplish't Vertuoso's*, in *true* knowledge, and the great Accomplishment of a *Clergy-Ceremony-monger*, is to go to learn *his* Cringings, Bowings, and *Alamode Postures Ecclesiastical* at the two *Academies*, (those two Fountains) of such *Dancing-literature*, and Modish Ceremonies; wherein, being pretty well improv'd in Seven Years, in so hot and long a Skirmish of *Ergo versus Ergo*, it is but Addressing to some cast Chamber-maid, or Groom to a *Patron that has a void Living* in his Gift, and he is forthwith, by the help of Implicite Faith, made free of the Pulpit; This may be done, because it is frequently done, and *then* the Flock are not guideable by such a Novice; but go to the Conventicles and seek out for better Pastures; *What then?* Then they are Presented; and what then? *Then* the Registers *Shears* them, takes their Fleeces, and let's them go, to gather *more Wool* against the next Cliping-time, *the next Visitation*, which begins (as all other matters of that Nature) with a *Nomine Domini*, a Sermon, then call over the Clergy, to be ready to pay their Visitations to the Registers, whilst the *Bishop's great Eye*, (Mr. Arch-deacon) is geting himself a Stomach to his Dinner,

with Wine and Oysters; the next Question is, —— Is Dinner Ready? Then, after Dinner, call what's to pay; there the poor Clergy must pay again after Dinner, when they had payd for it *once before*, in their Procurations, and Synodals, *before they Eat a bit*; well, the World grows worse and worse; Old Bishop *Humfrey* Late Bishop of *London*, did, indeed, makes us pay our Visits, or Procurations (intended and given at first) to bear charges, and pay the *Common Reckoning*, and, so *he* did; we never payd *Twice*, but that Innovation came in, as soon as he was Dead.

Then after Dinner to Church they go again, (when the Clergy are Shorn) to do as much to the Church-Wardens, and *Swearing them* to be *forsworn*; (for no Man ever *did* or *can* keep that Oath,) sometimes a Church-Warden pays Four or Five Shillings, sometimes Two Shillings and Four pence; the *Sell-Soul* seldome refuses ready Money, then *take in* their Presentments, and having thereby notice *where* the *Covy lies*, by the help of his Stalking horse, (*the Apparitor*,) he catches some *to be sure* in his Net, whence they *never escape*, but with the loss of some Feathers at least.

Well, may the Fops say, *Here's a Health to the Church of England*, for never did *any* Sickly *Church* stand in *more need* thereof; if by the Church, they mean, the said *Black-Guard* and *Ragged Regiment* of Sumners, Jaylors, Sworn (I had almost said, forsworn) Church-Wardens, Apparitors, Registers, Surrogates, Officials, and Ceremony-mongers; here's an Ecclesiastical Body of a Church for you, the like of it, is *no where in the World*; for though the Papists have *the same Tools*, and for the same use, *and by the same Names called and known*, yet every Priest Secular, (besides the *Swarming* Monks, and Itinerary Fryer's) performs *more Ecclesiastical Discipline*, in their way, then the best Bishop does here, in making Penitents; Is it not high time for our Governours to Imitate our Blessed Saviour, and make a Whip of small Cords, and Slash these *Ecclesiastical-money-changers* out of the Temple?

When

When *Curs get into* the Church, the Sexton does not ſtand asking *how they came in* (when he ſees the Doors ſtand open) but *Whips* them out: Even ſo, it is a folly to ſpend time in inquiring *how* theſe Ceremony-mongers, and Ragged Regiment got *ſo high* into Church, but Slaſh them out: For tho' the favour of a *Jeſuite* or a *Court-Whore*, might have done Wonders in puting a great *Flapping-Cap* upon my Ceremony-monger's-head, yet I cannot Imagine how they could open his Skul and put in more Brains, except Schollars and Wits could be made, (*like Knights*) by Dubbing, or as Kings make *Lords*, by *Letters Patents*.

Not, but that *the Vulgar*, and the *Fool himſelf* thinks himſelf *ſome body* for Wit, and knowledge (*forſooth*) Vertue and Valour, *more then before* his Father or Elder Brother Dyed, or before he got (*I know how*) to be a Court-favourite.

But, Anatomize and Rip him up, and you will not find him to be made of Clay *one jot more Refined* (then other Mortals by the *Sound* or Title of Honour;) but he that was a Fool and a Coward *before*, is ſo *ſtill*, tho' he had *Fools Fortune*, the luck to have a King for his *God-father*, and to give him *a Name*, but, in *all other* reſpects, he is *juſt as God* Almighty *made him*, and as his Sin and Ignorance has Polluted him, only *a great deal more Lofty*, and Confident, (*I dare not ſay*) *Impudent*, Proud and High.

But the *Canons of our Church* (now in force, I'le prove) foreſeeing the *Arrogance* Eccleſiaſtical, took care (as well *as our Saviour did*) to prevent *it*; nay, even in *Minute matters*, ſuch as *that*, namely, *That a Biſhop ſhould not ſuffer a Presbyter* (his Reverend Brother) *ſo much as to ſtand bare*, or keep off his Hat in his Preſence, and Imitate our Saviour in *Waſhing* his Diſciples *Feet*; *both of thoſe* Significant Ceremonies had no other meaning, but the Ruin of Prelatical Pride, which *begun* amongſt the very Twelve Apoſtles, *as ſoon as ever* they came from Receiving the Sacrament, or *firſt Holy Supper*, they fell a Juſtling each other for the Place, being

at Strife amongſt themſelves, who ſhould be Pope, or Arch biſhop.

Juſt like the Mother of *James* and *John*, the Love of Prelatical Pride made her *Pray* (ſuch was the height of her Devotion) that *her Sons might ſit* Cheek by Jowle with our Bleſſed Saviour *upon the Throne*, one on the Right Hand, and the other on the Left, let not my Ink (*herein*) ſeem too Corroſive; it is the more proper Remedy to cure this *ſpreading*, Canerous, and *Eccleſiaſtical Ring-worm*, that defaces the Beauty of a Church man, making him more like *Lucifer* then *Chriſt*, who was *meek and lowly*.

I have compar'd *Popiſh* Prelacy (which I have *ſeen* beyond Sea, as well as *Read of*) with *our Engliſh* Prelacy, and I Profeſs in the Preſence of Almighty God, and *before* Men, that I could not diſcern any the leaſt difference, *within* nor *without*, more then what was between two Crows-Eggs; no *ſpecifical* difference, but moſtly *Individual*, and where there is any difference, the Papiſts have *much more* Reaſon for *theirs*, then we for *ours*.

For an *Italian* Biſhop has not the Hundredth part ſo big a Dioceſs, neither in Numbers, nor Extent, as is the Biſhoprick of *London*; nor ſcarce a Twentyeth part of the Value; and yet in that little Extent of a Dioceſs he has a Hundred times more Presbyters to help him in Diſcipline, or Pennance, then the Biſhops of *London*; we are ſuffered *indeed* (if we pleaſe the Biſhop) to Preach ſometimes, or to *Feed*, but as to Church-Diſcipline, we are juſt ſo many *Cyphers*; (the Papiſts defraud the People *of half* the Sacrament, and the Biſhops take from their Brethren the Presbyters *half the Work* of a Presbyter; that they may be the *Domini Doe-alls*, and yet they cannot do at all, except by *Sell-Soul Regiſters*, and Sumners, *of whom* a Presbyter is but the *meer Eccho*! What a Church have *we got*? The *Ruling* Elder, in Scripture, is worthy of double Honour, but *eſpecially the Preaching* Elder, that Labours in the Word and Doctrine, but quite contrary

trary with us: For the *Preathing Elder is no body* to the Regiſter, Biſhop or Arch-biſhop, who if they be not Ruling Elders, are (ſome of them) nothing at all; for Preach they do not, Rule they cannot, except by Proxy, Sureties or God-father's, and Implicite Faith; Where lies their chief uſe then, more then of *old*, *obſolete*, and Antiquated Statutes, long laid aſide amongſt old Almanacks, and out of Date?

Ay, ſay ſome, but old things, and old Men muſt not be *caſt away*: No, God forbid; no more then Novices or little Children; but, woe be to that Land whoſe King is a Child, and the Land Rul'd by Sureties, God-fathers, Proxies, and Adminiſtrators; ſo woe be that Church whoſe Eccleſiaſtical Men are Novices, or Antiquated, and Twice Children; an old Lawyer is not caſt away, when he caſts himſelf off, as unfit for the Bar, being half Deaf, and half Blind; 'tis time to have done, when Nature gives a Man—his *Quietus eſt*.

Oh! but no matter who does the work, (*ſay ſome*) yet the *Profits*, the *Profits*, the Wages, the *Wages*.

To that, I'le Anſwer; *Avarice*, *Avarice*, (which made an Apoſtle Sell his Lord) the *Work*, the *Work*, which none but a God that is *Omnipreſent* can diſcharge honeſtly, except by Deputies and *Curates*, a *Name unknown* in Scripture, and the Primitive Church, till Pride and Covetouſneſs would ſtoop to that Load that is enough to break the Back of any Mortal; *bonâ interim Conſcientiâ fremente intùs & objurante ſaltem ſuſurrante meliora*; we hoped, and are ſtill not without ſome hopes, that as we have lately chang'd our Popiſh Task-maſter, our Popiſh Bondage alſo would have been eaſed; for it is meer Hypocriſie, and Mocking of God, to make a Thankſgiving for our Deliverance from Slavery and Popery, if we be *only Tranſlated*, *Latin* into *Engliſh*, and the Amendment *only in words*, meer words, of the ſame Tenour and Signification, and are really Comrades Eccleſiaſtical and Prelatical, whom our Lord has Condemn'd, in every thing, except for Order or Methods

ſake,

ſake, our Saviour has paſt a Sentence againſt all Spiritual Lordſhip, but Temporal Lordſhips, and *Temporal Lords only does he* admit, *Excluſo Clero.*

I know not how, when, or how ſoon it ſhall come to paſs, but the time ſhall come, (I'le ſay with my Saviour —— *Mat.* 15. 13.) *that every Plant which my Heavenly Father hath not Planted, ſhall be Rooted up.*

The Devil and the Popes made certain Laws called Canon Law; and to encourage Men to Profeſs *the* Magick or *Black Art*, a thing was advanc't called *a Profeſſor* or *Doctor of Cannon-Law*, and we are ſuch Wiſe Reformers as to Chuſe our Officials, Commiſſaries, Regiſters, and Chancellours out of this Rubbiſh; It will coſt a Man honeſtly 500 *l.* before his Son can be *Free* of the *Sell-Soul Trade*; but then; *then*, when he happens to have a *Sell-Souls Place given* (given ſaid I? Fool that I am! I mean granted) to him, when he gets underſtanding to know the Engliſh of *Conſiderat is Conſiderandis*, or the meaning of a Gratuity, an Income or a Fine, he may get the Devil and all of Money, and a Purſe as large as his Conſcience. As for Inſtance: I my ſelf Read an Abſolution in my Church of *All-Saints*, ſent to me from *Doctors-Commons* to Publiſh, in Pain of the Law; namely, I muſt Cure a Young Lady, by Abſolving her, that was Excommunicated for breaking her Leg, or coming before her time; and becauſe ſhe was loath to Repent, ſhe Puniſh't her Purſe, ſent up the Guinees to Doctors-Commons, where a Proctor (that ſhall be Nameleſs, for 'tis uſual) Swore in my Preſence before the Vicar-general, *in animam Dominæ*, for the Soul of his Miſtriſs (the ſaid Young Lady whom he never ſaw, nor ever will ſee, for ſhe is Dead) that he did believe her very Penitent, for her Sin of Fornication; 'tis true, ſhe never ſpoke to him, nor to the Regiſter, nor to the Vicar, nor Surrogate, nor to any of that Rabble, but her Guinees did, to my knowledge; this is no telling Tales out of School, for I always defy'd them and all their Works, they are ſo Profligate, and Proſtitute, without ſhame, or Conſcience.

A Whore in *Rome* may have a Pardon or Abſolution for a *Julio* or two, and for Twelve Royals (*a Noble* Engliſh Money) in *Spain* or *Portugal*; but our *Sell-Souls* have no Conſcience in them, if they get a Rich Whore into their handling: Beſides, The Papiſts Colour over *the Pick Pocket Rapin*, with Enjoyning ſome Penance, as to ſay Forty *Ave-Maries*, or ſit all Night Naked upon a Cold Stone, to Cool and Mortifie them at leaſt, to Colour the Robbery of their Purſes; but our Diſciplinarians bareface't, bid you deliver your Purſe, (full of Guinees ſometimes) or elſe go to Pound, or *Pinfold*, (the Devil) and Jayle; but open your Purſe, and you ſhall not need to open your Mouth, and Confeſs your Sins.

I have ſeen a great part of *this* Moyety, or one ſide of the Globe of the World, and ſomewhat of the other Hemiſpheres beyond the Æquator, but in all my Travails, Reading or Diſcourſes, I never met with ſuch a Rotten, Senceleſs, Shameleſs Church Diſcipline as ours is, for it is nothing but a Money-matter, without any Sconce, or Colour; the Papiſts are as bad, but more Cunning and Modeſt Sinners, they have ſome Cloak for their Knavery: They Worſhip Mammon their God, as much as any Church of *England* Man does, but they make ſome pretence of Pennance, and Repentance.

Nor is there *a Church of* England-*man* that will ever come to Heaven, but, before he comes there, he will and muſt thank me (or ſuch as me) for ſtopping his Career to Hell, (full Speed) without Check or Remorſe; they'le find, that neither Almighty God, nor the People will long be Mocked.

If they can defend their *Baal* and *Babel* like Chriſtians, Schollars or Gentlemen, let them come forth and Anſwer me; but, hitherto they never durſt Encounter my Naked Truth's but with a Pick't Jury, that Credited a ſingle Witneſs, in Contradiction to Five unconcern'd and unbyaſt, as well as ſubſtantial Witneſſes; (but neither God nor any King has Pardoned Perjury, there is a time for all things.) It was well for him, as well as for me, that I fell into the Hands of a Noble Perſon, that Scorn'd to make Money of his Honour, promiſing upon his Honour, that he would never take advantage of that Verdict of 2000*l.* till I ſhould Commit ſome other Crime, that might deſerve ſo great a Penalty; whereas Truth, and Reformation is ſo far from being a Crime, that none can have ſuch a Thought, but an Atheiſt, or he that deſies all Honeſty and the God of Truth.

The God of Heaven then has Decreed, that Pride and Cruelty Prelatical, ſhall have a ſudden and a Dreadful fall; ſtand clear there, and look to your Heads, for Prop it; and Shoulder it up who will,

will, they have been and ſtill ſhall be Buried in its Ruines.

Oh! but the *Popiſhly Invented* Writ *de Heretico Comburendo* is taken away by Act of Parliament! Yea, I do not ſay that Prelates Burn Diſſenters, (they cannot if they would) but there has been Ten times more Ruine to Families by Cruel and long Impriſonments, by Vertue of that *other Popiſhly Invented* Writ, *de Excommunicato Capiendo*, that had the ſame Original and End with the *Burning-Writ*; they were neither of them Plants which my Heavenly Father hath Planted, and therefore you know their Doom.

Pillories, Exceſſive and Unmerciful Fines; (the late Cruel Whipings of Gentlemen is a new Invention, the *Welſh* Monſter muſt have the Honour of that baſe Cruelty, that even the Bloody *Romans* never uſed to any that out-liv'd the Infamy, nor to any, but ſuch as were Condem'd; Does not the *Welſh Perillus* deſerve to Roar by reaſon of his own Brazen Bull? That the *Welſh* Blood of his Back may Refund a little for the *Engliſh* Blood ſo ſhamefully Slaſh't out, and Spilt; but, (I ſay,) Pillories, Exceſſive and Unmerciful Fines, *Impriſonments Eternal and to Death*, (deviſing thereby Hell upon Earth,) Cropping off Ears, Impoſing of ſilly Ceremonies, and Arbitrary Taxes, and Oppreſſions, (in the Reign of little Arch-biſhop *Laud*) were the occaſion at leaſt (I well remember) of ſo many Diſſenters, & the Peoples pretence (at leaſt) of Riſing in Arms, which were not laid down, with his Death, nor the Crimes & Blood Expiated, but by Commiting greater, in an unnatural, and Bloody Civil War of Twenty long Years ſtanding.

But, the Sarcaſme put upon Arch-biſhop *Laud*, by (*Archee*) the King's Jeſter, I cannot forgive, in any other Man; namely, when at his Requeſt, King *Charles* I. admitted the Fool *to ſay Grace*, (his Grace little Doctor *Laud* then in Preſence) *viz.*

Great Praiſe be given to God, And little *Laud* to the Devil.

For Prelates, were *the Peoples* Love and *Hate*.
Cry'd *down*, and once (*by Chance*) cry'd *up* of late;
(In Rancour to the Pope and Popiſh State)
And Engliſh Popery ſhall have the ſame fate,
(With laſt Years Almanack) quite out of Date.

For a Ceremony-monger (that Church-Cob-web) can no more be mended (as aforeſaid) then other tatter'd and broken Cob-webs, and if you could, 'tis not worth the while; a Broom will do it: However, ſome repairs are as ſpeedily as neceſſarily to be done; leaſt *England* become Allegorically Famous (as *Denmark* is in a literal Sence) for abundance of *Wood-Cocks*, with long Bills, *gay-feathers*, narrow Tongues, and little Brains.

FINIS.

4106 L.62.

ex dono Thompe 1841

Liber Josephi Jacob
Ex dono Dom: Oliverij Cromwell armig.
April 25th 1649

THE
Ceremony-Monger,
HIS
CHARACTER.

you love his Life and Soul, *let him have his* Common-Prayer-Book, or else his Curate will have nothing *in the World to do*, but must be forc'd to turn *Sexton*; why should not the *Dead* bury the *Dead*? The dead *in Sin*, bury the dead *for* Sin, to so lifeless and spiritless a thing is Religion reduc'd by my Ceremony-monger; nay, some of them in their pretended *Prayer before* Sermon, do mock both God and the People, Praying, or *pretending to Pray as the Mouth of the People* in the Pulpit, and yet (like good *Hannah's private Prayer*) their *Lips* only move, but *their Voice* is not heard.

Old *Eli* thought the good Woman was Drunk or a Fool, to talk to her self; but she designed only *private* Prayer.

But certainly this *Master of the Ceremonies*, is either a Fop or a Mad-man, or else takes *all the People for Fops* of his own making, to have only a handsome gaze at the Parson, whilst he Acts his *Mummery* in the Pulpit.

Why does the Pulpit stand aloft? But that the Preacher should lift his Voice *like a Trumpet*, that all the Church may *Hear*, or else what does he do there? The Papists indeed do vindicate *Pictures in Churches*, as being the *Lay-man's History*, though he know *not a Letter* in the Book, his *Eyes may read by seeing* a Picture; and thus my Ceremony-monger brings up his *Fop's in Ignorance*, and *ignorant Devotion*; they know nothing of the matter, and cannot say *Amen*, to they do not know what; it is no matter for that, for (just like Popish Mass, called *Secreta*, which the Priest mumbles to himself, so) our Foppish Ceremony-monger that must be *like a Popish Priest*, (or else perhaps, he had never come to so *high* a Pulpit and place in the Church) he must *mumble too* his Prayers (though in Pulpit) to *himself*, because 'tis *just as the Popish Priests do*, that make as if the *People need not* pray, nor believe; the *Priest* prays for them, and *believes for them*; keep them blind, *says the Priest*, and then you may lead

lead them by the Nose, which way you please; O *poor English Fops!* To be *fopt* by an *Old Fop*, that is as much or *more an Hypocritical Knave* than a Fool.

And I am the more apt to believe it now, because the *Mumbling Hypocrites*, never mumbled *so much and so long in the Pulpit-Prayer* before Sermon, as now-a days in *this Juncture* and Revolution in the Kingdom, and *change in the Throne*; to pray for the *Abdicated King*, would be to *own him and Popery* with his Mouth, but he dare *not* do that, they have *only his Heart* at present.

And to Pray for their Sacred Majesty's, our Soveraign Lord and Lady, King *William* and Queen *Mary*, they are such *Strangers to his Heart*, that he chuses rather *not to pray* at all, in his own *Prayer before Sermon*; or not at all *to be heard*, till such time, as it may be gues's'd, *He had done it to himself*, talking (as they say Witches do) to himself in the *Pulpit*, most prophanely *mocking God and the People*, by pretending to speak, when he only *mumbles* with his Lips; for if his Voice be heard, the crafty Hypocrite thinks that *some Body will tell* (because his Tongue tells) *who he is for*: Whereas now the *Fox lies learing* and lurching, to see *which King will get the better*, and *then* (and not till then) *he will declare himself*, and in the *Interim*, this Ambo-dexter *reserves himself*; for he is true *to no Interest*, nor to any Religion, but that which most tends to the Advancement of his only God, *Mammon*, and his Curate only runs the Risque, in Praying for King *William*, and Queen *Mary*.

In short, (for I am quite *tired* and sick of him) his *Church-Work* is just like his *Church-Clock*, moved extraneously by *outward* Weights, *Wheels*, Springs or *Plummets*, but has no *inward* or spiritual *Life* or Motion; *such* is his Prayers, *such* his Sermons, (though he have a Budget-full) *Dead*, dull, *spiritless*, lifeless, *frigid*, and perfunctory Devotion; he never converts any Man, except to *silly Ceremonies*, because himself *is not* converted to any thing *else*; his Words die before they *reach* the Heart of his Hearers, for how can they well

come

come to *the Heart* of his Auditors, when they never came *in*, *nor from* his own Head nor Heart; he is the *great Stock-Logg* of the Church, that has neither Fire nor heat within, the little he has, is *all outside*, ſuperficial, and *without*; it takes up a great deal of *Room* indeed, but 'tis good *for nothing* in the World, but the dunghil; he is *that Salt* that has *quite* loſt it's Savour, if ever he had any, and good for nothing but to *be troden under Foot of Men*; and reliſh'd by none but ſuch as have *loſt* their Taſte, or *never had* any.

I'll tell you how you may be quit of this *Eccleſiaſtick Copy-holder*; all his *Tenure* and *Title* to the Pulpit is *Copy-hold*, get but his Notes or *his Copies* from him, and the Pulpit *will not* hold him, he muſt come down and hire a *Journey-Man of more Skill*, if any ſuch can be had for Money, ſo to debaſe himſelf to be *Surrogate to a rich Fop*, that with his *ſilk Caſſock* and *Scarlet Hood* runs away with the *Gains*, whilſt poor *Threadbare-Crape* takes all the *Pains*.

Yet, even theſe are *ſcarce to be had* for Love or Money; for the *Ceremony-monger* has ſo polluted the fountains of Learning the *Univerſities*, that where ſhall a man *ſooner meet* with noyſie Impudence, and gingling Nonſence, (*a ſounding Braſs, and tinckling Cymbal*) then in the two great *St. Maries* Pulpits in the *Univerſities*?

So that *if God be not the more* merciful, and Their Sacred Majeſties the *more careful* of their Academies, the *generality* of the Clergy muſt be *like the Scribes* and *Phariſees*, (in our Saviour's time) *Painted Sepulchres*, Gay *without*, fine Ornaments *without*, but *within*, nothing but Rottenneſs and *dead Men's Bones*.

Juſt as we were in the Church of *England* (*I remember*) fifty years ago, *in the Reign of* that great Maſter of Ceremonies, *little Doctor Laud*, that did ſo diſcountenance *lively and edifying* Sermons, or almoſt any Sermons, that a Man muſt have travell'd for it, *and far too*, if he heard any thing but the

the *Common-Prayer* and *Organs*, above four times in a Year. Indeed, *now* there is so many Sermons in *Print*, that we have *plenty in the Pulpit*, though generally such discrepant, Heterogeneous, and Immethodical Stuff, as being compos'd of several Printed Sermons, a patch *here*, and a patch *there* describ'd, that they are like a *Beggars-Coat*, or a Taylor's Cloak bag, made up of party-colour'd *Lists* and Patches,) They are so *dis-compos'd by the Plagiary*, in wise Prudence, like a Thief that takes *by-Roads* for fear of being *known*, pursued, *found out*, and taken by the *Hue and Cry*.

Therefore *this Plagiary Reader*, conscious of Guilt, *disguises all Discovery*, if possible, like the crafty *Hare* that makes *false Steps and Doubles* in the Snow, when she is *near her form*, for fear of being *track'd* by her Steps, and *Trac'd*.

Thus this *Chattering Jay* has nothing good about him, but the Gay Feathers, his Carcass is worth nothing but to Dung the Land; so that the *Church*, you see, can breed *Vermine* as well as the *Barn*.

CHAP. IV.

Of Reading the Psalms, Te Deum, Athanasius's *Creed*, &c. *Alternately, every other Verse*, by the People.

THis is *such another* Nonsensical Ceremony, that it is *Point-blank* against Holy Scripture, as well as *against Reason* and Edification; and neither *Canon* of the Church nor *Rubrick*, or Rule in the Common-Prayer-Book, to vouch it, and punishable therefore, by the Act of *Uniformity*.

If so, then *where is the Brains* (you'll say) of all our *Ceremony-Mongers*? Where *do you say*? They are *there* where they *always were*, but never *Consulted* in any of these Ille-

gal and ſilly Ceremonies, *further then, whether are they like* Popiſh Ceremonies? That's the *Teſt*, that's the *Teſtimonial* that firſt gave them *Entrance* into a Proteſtant Church; and the Papiſts finely laugh at us and deride us, for being *their Apes* (as I have heard the popiſh Fryars *beyond Sea* jear at us for the *Mimickry*) *grave Engliſh Noddles*, that have *no other Reaſon* nor Religion for *what they do*, but that they are the *Pope's Baboons*, in ſpight of Holy Scripture, Right, Reaſon, true Religion, and the Laws of the Kingdom.

This *confuſed Noiſe* of the People, is not *Articulate*, but an *unintelligible* and brutiſh *Braying*, one Man's Voice drowns *the Accent and Articulation* of another, and therefore *is no more* intelligible than the *Latin-Maſs*, and (I ſuppoſe) that the *beſt Reaſon* that can be given for it, is, that it keeps the people *ignorant* (if they cannot read) *of at leaſt one half* of the Pſalms.

The *next* ſtep may be (if this be ſuffered) that the people ſhall read *one half of the Chapters* two; and then *though the vulgar cannot be kept altogether* from hearing the Scripture, they ſhall be debarr'd *one half*; in time, we may go further, we are juſt in the Popiſh *Road, that debars* the vulgar from the *whole* Scriptures.

Read but the 1 *Cor.* 14. 11. 23, 26, 31, 33. And if you fear God, you *will never do ſo any* more; *Latin* Prayers, or Prayers *in an unknown* Tongue, or an *unintelligible Tongue* alſo, are Prophecies or Preachments in an unintelligible Tongue (by the Confuſion *of which, God is not the Author*) but the *Devil and the Pope invented* theſe Confuſions, by them *to beget* the Mother of *Popiſh and Ceremony-mongers* Devotion, *Ignorance* For (ſaith St. *Paul*) in that 1 *Cor.* 14. 11. If I know not *the meaning of the Voice*, I ſhall be unto him that ſpeaketh *a Barbarian*, and he that ſpeaketh, ſhall be *a Barbarian unto me*.

Here

Here is *a plain Scripture againſt* this confuſed Noiſe, no man can know *the meaning of a Voice that is not Articulate*; But what cares a Ceremony monger for *Scripture?* Give him his *God*, give him his *Mammon*, give him his *popiſh Mimickry*; But whilſt he makes himſelf *a popiſh Ape*, he makes dull *Engliſhmen* both *Apes* and *Aſſes*.

All the reaſon that *ever any of them can* give for this *profane Folly*, is, that the *Singing boys do it*, and the *great Heads do it*, and therefore, the ſilly people, *like the Papiſts*, ſay, muſt not we *believe and practice as the Church believes and practiſes?* meaning, by the Church, *the Clergy*, the rich, the great, and the *gay Clergy*.

And if this *muſt be* a Reaſon, why may we not *as well* believe and practice as doth the Pope of *Rome*, as well as any *old Innocent* here *at home?*

We talk of *hating Popery* in *Italy*, we do well; but *not a jot better* for us, if we follow *the ſame implicite Faith* in *England*, that the *Italians* do in *Rome*.

Thus the Prophets *prophecy falſly, and the Prieſts bear Rule by their means; and my people love to have it ſo, and what will ye do in the end thereof?*

Let all things be done *to edifying*, (ſaith the Apoſtle) and *ye may all Prophecy* (or read) for if *Reading be not Preaching* or Prophecying, we have abundance of *dumb Prophets*, (if it be not a *Bull*) in *England*) 1 *Cor.* 14. 31. *Ye may all Prophecy* (Read or Preach) *one by one, that all may Learn, and all may be Comforted*; implying *evidently*, that that there can be no Learning, no Comfort, no Edification in our *confuſed* and babling Superſtition; which is juſt like the *Goſſips Chat*, where all Tongues wag, and *all* are *Preachers and no Hearers*.

Since therefore, *God is not* the Author of this Confuſion, neither *Law*, Canon, Edification, Rubrick, *Reaſon*, Act of Uniformity, *Religion*, nor Scripture *to vouch it*, but *point blank againſt* all theſe, tell me *how it came here*, except from the

Devil and the Pope? Short Ejaculations, as *Amen*, Lord have Mercy, or *repeating after the Articulate* Voice of the Miniſter, falls not under this Cenſure.

But, I wonder *who taught the Women* (whoſe chieſeſt Beauty is modeſt Silence) who taught them *to prate* in the Church? They are ſo full of Tongue, *you'll ſay*, that perhaps a little teaching would ſerve.

I never *ſuffered ſuch a confuſed* babling in my Church of *All-Saints*; Let them *play the fools*, and popiſh Apiſhneſs, *ſome where elſe*, I never would *permit* them; at which, *abundance* of people took Snuff, and becauſe they might not be ſuperſtitious *Apes*, they would *not come there* at all: a good riddance of them; they left the Room to their betters; for we want nothing there ſo much as *Room*.

Is there not ſome fear leſt we all *be beg'd*? Beg'd? *For what? for wiſe men*? No; but to *repleniſh the Colledge of Gotham*; we are *topping* Fellows, if *the Pinacles* of the Temple ſtand in view; *which is the way thither?*

Are we not all as ſilly as that *Cardinal*, who ſays, *Sit ergo Dominus noſter papa baculus in aquâ fractus, abſit tamen ut crederem quod viderim:* Let our Lord the Pope be a Staff (partly in the water) ſeeming crooked, yet God forbid that I ſhould believe mine own Eyes. Like Cardinal *Bellarmine*, who makes *Ignorance* (not Underſtanding) the *Ground* of Faith: intending ſurely, that none but Coxcombs (Prieſt-ridden) ſhould be of the Church.

This Ceremony-monger carries one *infallible Mark* about him, you may know him from a thouſand, for he ſets *ſuch a Value and Price* upon his illegal Trinkets and Ceremonies, that if you take them, or *offer to take them* from him, he cries out and *roars like mad Micah*; *Ye have taken away my gods which I made, and the Prieſt and ye are gone away, and what have I more? And what is this that ye ſay unto me, What ayleth thee?* Would it not make a man *bellow* and cry, to loſe the *Diana's*, by which he got his Wealth, and on which he

he chiefly *values himſelf*, becauſe it made him a *man of value*: and thoſe are *his* Favourites, on whom he puts *the greateſt* Value, That *Trinket after him*, in a blind, *implicite*, ſlavi[illegible] mickry and *Imitation*; He that calls for a Reaſon, he is *not a man for his turn*, but ſawcy, troubleſome and petulant: Thus the blind, lead the blind: *have a care of the ditch there*, juſt before you; you had better take warning than tumble in.

But, I fear, *lapidi loquor*, I waſh a Black-moor (I doubt) yet, I know no harm I do, (if I do him no good) if the Leopard *will keep* his Spots, *I did not make them*; he is *Bedlam mad ſurely*, why doſt thou ſtrike *ſo furiouſly?* I would but *unſhackle thee* and ſet thee free; or make thee *ſet thy ſelf free*, by repreſenting *thy ſelf* to thy ſelf.

For I'll aſſure thee, that *in City and Country* (good Maſter of the Ceremonies!) thou haſt not *amongſt rational men* more Beholders than *Abhorrers*.

Surely, thy *Aſcendant* or Lord of the *firſt Houſe*, was wonderfully culminant *and ſtrong*, or elſe it is impoſſible that Irregularity and Folly could ever have been *ſo notoriouſly dignifyed*: If I can *erect thy Scheme*, I do prognoſticate thou art in thy *Detriment*, Fall and *Azimuth*.

I confeſs, that amongſt Dancing-maſters, *Rope dancers*, Spaniels and *Monkeys*; he is the *faireſt Candidate for a* Reward or a *Cruſt*, that cringes, *comes over*, and bends the moſt nimbly; but that men *by illegal* and irrational *Capricio's* ſhould cheriſh their hopes (ſo) to become Favourites in the Church, I do not underſtand it; if I were as ſupple as the beſt.

I can only ſay, as *Cicero* in his Declamation againſt *Cataline*, *Vivunt? imò vivunt & in ſenatum veniunt; Oh tempora! Oh mores!* It was a ſad time, when Father *Peter*, *or Madam Portſmouth choſe Senators*: and that a *poor Lad* ſhould *find it out*, that the *readieſt Road*, to get into the Church, or to *the Steeple*,

Steeple, and Pinacles, is to be *like a young Setting-dog*, that that firſt learns to *ſtoop* (when he is bidden) *to nothing*; there's hopes of him, *he's coming on*, and may be *a right* Setting-dog in time, and *ſtoop to ſomething*.

CHAP. V.

Of Bowing at the Name of Jeſu.

THere is *but one* of theſe ſaid irregular and illegal and irrational Ceremonies afore-mentioned, that have *any colour* of Law, and that is the *Canon* for bowing at the Name *Jeſu*; but that Canon is *nail'd* by Scripture and Reaſon as well as by the *Act of Uniformity*, *which* enacts great Penalties, *even Deprivation*, if any Ceremony-monger *obſtinately perſiſt* in the Practiſe of *any* Ceremonies, except *thoſe alone* that are contained in the Common-Prayer-Book; of which *that ſame* of bowing at the Name *Joſhua* or *Jeſu*; and all their other Bowings and Cringes to the Altar, to the *Eaſt*, are *none at all*; I proteſt, I wonder at the Ceremony mongers Audaucity and Fool-hardineſs, that he ſtill dare to do it, in defiance of the Law, Reaſon and Scripture; except he think to ſet the *Convocation-houſe* over and *above*, and on the Top of the *Parliament-Houſe*, where it will ſtand *moſt Totteringly*, and ſubject to the *Storms*.

Let no man therefore think this Diſcourſe to be *bold* or over-bold (having the Law *of God and Man*, Holy Scripture, and right Reaſon *on my ſide*, and can therefore *with ſuch great Advantages* baffle them all) wonder rather at my incorrigible Ceremony-monger, that *will take no warning* till he be forc'd publickly to *recant* the Schiſms and Miſchiefs his Noddle has forg'd in the Church of God.

The

The ſtrength of his *Main-Guards* (like that of Hell and Popery) lies all in *ſtopping the ſeveral Avenues* of Light, that none may enter into the *Kingdom of Darkneſs*, for they hate the Light, *becauſe their Deeds are Evil*, and therefore would (*if they could*) keep the Keys of the *Preſs*-doors, as well as the *Pulpit*-doors, that no glimmering may appear without Licenſe: Thus the Devil Rages the more, *becauſe his time is ſhort*, and Frets and Fumes when you diſcover his *Cloven-Foot*, eſpecially when he has long been *ador'd* (of which he is moſt Ambitious) *as an Angel of Light*: But, Bleſſed be God, that is *above the Devil*; Truth and Light are his *Glorious Attributes*, as Error and Darkneſs are the *properties* of Hell.

And if the Devil were not *great* in men, and greatly ſtrong, they would ſubmit to Law and Reaſon, to God and his Holy Writ, to the Laws of the Land, Equity and Conſcience, and not call to the Devil and the Goaler to help them to wreck their Malice upon Innocent men, that only ſhow them their dirty Faces in a Glaſs.

God's Will be done, I ſay with *Chryſoſtome* to *Eudoxia* the Empreſs, *I fear nothing but Sin; and I muſt Sin, except I reprove my Brethren, and not ſuffer Sin upon them; for us they have Sinn'd before all, 'tis fit they ſhould Recant before all*; And ſo *all of them will*, except they be *paſt ſhame*, and conſequently *paſt Grace*: When Sick Men are *deadly Sick*, and their whole Conſtitution ſo Diſtemper'd and out of Frame, that the very *Noble Parts* are ſenſeleſs, ſtupid, and paſt feeling, 'tis *high time to Toll the Bell* for them, they have not *long to live*.

Come, then, give Glory to God, Confeſs and Recant publickly in the Church, where thy Nonſenſe was committed, and defy the Devil and all his Works, the *Pomps and Vanities of this Wicked World*. Oh! but may ſome ſay, It cannot be deny'd but that your *Ceremony-Monger* is the *Fop of all Fops*, for bowing to the *Altar*, to the *Eaſt*, now his *Wafer-God* is de-

departed; but have a care of condemning him when he bows *at the Name of Jesu*; for Holy Scripture, the Canon, and Right Reason (*all three*) are his Vouchers.

Poor hearts! And (as *Solomon* says) *Ye Fools! when will ye be wise*? Have I not washt these *Blackamores* (and to as little purpose) long ago? For First, That Text in *Philippians* the second, *At the Name of Jesu every Knee shall bow, whether in Heaven or Earth, &c.* is no Precept, but a Prophecy, *That the time shall come* (it is not yet come) that the Name of Jesus shall be exalted above every Name, whether *Barchochobab* (the Jews *Messias*) in English, *the Son of the Star*; *Mahomet*, *Anti-christ*, or any other.

That time is *not yet come*, for Jews, Turks, Atheists and Devils, do not own the Name of *Jesus* above every Name, whether in Heaven or Earth (or Hell) or things under the Earth; but it *shall come*, (at least) *at the day of Judgment*, and probably *before*.

Besides, That Text——*at the Mame of Jesus*——is depraved, and ill Translated (to say no worse) for if I did not revere to cast Dirt upon the Ashes of the Dead, I could name a great *Favourite-Bishop* (under King *Charles* the first) that made that Text *speak false English*, to Countenance his *Silly* and *Foppish Worship* from that Text; for because he could not bring himself and his Silly Worship *to the Scripture*, he as Impudently as Prophanely, brought the Scripture *to his Whimsey*.

Thus *Mahomet* pretending to have Faith to remove Mountains, told the People (his Followers and *Musselmen*) that he would make that great Mountain (that stood before him) to *come to him* at his third Call, and therefore most gravely admonisht it to come, *once*, *twice*, *thrice*, but no Mountain would come; whereupon (without changing Countenance) he said, If the Hill will not come to *Mahomet*, *Mahomet shall go to the Hill*; and so marcht till they met.

For

For by that Holy Scripture ἐν τῷ ὀνόματι Ἰησοῦ. In the Name. is meant, in the vertue and power of Jesus, *Every Knee shall bow, &c.* (As the Name of the *Lord* is a *strong Tower*, the Righteous shall *run into it, and are safe*, Prov. 18. 10. Not the letters or sound of *Jehovah*, not the *Tetragrammaton*, but the *Power* of God is the *Tower*, not the *four letters or sound* of the Name, *whither the Righteous run and are safe.*)

Besides, my *Ceremony-Monger* does not bow at the Name of *Joshua*, which is the very word, *Jesu*, in all Languages: As *Mat.* 1. 21. *Thou shalt call his Name* Jehoshua, Joshua, or Jesu, all one Hebrew word.

Besides, *That* Holy Text doth not say, in the *Name Joshua*, but in the *Name of Joshua* τοῦ; not τῷ; but, my *Ceremony-Monger* does not bow at the proper Name of our *Jesu*, or *Joshua*, to wit, *Emanuel* (or *God with us*, which signifies both his *Divinity* and *Humanity*) nor at the sound of the word *Christ*, *Messiah*, &c. but stands as unconcern'd, and as *stiff as a Stake*.

Besides, He does *not bow the Knee*, but (like the Papists) *nods his Head*, or puts off his *Cap or Hat*, as the Popish Jesuites do (*when they Preach*) every time they mention the word *Jesu*, if they do not forget, *which they commonly do*; and as commonly *Sin*, if *that Foppery* be a Duty.

Besides, That Text says, *Every Knee shall bow in Heaven, and Earth, and under the Earth*: but there are *no Knees* in Heaven, and those in Graves, in the Earth, and under the Earth, are *too stiff* to bow: Come, 'tis *Non-sense and Ridiculous* all over, and as *very a Specimen* of my Foppery as any other.

For as there is *no Scripture* to Vouch for him, so *no Reason*: What, shall Christians be like that *Hysteron-Proteron-Herb*, which Physicians (as foolishly) call *Prima ante Posteriora*? The Son before the Father?

Do we well to blame the *Arrians* for placing the Father *above* the Son? Do we well to believe the *Unity* and *Equality* of the Holy Trinity? And yet do we bow at the Name of the

second, and not at the Name of the *first* and *third* Person of the *Holy Trinity*.

Nay, *Is Christ divided?* do we pay *more Reverence* to the Name *Joshua* (the Name of my *Foot-Boy*) then to the Holy Name *of Jesu*, namely, *Messiah*, *Christ*, or *Emanuel*? For shame! do not pretend a *reason* for such *Foppish Adoration*.

And, if neither Holy Writ, nor right Reason be of thy side (Mr. *Ceremony-monger*,) *thy Canon will be nail'd* by the Statutes, the Acts of Uniformity, that makes it very *Penal*, even deprivation (*no less*) for thee to follow thy Trade of making Ceremonies which God never made, nor the King and Parliament, or right reason ever made.

Besides, there are several *Statutes of Provisors*, and then he incurs also a *Premunire*, to set up the *Mitre above the Crown*, the Bishop and Priest *above the King*, and the Convocation-house *above Westminster-hall*.

And this *Saucy and Priestly Petulancy* (deriv'd from *Rome*) makes my Ceremony-monger many times very *troublesome to the State*, and to the *Crown*, *which* he will obey (like *Thomas a Becket* with a *salvo honore Dei*, that is) many times, *as far as he list*, and *when he list*, or in any thing that is *for his own ends*, and his own *honour*, not a jot *further*; of which I shall give no rare instances here, of those that could *strain* at a Gnat (when *against* their Interest, though *for*, *and not against* Gods glory) and yet could *swallow* a Camel (if sent from the Court) if it would but advance their Dominion and Sway; or at least not hinder it; witness their Publishing in Churches, *the Sports* that may be used *on the Lords Day*, &c. when *this Spirit possesses* my Ceremony-monger he is not only *troublesome*, *but* dangerous, and *insufferable*; which will make me repeat some *of my own Speech*, Printed *Anno* 1081. *p.* 3. 4. *In Vindication of my Book called the naked Truth*; (though I am no *Erastian*) concerning the Power of the *Keys*, the *Keys of the Church*; (which some said was *true*, *but unseasonably urg'd*; surely 'tis

now

now seasonable what was then said to the Arch-deacon, *viz.* And first like a *Churchman* (of *the old stamp*) he will permit his Majesty to come into the Church (that's more kindness than old St. *Ambrose*, Bishop of *Milan*, would show sometimes to the great Emperour *Theodosius* when he did not do as he would have him to do) nay, This Archdeacon opens the doors himself to let his Majesty into the Church, but he will *not trust him with the Keys*; as who should say, we will open the Church doors to your Majesty, and come in and welcome, whilst we continue good friends.

But they that keep the Keys and can open the Church-doors to let his Majesty in, can also (*whilst we have the keeping of the Keys*) upon displeasure, lock him out; well, for this very trick and for another late *Scotch* trick; If I were a Privy-Councellour, I would advise his Majesty as Head of the Church, and the Governour thereof, to *keep the Keys* of the Church in *his Pocket*, or hang them *under his Girdle*; if it be but because this Prelatical Champion, this same *pitiful Archdeacon*, like another *Pope*, or St. *Peter*, will keep the Keys of the *Church*, and will keep his Majesty from them, and would fain perswade him, that *our Laws* (to use his) words *p.* 2. of the *Preface*) *Exclude this purely Spiritual Power of the Keys from the Supremacy of our Kings, except it be to see that Spiritual men do their duty therein.* Believe this same Archdeacon carries the *Leges Anglie*, the Laws of *England* in his belly and greedy gut; for I am sure he carries them there or no where, he carries not these bulky Laws of *England* in his Brains, he has no Guts in his Brains. For, I pray, good D. D. where does our Laws exclude this purely Spiritual Power of the Keys from the Supremacy of our Kings, if our Kings, (like good King *David*) or wise King *Solomon* should have a mind to be *Ecclesiastes*.

In the days (even) of Popery, I never heard of a King shut out even from the *Topping*-Pulpit, if he had a mind to

climb so high; stout King *Henry* the 3d. made bold to Invade the Pulpit, took his Text Psal. 85. 10. *Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other*; and then in his Sermon *ad Clerum* ——to the Learned Monks of the Cathedral Church of *Winchester*, when he had a little self-end too (as some Pulpiteers have also had) in the case, namely, to Cajole the said Monks to Elect his Brother (*Athelmar*) Bishop of *Winchester*; Paraphrasing and enlarging upon his Text, and saying (to use his own words) ——*To me and other Kings*, 'who are 'to govern the people, belongs the rigour of Judgment and 'Justice; to you (who are men of quiet and Religion) 'Peace and Tranquillity; And this day (I hear) you have, 'for your own good, been favourable to my request.' With many such like words. I do not know whether the King had got *a License to Preach* —— from a Bishop. It seems the Clergy (then too) *would favour* Kings, in what was for *their own* good, and, if it were for *their own good*, would also permit the King to *take a Text* and preach in their *Cathedral Church*; how hard-hearted, or strait-lac't soever our Archdeacon proves, and will not suffer our Kings to have the Keys neither of the Church nor Pulpit; I say, therefore, some Kings would therefore keep the Keys of the Church themselves, and trust never a *D. D.* of them all with them, no, not the *Pope* himself.

But what if I prove that our Kings at their Coronations, have *at the same time* been ordain'd Clergymen, they are no more excluded (*then*) by our Laws from the power of the Keys, than Mr. *Archdeacon*, or the Pope himself.

What is *Ordination*, but the ordering, designing or setting a Man *a part* to some office? if, to the *Ministry*, then there are certain significant Words to that purpose; and what *more significant* Words for Ordination to the Priesthood, or making a Man a Clergyman, *then those* the Bishop uses to our Kings, namely, with Unction, Anthems, Prayers and Imposition of Hands (as is usual in the Ordination of Priests)

with

with the same Hymn, — *Come Holy Ghost, Eternal God*, &c. The Bishop saying, also, amongst other things, *Let him obtain favour of the people, like Aaron in the Tabernacle, Elisha in the Waters, Zacharias in the Temple, give him* Peters *Key of Discipline, and* Pauls *Doctrine.*

Which *last Clause* was prætermitted (in times of Popery) from the Coronation of *Hen. 6.* till *Charles 1.* and *Charles 2d.*) lest it should imply the King to be *more a Clergyman* and Ecclesiastical Person than these Archdeacons could afford him; but our Gracious King *Charles 2d.* and his Father, at their Coronations, had the antient forms of Crowning Kings reviv'd, and in the Anointing, the Bishop said, Let these Hands be Anointed with Holy Oyl, *as Kings and Prophets* have been Anointed, and as *Samuel*, &c.

Then the *Archbishop* and *Dean* of *Westminster* put the Coif on the King's Head, then put upon his Body the *Surplice*, saying this Prayer, *O God the King of Kings*, and *Lord of Lords*, &c.

And surely (of old) the very *Pope* himself look't upon our Anointed Kings as Clergymen, else why did the *Pope* make *Hen. 2.* (his Legate *De Latere* here in *England*, the usual office of the Archbishop of *Canterbury* (usually styled) *Legati Nati?*

Therefore Mr. Archdeacon, you talk like an unthinking Black-coat, stockt with a little superficial Learning, when you say, our Laws exclude the King from the Keys of the Church, to which he has as good right as your D. D. Divinityship.

And (indeed) to give *the Man his due*, he is glad (afterwards) to confess that *Constantine* and the Eminent Christian Emperours called Councils and approv'd their Canons.

Then, by your leave, *dear Mr. D.* They also, for the same reason, might, upon occasion, and if they had seen cause, also *disprove* the same; who then was *Papa* of old? *Pa-ter*

Pa-trum.

Patrum? surely no other but he that is *Pa-Pa*, (I mean) *Pater Patria*.

All the Male-Administrations in Ecclesiastical Government, *take their Rise* and Original from our *Ignorance* of the Power of the Keys; or *who are the Clavigers*, Key-keepers, or *Porters* to let men in, and turn them *out* of the Church?

The *bulky Clergyman* called a *Bishop*, an Ordinary, *or a Diocesan, he* (we say) *keeps the Church-Keys*, he Excommunicates and *Excludes* Sinners out of the Church, *and he alone receives them*, and lets them in: (but that's false, the sneaking Register and Surrogate do that Job.)

Ay, But who entrusted a Bishop alone to be the Church-Porter, Door-keeper or Church-key-keeper? Where is his *Commission*, where is his Authority, and *who gave him this Authority*?

For it is evident in Holy Scripture, that *God never gave him any* such Commission, Place, *Office* or Authority to keep the Keys of the Church, *any more than the Speaker* of the House of Commons, or Chair-man to a Committee, has power to turn out of the House, or let *in* any of his Fellow-Members; For neither does a Bishop differ from an other Presbyter, *more than* the Chair-man from the rest of the Committee, or he that gives the Rule of the Court at Sessions, differ from the rest of his Brethren and Fellow-Justices; he is no better man, nor the more learned, wise nor more honest a man, though he be *Ordained* to be *the mouth* of them (*that's all*) to speak *what they put into* his Mouth: The *Speaker takes* too much upon him, to speak the *Sense of the House*, 'till the *Majority of Votes* has given him Instructions and Commission to pronounce a Sentence, or the Sense of the House, or to turn *any Member out* of the House of Commons; he has no such Authority, he is the *Speaker* (indeed) and is look't upon as the *wisest and fittest* Man for that place (*as should be so*, it is not always so) *one or other* of the Mem-

members *must* be chosen *Speaker* or *Chairman*, and have precedency, *for order-sake*, and to avoid confusion; but he no otherwayes *differs* from other Members, except only that the Honourable *Speaker*, is the Honourable *Mouth*, *that's all*, after the Members have chosen and *ordain'd* him, and the King has confirm'd him: Even so, a Bishop has no new character confer'd upon him more than when he was but a Presbyter or Elder, save only *the Kings Ordination*, or Mandate, or *Conge d'Eslire*. (The Election of the Dean and Chapter is a *meer mockery*, as aforesaid, besides *the playing with Edge-tools* and mocking of God.) Bishops and Presbyters used to be chosen, just as Parliament-Men are chosen, by the Majority of the *Votes of the People*, (as shall be more particularly proved in the *Conclusion*, in the Chapter's concerning *Bishops and Ordination*.) Thus *Paul* and *Barnabas* were chosen and ordain'd by the *whole Church*; *Acts* 13.3. Perhaps the chief Church-members *laid their Hands upon*, or ordain'd *the Ministers*, Missioners or Messengers of the Church, but the worst member had *as much power and vertue* to ordain a Messenger, Elder, or Bishop, as the best Bishop or Presbyter, if the Majority of Votes had ordain'd and so appointed, as is clear from Scripture, and the practise of the Primitive Church, and shall be more particularly insisted upon *in the Conclusion* in the Chapter of *Ordination*.

Ordination? What is it more than *chusing*, approving or *setting* a Man *a part* for an Office, to do business relating to *this* life or a *better*? (I will not say) in *Church* or *State*, or as a *Clergy-man* or *Lay-man*; for these are idle, ungrounded, vain and odious names of distinction, where God and Holy Scripture never made any such distinction; and has not only *confounded* our notions of things, but *has* been and *yet* is the cause of most of our Confusions, in (what Men mischievously distinguish and call *Church* and *State*) which are *not two* things, nor *two distinct Bodies*, if you make them *so*,

you

you must make two Kings, and two *distinct Heads* to these *two distinct Bodies*, and that is over too much.

And if you make a *Clergy-man* and a *Lay-man*, two distinct sorts of persons, you make a *Man that God never made*; And, if so, Then Clergy-man! (I must Catechize you,) *Who made you so?* God? It is false; For God in Holy Scripture does not call the Preachers but the *Hearers*, not the *Bishops*, Presbyters, and Ministers the *Clergy*, but the Hearers and *Flock* are God's Clergy. 1 *Pet.* 5. 1. 2, 3.

The Presbyters which are amongst you, I exhort, who am also a Presbyter, or Elder or Earl or Alderman, or Grand Senior; no greater name can well be given. St. *Peter* was a Presbyter, can there be a greater Disciple of Christ? And the *Presbyters* to whom he preach't and were under him are the same with *Bishops*, and those Presbyters also to whom St. *Paul* preach't at *Ephesus*, and are called Presbyters in *one* verse, are called Bishops in *another*, and their *Auditors* or Flock are called (the *Clergy* or) God's Heritage, 1 *Pet.* 5. 3.

How came *Cassock-men* and *Lawn-sleev'd-men*, (first) to make an *Impropriation* of this Word (*Clergy* or God's Heritage) *to themselves*, forsooth?

I'le tell you: First, it is clear that *in all the Holy Scriptures* this word (*Clergy* or God's Heritage) is never mentioned *except* in this place, 1 *Pet.* 5. 3.

Secondly, It is as clear that the word *Clergy*, or Gods Lot, belongs *as much at least to the Laity*, (as they call them in scorn) as not more then to Presbyters, or *Bishops*, or Pastors, who by a sober proud word too call themselves *Divines*, for distinction sake *from the Flock*, just as they have *robb'd the Laity* of their good name Clergy, which by God was given to the *Laity* in Holy Writ.

Thirdly, When the Pope and Bishops made Encroachments and Usurpations upon the Princes and Emperours, taking *their* Dominions into the *Church*, and *St. Peters Patrimony*,

trimony; than, the Pope and Bishops *feeling their own strength*, that they had strength enough of themselves (*as a distinct Body*) to go *alone*; than they *set up for themselves*, and made *a new* and distinct *Corporation* in the World, called *The Church*, *The Clergy*, *The Lords Spiritual*, which is (a Title absolutely, and by *Name*) forbidden as *a Prophane Name*, 1 *Pet.* 5. 3. and also in the very next words in the same Verse, they are forbid to Rob the People of the good Name (*of Clergy* or God's Heritage) because God gave the *Flock* that Name, and *Peter* charg'd the Bishops (as our Saviour did before) that they should *not be Lords*, nor Domineer, nor *Exercise Lordship*, as the Princes of the Gentiles do: For, there was *no such distinction*, nor profane *Names of distinction*, as Clergy and Layety, *Spiritual* Lords and *Temporal* Lords, there was but *one sort of Clergy*, the Flock; and but *one sort of Lords* (*Temporal*) The Princes, or Temporal Lords; for it is a Jesuitical Tenent (which we practice, and an old Popish Tenent and Errour) in making *Dominion* to be Founded *in Grace*; or to talk of Spiritual Lordship, *quatenus* Spiritual Men, or Apostles; for it is *totidem verbis*, and by Name forbidden the Apostles.

I grant, that a *more Honourable Office or Officer* cannot be in Nature, than a *good Presbyter*, or Bishop; nor can that Holy and Spiritual Office be more debauch't and prophan'd than by *making steps of Divinity* to mount over all Humanity; This is to *Rancounter* and Ruffle the *whole course of Nature*, and make *Heaven*, a pair of *Stairs* (whither go you so fast?) *To Hell*, To Hell? And the Devil, by the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World? (contrary to that (pretended) *Vow in Baptism*; of which *a Bishop* (one would think) *should make a Conscience*.

Thou (*that sayst*) a Man *should not Steal*, (saith *Paul*) dost thou Steal and *Filch Mens good Names*, that God hath given them, (*the Clergy*, the *Church*) and appropriates them to thy self and thy *Coat*? Fie, for shame, this is a Proud and Covetous

Encroachment, (*taking in the* Common, by wicked Inclosures) forsake the Devil and the Pope, the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World. In the Conclusion, (*I'le tell thee*) what Bishops *were* in the purest and Primitive Times, and how much *now they are unlike* what they *ought* to be, if they have any *Conscience or Reason* in them; but if not, they are fit for any thing rather then Bishops.

Which Honour of *Bishop* or *Presbyter*, (for they are *all one*, or *little or no* difference ὁ πολὺ τὸ μέσον saith *Chrysstome* (*Homil.* 11. *in Tim.*) very little, *no more* than (as aforesaid) betwixt the Honourable *Speaker* of the House of Commons and the Honourable *Members*, no more, *if so much*: But this Honour no *Man taketh of himself*, but he that is called of God, as was *Aaron*; where note by the way, that he that is *called by the Church*, is said to be called *by God*, or the Holy Ghost; as *Acts* 13. 2, 3. But how was *Aaron* called *of God*? By being *Ordained High-Priest*: *Who* Ordain'd him? The *Captain*, the Lay-man (as you call him,) the *Prince*, by Name, *Moses*.

And why may not *Moses*, or any King or Prince, *Preach* (*in his own Person*, and Administer the Church Keys *in his own Person*) as well as *Ordain* a *Deputy*, or Duputies, called *Aaron's*, if he be a Member, as surely, the Head is the chiefest Member?

A King *Preach!* You'le say, that would be *worth the hearing*: Yea, so it is; and does not his Sacred Majesty *now Preach* publickly once a Week (more or less) *as occasion serves*? What, in the Pulpit, as the other King *Henry* aforesaid? What matter is that? *Whether in the Pulpit*, or the Throne, or *the Chair*, or the Church, or the *Banqueting-house*, or Parliament-house? The place *alters not the Sermon*, or Speech?

But, he does not Preach an Hour *by the Glass*: No, but Preaches more Divinity, Wildom and Sence in a Minute, then the best of them do in an Hour, that I can Hear, and

Preaches

Preaches oftener than the Arch bishop: It is a Thousand times more skill to speak much in few words, than to talk impertinently a whole Hour. Oh! but *Preaching is not the Arch bishop's Province*, but *Ruling*. I thought that *Ruling* had been only the *Kings Province*. Yea, the Arch-bishop is *Deputed* by the King, and *Commissionated* for the Work.

I am glad to hear it; he should be so Deputed and Commissionated, as other Judges are; but he that gives a Deputation, may upon Male Administration take it away; and if either Arch-bishop, Bishop, or other Prelate of them all, pretend *jus Divinum* for that Prelacy; it is not only *false*, but they incurr *all of them a Premunire*, by the Statutes of Provisor's, made *even in Popish Times*, against those bold Intruders and *Usurpers upon the Throne*; nay, nay, if the *Rook* or the *Bishop* can *Check-mate the King*, (put them all together in a Bag) the *Game is at an end*.

What's the matter *with these People*, that do not know themselves? If they do not, they must be *made to know themselves*; wherefore else do I bestow all this pains upon them?

St. *Peter*, after he was an Apostle (are *these Men more?*) was a *Lay man*, so were all the Apostles, *even the* 13*th* too, St. *Paul*: *Peter* said, *Lo! I go a Fishing*; *we also* (quoth they) *will go with thee?* Did they throw their Nets *with their Cassocks on?* Or did St. *Paul* Weave Tents in *his Gown?* If not, *what Flesh alive* would have taken them for *Clergymen*, more than other Fisher-men or Weavers, as we foolishly and falsely accept and use the word, *Clergy-man?*

In the Old Testament, *Eli*, *Samuel*, *&c.* were no more *Ministers* than *Magistrates*, no more *Priests* than *Judges*; nor *David* any more a *Prophet* than a *Captain* or *King?* nor *Solomon* the Wise any more a *King*, than a Preacher, (or Ecclesiastes.)

In the New Testament, *Annas*, and *Caiaphas* were *Judges* and *Priests* also; whether *were they* Lay-men *then* or Clergymen? The *Priest sat Judge* upon the Bench, and the *Judge*

Preacht, or gave the Charge: Yea, but not *in the Pulpit, and the Church*: What then? does that make *the least difference?* He is not *fit for the Pulpit*, that understands not the *Law of the Land and Nations* (where he Preaches) nor is *he fit for the Bench*, that cannot *Preach Gospel* from thence, as well as from the Pulpit: *Cæsar* was *Pontifex Maximus*, Chief Priest, and Chief General or Emperour.

Amongst the Jews, the Scribes and *Lawyers* were *Judges* on the Bench, and *Preachers* in the Synagogues also; In all Nations it is *generally so*, in *Turky they* have no *Judges* but their *Preachers*; nay, our Bishops *Rule not the Church* otherwise than *by Lay-Elders*, (the worst that ever were) *Sumners, Registers, Scribes, Notaries, Canonists, Officials, Vicar-generals, Chancellours, Commissaries*, and that Ecclesiastical Crew at *Doctor's Commons*; never was Church in the World *so Disciplin'd*: What Repentance? What Penance? The Purse is punish't, *That pays the Reckoning*! Oh brave Church! Oh! *brave Keys of the Church*! Fine Golden Keys, and Dainty Gay Porters, Door-keepers, Key-keepers, or *Claviger's!* In the *first four Hundred Years* after Christ (till *Bishops*, and (afterwards) *The Pope*, made such *encroachments upon the Layety* (as *ignorant persons*, so esteem'd, *so called*, and so treated) never was any Man *let in* to the Church, till approved: *By who?* By the *Bishop?* No, *by the whole Church*. Nay, St. *Austin*, after he was Thirty Years of Age continued a *Probationer* or *Catechumenist*, before he could *get Admittance* into the Church, *as a Church-member*, Attended *at the Door and waited* (as he Confesses in his Book of *Confessions* and *Recantations*) Three or Four Years; and then, *most Votes* of the House *carried it*, not Mr. *Speaker's alone*, as with us; nay, *The Speaker*, or *Bishop*, or *Arch-bishop*, knows nothing of the matter with us, but *leaves all*, by Implicite Faith, *to Registers, &c.* Was ever any Church of Christ under the Copes of Heaven Govern'd at this *loose, silly*, and *perfunctory rate*?

The

The Papists have *much the better on't*, for every Priest *Rules* (as well as) *Feeds*; uses both *Doctrine* and *Discipline* (of Confession and Pennance) but the *great Diocesan Bishops permit no such matter* to Protestant Presbyters? *And why?* are not they fitter than *Sel-soul Registers*, Sumners, Officials? *Yes*, much fitter; but *then* people would say that *the great Archbishop*, that preaches *little or nothing* of Doctrine, or Bishops that preach *no better* (if so well and so often) as when they were *Presbyters only*, are *good for nothing* more than common Parsons, *except for ruling* the Church? And *how* do they rule? by Implicite Faith *in the Blacke-guard*, at Doctor's Commons: Bless us! What Discipline is here? For above three hundred years after Christ, the *peoples Vote* ordain'd, and were the only *Clavigers*, *Porters* and Key-Keepers, to *let* men *in*, and turn them *out* of the Church.

So that the *King* who is *Father of the Country*, is Father *also of the Fathers* Ecclesiastical (as well as Temporal) whether *they* know it or no.

And if I were *of Councel with* or *for* the Bishops, I would perswade them to alter their *popish-like* Style, in *sending Process* and keeping Courts *in their own names*, contrary to the expresse words of the Statute of *Edw. 6.* in that Case made and provided; as I have proved (*as yet unanswerable*) in my Book called *The Test*, seven years ago) have a Care of a *Præmunire*: A blot is not a blot *till it be hit*, but if it *chance to be hit*, the Game is at an end.

Let them not strive *to be independent*; are they Subjects in Spirituals, as well as Temporals? If Subjects, then act in the King's name, as *other Commissioners* do, who are Authorised by him; but if they *dare pretend* to a Jurisdiction, Episcopal, *Jure divino* (more than a Presbyter) have a care of the Statute of *Provisors*; as aforesaid.

But some Men fear nothing, till it fall as heavy as inevitably; Doe we blame *Arbitrary Power* in a *King*, and allow it in a *Bishop*? Or would any *Bishop* (that knows what *true*

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Canonical obedience is) write in that *Magisterial* and *Apostolical* style with Saint *Paul*, (when perhaps the business is a *meer wanton* or trivial *Injunction*,) I might *enjoyn you on your Canonical obedience, but for love sake I rather beseech you.* We owe obedience to Bishops, and Judges, and Kings, alike *in this*, namely, to obey them *in licitis & honestis*, in all lawful and honest things: Loyalty is Legality, if I be *legal* I am *loyal*: Canonical obedience (say all the Canonists) is *obedientia secundùm Canonem*: If Bishop's (whom I reverence and respect heartily *as the Kings Commissioners*, so that they do not exceed and transgress their Commission:) should *command* me to say twenty *Pater nosters* every day *before breakfast*; it is *mandatum honestum* but not *licitum, quia lex non jubet*: It is a good thing, but I am not obliged to do every good thing, no, nor (sometimes) not obliged to do the best thing: *He that marries does well, but he that keeps his Virginity does better*; If I do well, when I marry, let the Fryars or Nuns do better that like, and if my Bishop command me not to Marry, (which is an honest command, but not a legal command) but an *arbitrary*, lustful, *imperious*, Tyrannical command, *for which* the Bishop has *no Warrant* and he talks *without Book*, (which is *more perhaps* then he can do in the Pulpit) when *he prures of his power* to command, *yet for love's sake he rather beseeches*; let him *first learn to obey* the Word, and to understand the mischief of Impositions, *poor Heart! Before he come to give a Magisterial* and *Dogmatical Command*, and to his *Reverend Brethren* (*so*, in complement he *calls* them,) but *uses them* perhaps like *Slaves* that must *do his bidding with Cap in Hand*: let him command *his Servants and go himself*, I am his *Reverend Brother* if he doe not speak against his conscience; *mentire, est, contrà mentem iri*; like the *Pope* who is the greatest *Tyrant under Heaven*, enslaving Souls and consciences, as well as Jayling their Bodies till they be Carcases; *yet* his stile is, *Servus Servorum*, *Servant* and *Reverend Brother*; but I hate the *Hypocrisy* and dissimulation; It looks

looks like *Joab's complement to Abner*, Art thou in Health *my Brother*? And then stabs him: Go *Judas!* Mind the Bag, *mind* thy God, *Mammon*; mind *the bagg*, and keep your Popish Complement —*Dear Brother*— to your self, till you use him *in respect as a Brother:* Comest thou *to betray the Son of Man with a Kiss?* Thou Hypocritical *Judas!* Can any Man look into our *Chronicles* and not see the insufferable Arrogance of Priests, in the Reign of Popery, and since also, in the Reign of the *Popish-like* Ceremony-monger.

What a Slave to *Priest-craft* was stout *King William* the Conquerour, when *Aldred* Arch-bishop of *York* requir'd a Boon of him, which the King *was so bold* as to deny; whereupon the Arch priest curst him and flung away (in a rage) out of the Room; The King kneel'd and said, he would never rise till the Arch Bishop would come and absolve him: The Courtiers begg'd, for they durst not (lay hold on his Laun-sleeves, nor) lay violent Hands upon a Clerk; but with much a doe and much humble Intercession, they perswaded him at length to return, and to forgive the poor kneeling King and humble Penitent; No, quoth the Bishop, *let him Kneel*, that he may know what it is *to vex St. Peter and me*; at length the King granting the business (*a Money matter*,) the Archbishop *did loose him*, absolve him, and *bid him rise*.

The King *in all other things was* wise enough, but being bigotted by Priest-craft, and Priest-ridden, he was *crazed with a Foolish Notion* and Superstition; Nay, he would not fight, nor invade *England*, till the Pope gave him his benediction, a Banner with a Wafer-God inclosed in a Golden-Crucifix, and also one of the Hairs that once came from *St. Peter's* Head. People can scarce imagine, the Imperious force of a silly Ceremony and Superstition, even amongst Men (*otherwise*,) wise even (*at this day*) amongst us, meerly *by blind Devotion* and Implicite-faith *in a silly Ceremony-monger*, because (like as I said before) the silly Image, (*and unthinking Black-*

Coat)